hets,

~~Q.b1.25~~ ~~Barton Gallery~~

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THE TRVSTEES OF THE PVBLIC LIBRARY OMNIVM LVX CIVIVM OF THE CITY OF BOSTON 1852 : 1878

Exchange from

Messrs. C. F. Libbie & Co.

THE

Meridian Harmony.

BY ZEDEKIAH SANGER, AND OTHERS.

Dedham:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.....BY H. MANN.....1808.

1808

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT.

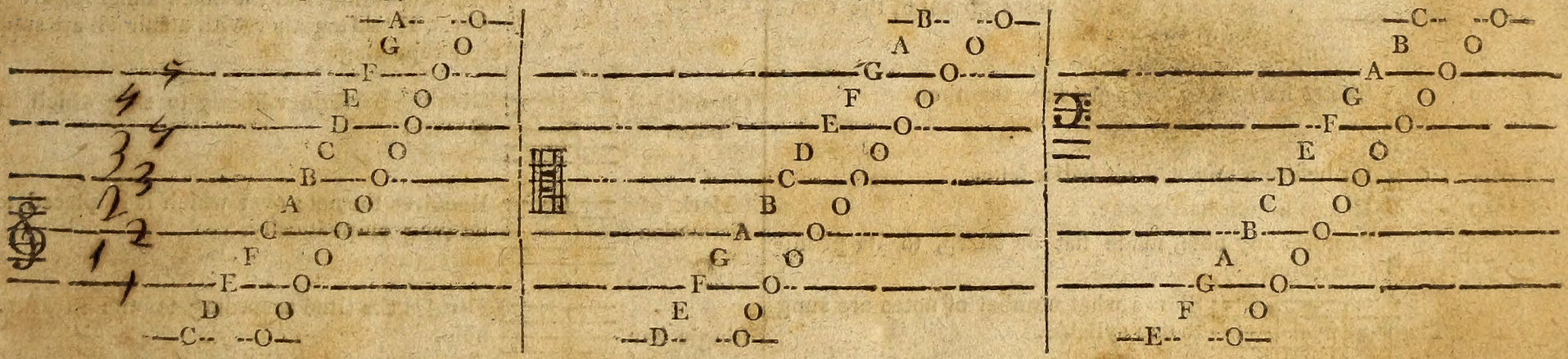
(SEAL.) BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty ninth day of September, in the thirty third year of the Independence of the United States of America, ZEDEKIAH SANGER *and others* of the said District, have deposited in this Office the title of a book, the Right whereof they claim as Authors, in the words following, *to wit*:—"THE MERIDIAN HARMONY, BY ZEDEKIAH SANGER, AND OTHERS." In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intitled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also an Act intitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, intitled, An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints.

WILLIAM S. SHAW, } *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

EXCHANGE FROM
MESSRS. C. F. LIBBIE & CO.,
APR 22 1907
W

A CONCISE INTRODUCTION TO THE GROUNDS OF MUSIC.

THE *GAMUT.*



The natural place for	*me* is in	B.
If B be flat,	*me* is in	E.
If B and E be flat,	*me* is in	A.
If B, E and A be flat,	*me* is in	D.
If B, E, A and D be flat,	*me* is in	G.
If F be sharp,	*me* is in	F.
If F and C be sharp,	*me* is in	C.
If F, C and G be sharp,	*me* is in	G.
If F, C, G and D be sharp,	*me* is in	D.

Above me, are faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, and below, are law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw, and then comes me again.

From me to faw, and from law to faw, are but half tones.

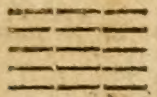
Semibreve. Minim. Crotchet. Quaver. Semiquaver. Demisemiquaver.

Notes.

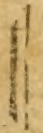
Rests.

It takes 2 minims, or 4 crotchets, or 8 quavers, or 16 semiquavers, or 32 demisemiquavers.

MUSICAL CHARACTERS.

Stave  FIVE lines whereon music is written.

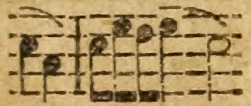
Ledger line ——— Is added when the notes go out of the compass of the five lines.

Brace  Shows how many parts are sung together.

Flat ♭ set before a note sinks it half a tone.

Sharp ♯ Raises a note half a tone.

Natural ♮ Restores any note, made flat or sharp, to its primitive sound.

Slur or Tie  Shows what number of notes are sung to one syllable.

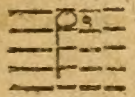
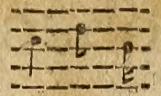
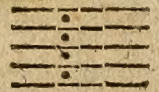
Point  Adds to a note half its original length.

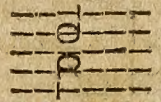
Figure 3 Reduces three notes to two of the same kind.

Hold Shows that the sound of the note over which it is placed should be continued beyond its customary length.

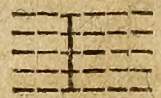
Apogituras  Are small notes to lean on, in passing intervals, and must be dwelt upon according to the value or length of the note.

Repeat  Shows that part of the tune is to be sung twice.

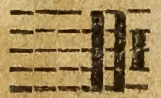
Figures 1 2 Show that the notes under figure 1 are sung before repeating, and the notes under figure 2 after. If tied together with a slur all are sung after repeating.

Choosing notes  Give the performer liberty to sing which he pleases.

Mark of distinction Requires the note over which it is placed to be sung emphatically.

Single bar  Divides the time according to the measure note.

Double bar shows the end of a strain.

Close  Shows the end of a tune.

INTRODUCTION.

COMMON TIME MOODS.

First This mood requires one semibreve or its amount in other notes to a bar. It has four beats to a bar, two down and two up. The accents fall on the first and third parts of the bar.

Second Has the same quantity of notes, is beat and accented like the first, only one quarter quicker.

Third or Requires the same amount as the preceeding, has but two beats to a bar, one down, and the other up. It has a full accent on the first, and a weaker on the third part of the bar.

Fourth This mood has but one minim to a bar, is beat and accented like the last, only one third quicker.

TRIPLE TIME MOODS.

First Contains three minims in a bar ; has three beats, two down and the other up, and is accented on the first.

Second Contains three crotchets in a bar, beat and accented like the first.

COMPOUND TIME MOODS.

First Has two beats to a bar, which contains six crotchets, accented on the first and fourth.

Second This mood requires six quavers to a bar, is beat and accented like the first.

OF THE KEYS.

THERE are two Keys in musick, the *sharp key*, and the *flat key*. If the last note in the Bass be next above me, it is a sharp, if next below, it is a flat key.

MUSICAL TERMS EXPLAINED.

AFFECTUOSO, *affectionately.*
Crescendo, or Cres. *increasing the sound.*
Duetto, *two parts together.*
Forte or For. *loud and full.*
Grave, *slow.*
Moderato or Mod. *slacken the time.*
Piano or Pia. *soft.*
Tutt. *all voices together.*
Vigoroso. *with life and vigour.*

MODULATION.

Musick cannot be complete without the assistance of modulation, or the art of varying from one key to another, by the aid of flats and sharps. In order to do this with facility and correctness, the names of the notes must be removed into the new key, and occupy a place there, similar to that which they held in the original key; that is, faw must be the new key note, sol, its fifth, and me, the leading note, if in the major series. In modulating into the fourth of the key, the major seventh is made flat; for example: in the key of C major, by flatting B, F becomes the key note. To apply the syllables in this case let the C, immediately preceding the flat, be called sol, preserving at the same time the tone of faw, its former name; then by falling a whole tone to B, calling it faw, you come into the key of F. In modulating into the fifth of the key, the fourth is made sharp, and becomes the leading note, or sharp seventh of the key; *e. g.* in in the key of C major, by sharping F, you make G the key note. In order to apply the syllables in this case, let the G immediately preceding the occasional sharp, be called faw, preserving the tone which it held as sol; then by falling half a tone and calling F me, you arrive at the key of G. Thus by a thorough knowledge of modulaton, the most difficult pieces of music may be performed at sight.

It has been asserted that in music there are two natural keys, viz. C major, and A minor. This assertion is undoubtedly erroneous; for no key can be called natural, that requires the aid of flats and sharps to render its series of eight notes melodious and agreeable to the ear. As all minor keys require their sixth and seventh notes sharp in ascending their octaves, and natural in descending, it follows that the key of A cannot, properly, be called natural, but only that of C, which is not liable to this objection.

Example of the Key of A Minor.

It is recommended that all notes made sharp in the key of A minor and called sol, be called *See*; as the word see is much better adapted to the true sound of the note than the word sol; also in all similar instances where occasional flats and sharps occur, as in tunes in the natural major key, where B is occasionly made flat, the note on B should be called faw instead of me; for by making B flat, the music is generally modulated into the key of F. Also in all similar situations.

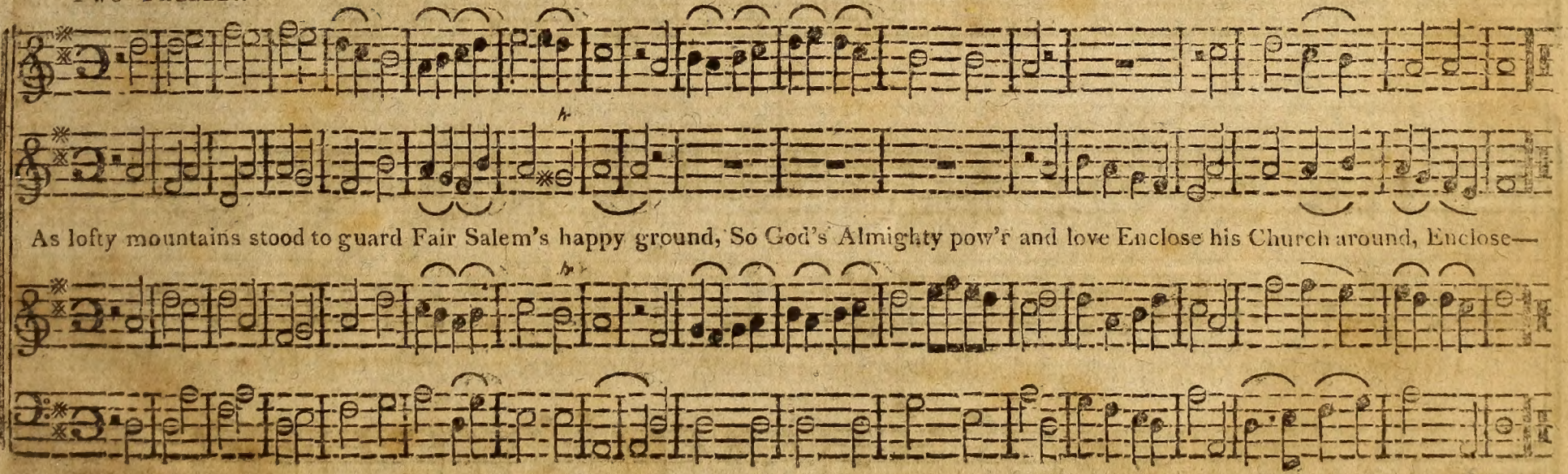
Example of the Key of A Minor, wherein Sol should be called See.

THE

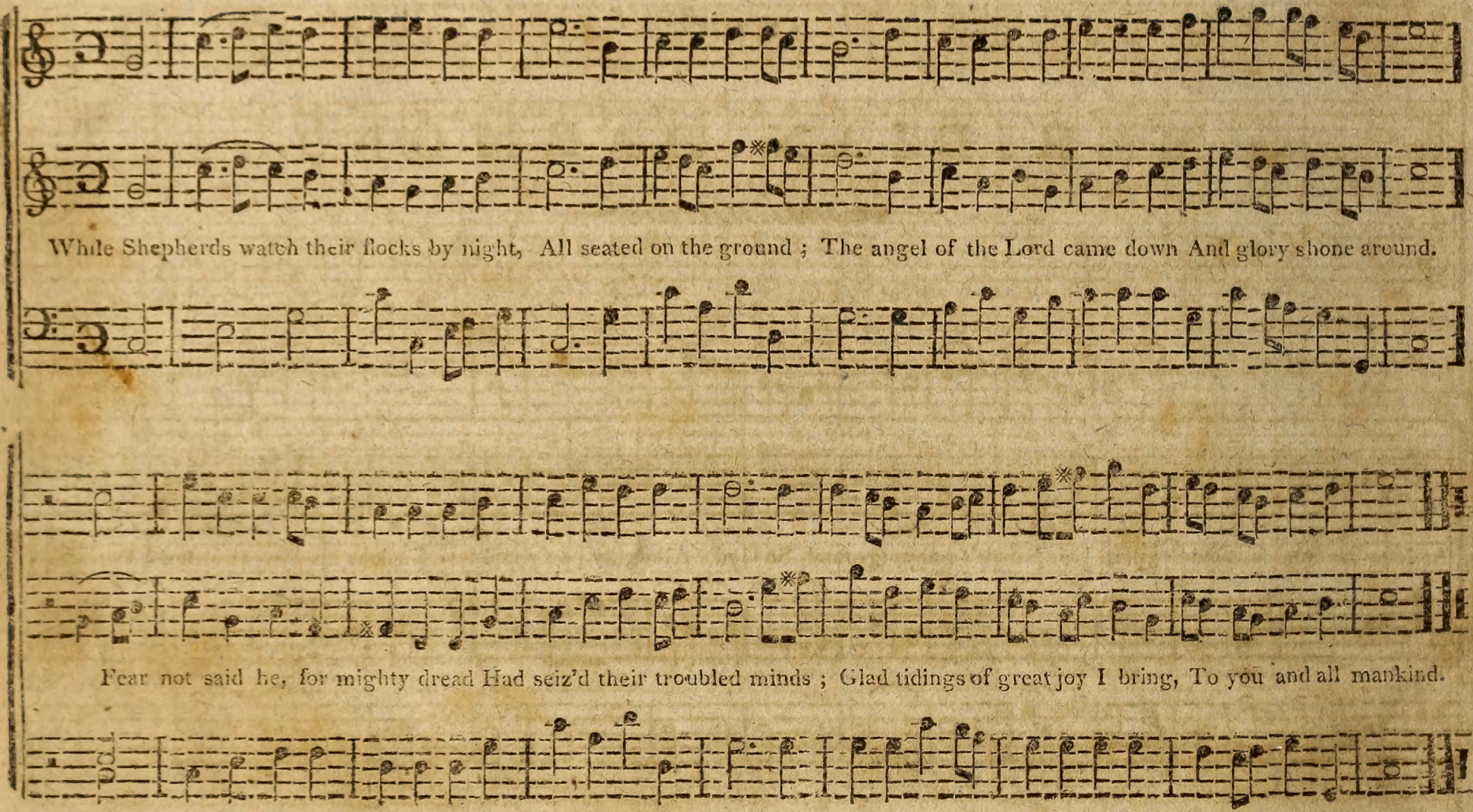
MERIDIAN HARMONY.

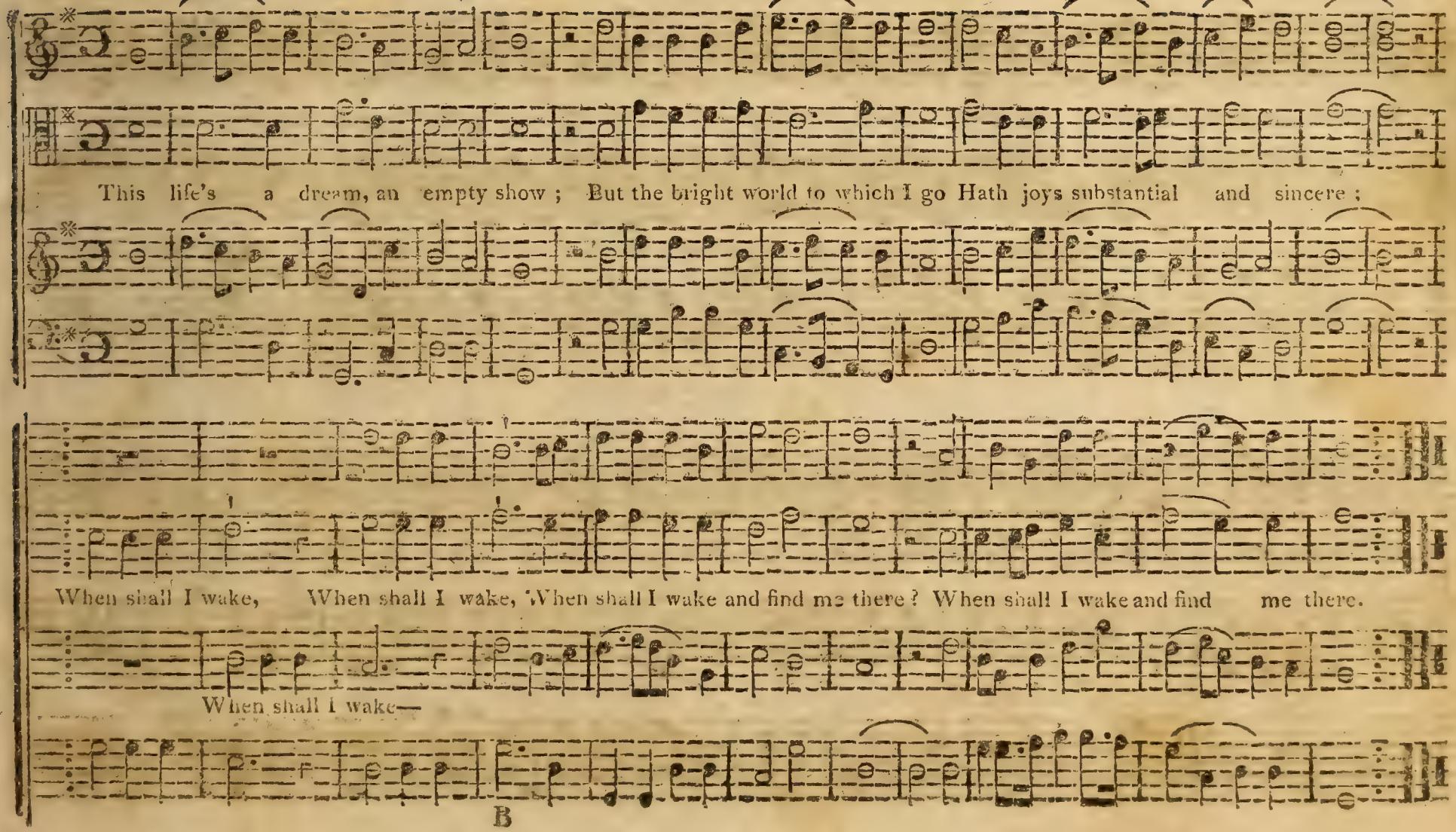
PROTECTION. C. M. JANES.

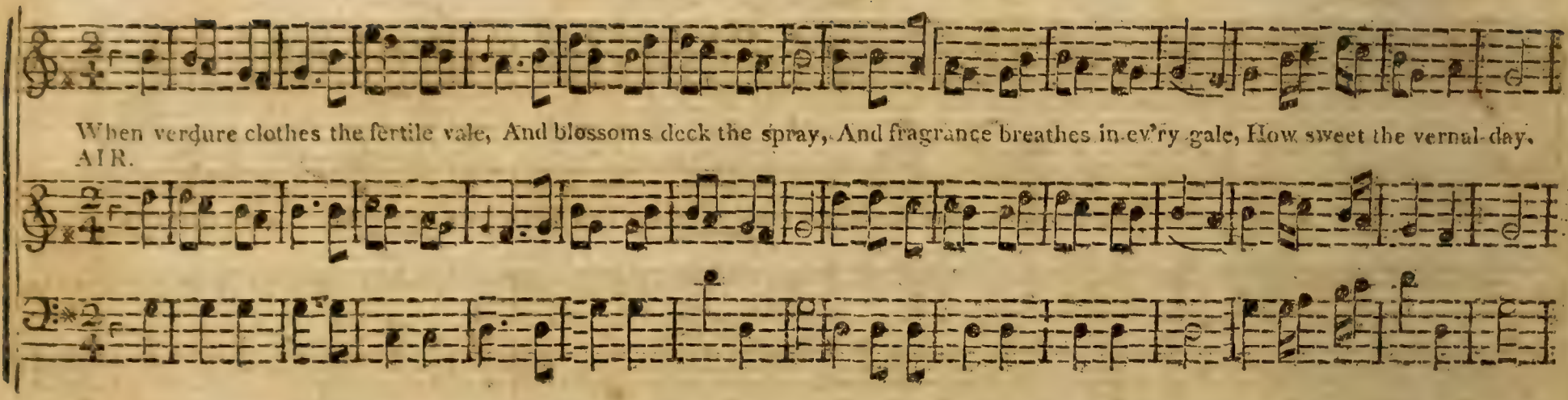
TWO TREBLES.

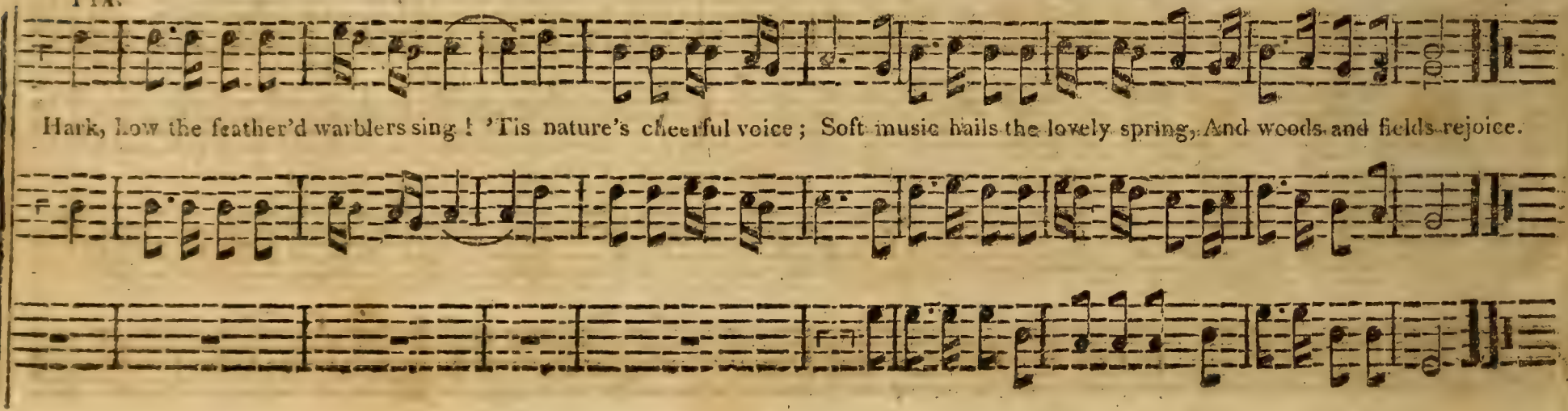


As lofty mountains stood to guard Fair Salem's happy ground, So God's Almighty pow'r and love Enclose his Church around, Enclose—

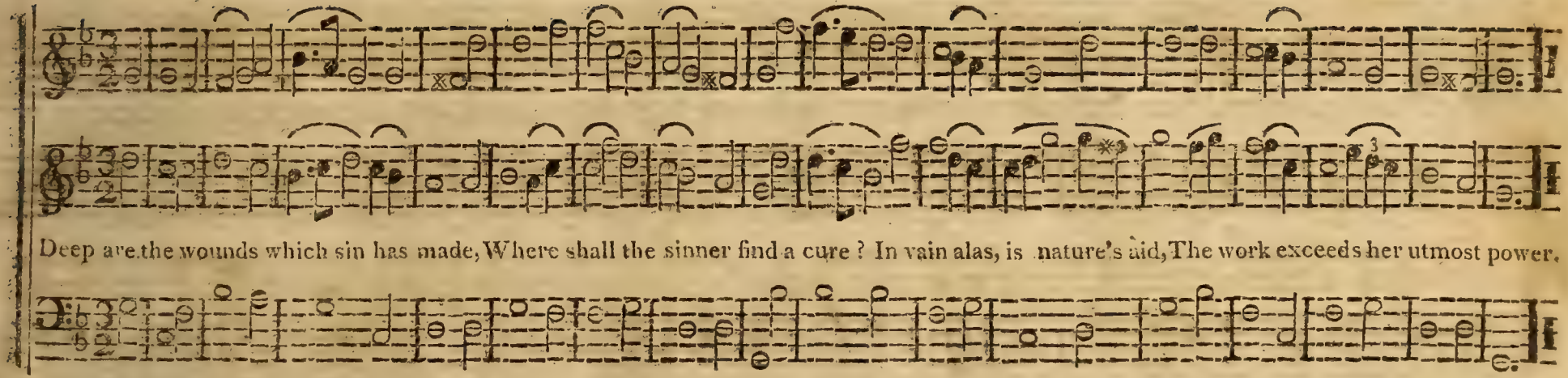

While Shepherds watch their flocks by night, All seated on the ground ; The angel of the Lord came down And glory shone around.
Fear not said he, for mighty dread Had seiz'd their troubled minds ; Glad tidings of great joy I bring, To you and all mankind.


This life's a dream, an empty show ; But the bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake, When shall I wake, When shall I wake and find me there ? When shall I wake and find me there.
When shall I wake—

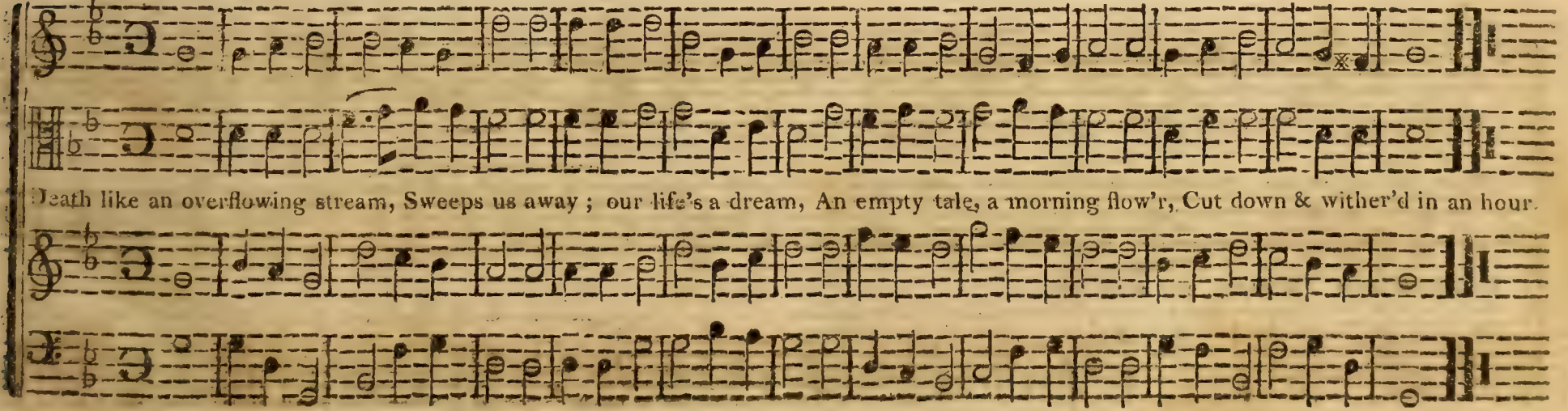

When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale, How sweet the vernal day.
AIR.


PIA.
Hark, how the feather'd warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields rejoice.

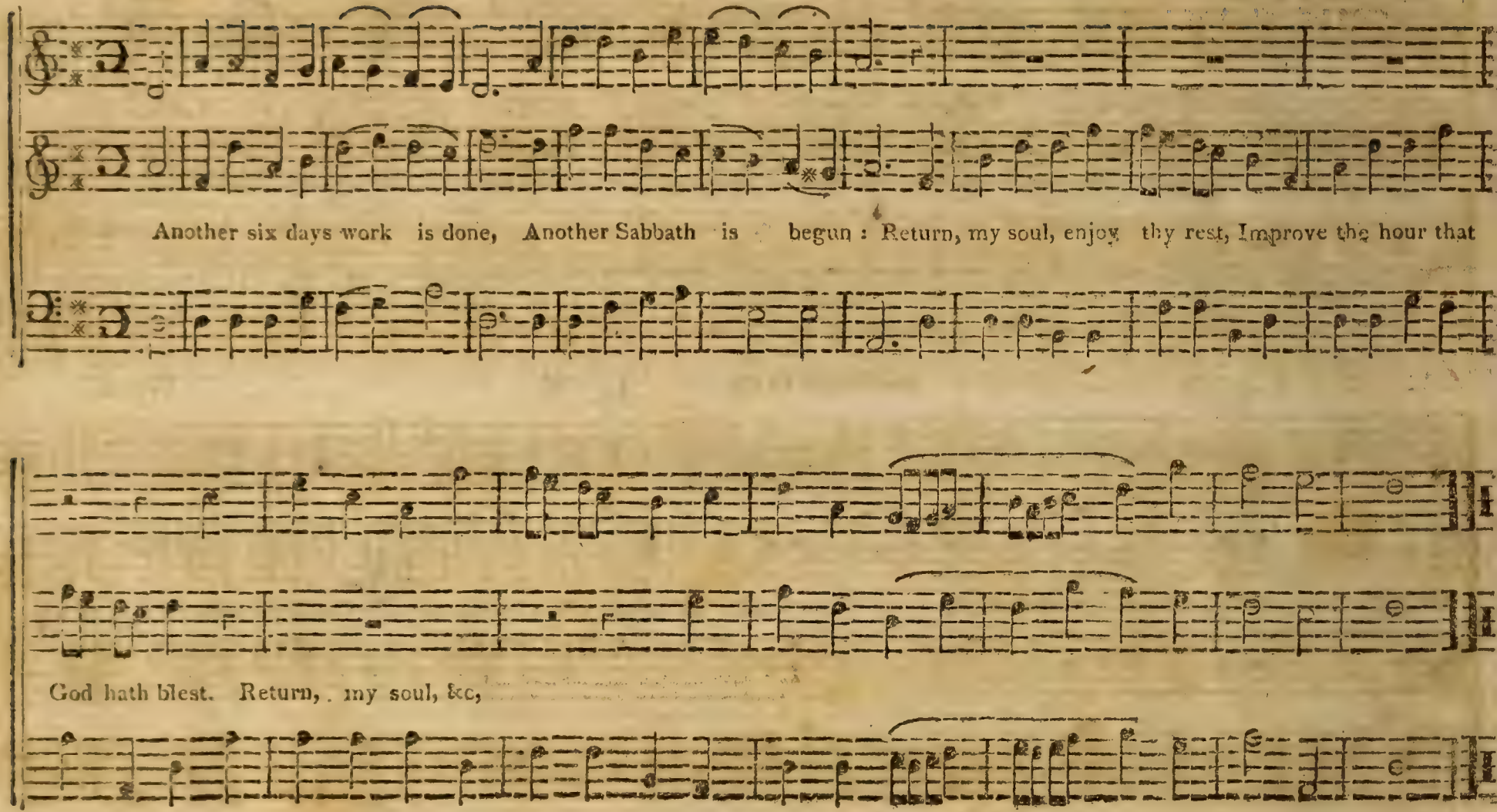
DUNKIRK. L. M.

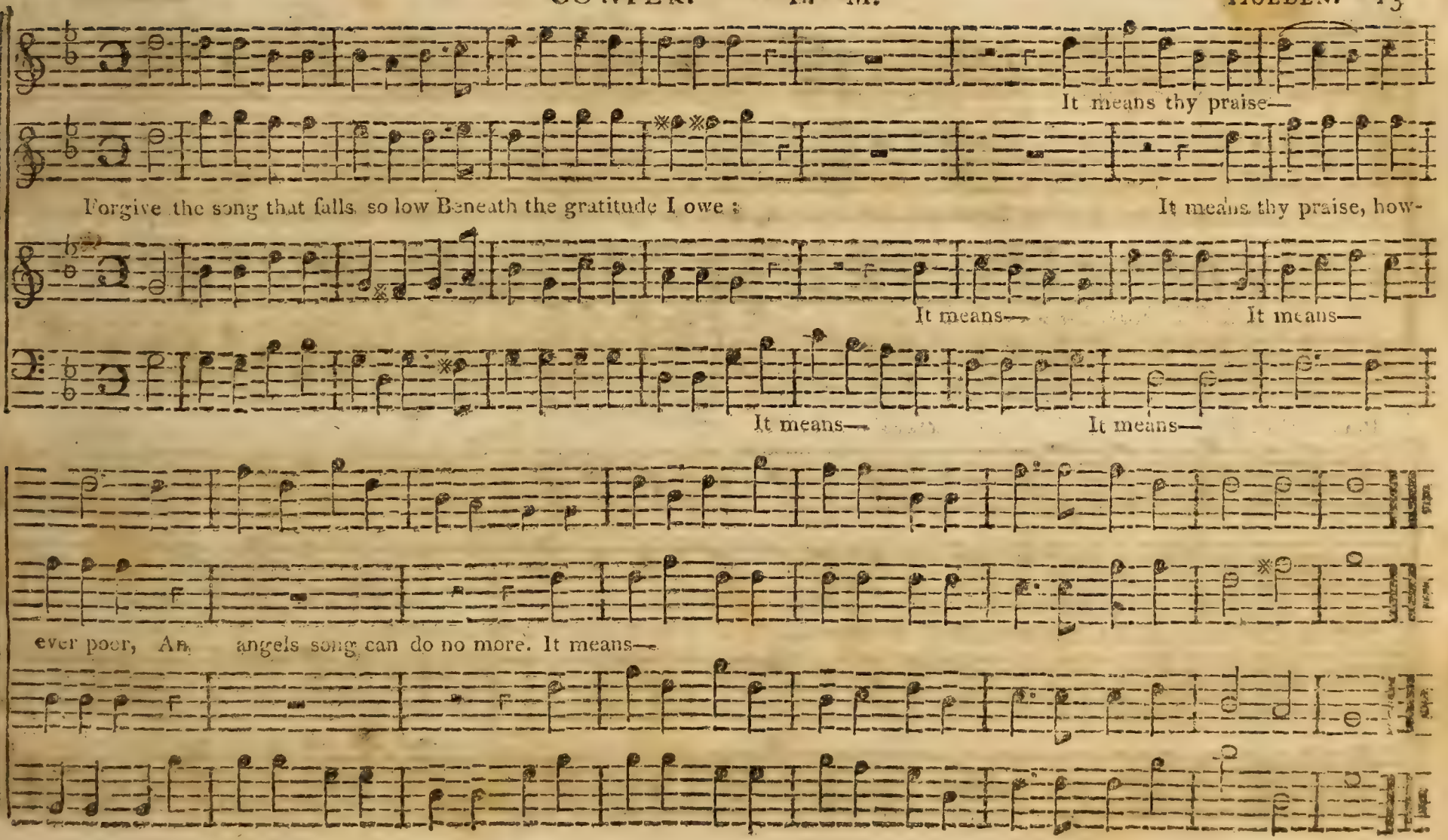

Deep are the wounds which sin has made, Where shall the sinner find a cure ? In vain alas, is nature's aid, The work exceeds her utmost power.

HOPKINTON. L. M. Wood.

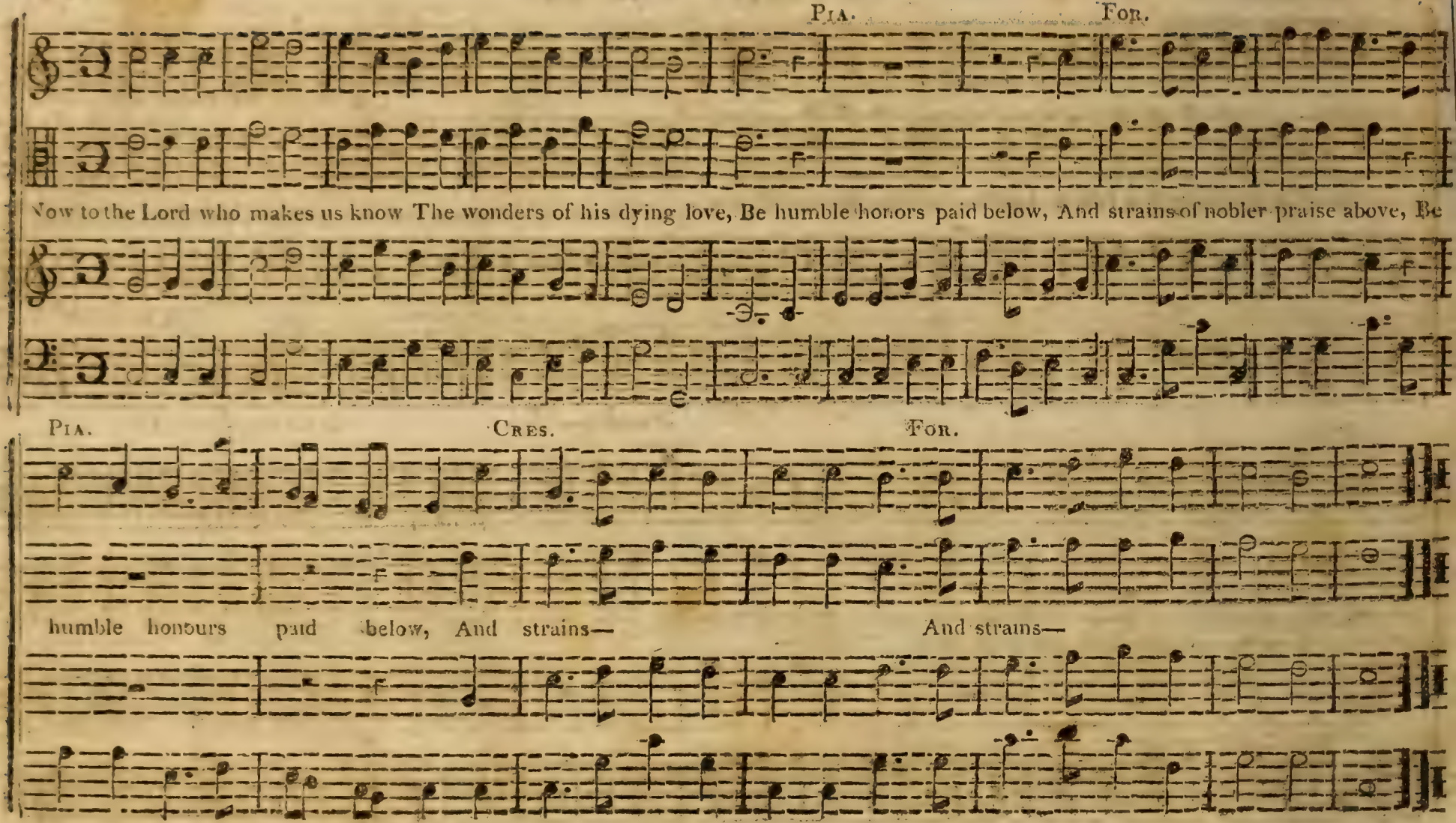

Death like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down & wither'd in an hour.

AIR.


Another six days work is done, Another Sabbath is begun : Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the hour that
God hath blest. Return, my soul, &c,


It means thy praise—
Forgive the song that falls so low Beneath the gratitude I owe ;
It means thy praise, how-
It means—
It means—
It means—
It means—
ever poor, An angels song can do no more. It means—

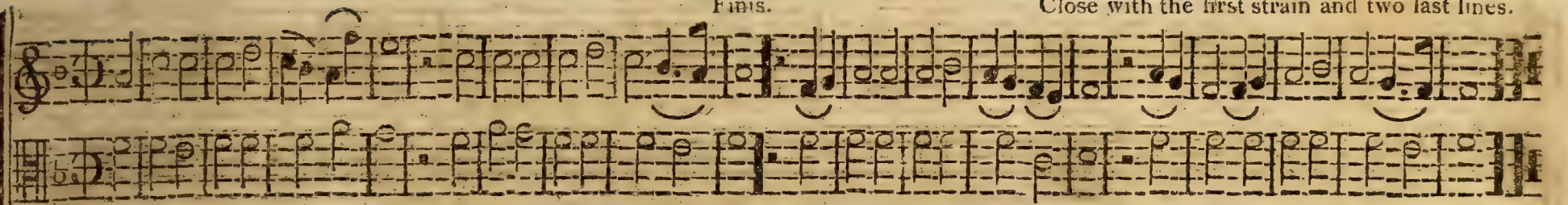
PERSIA. L. M. HOLDEN.


Pia.
For.
Now to the Lord who makes us know The wonders of his dying love, Be humble honors paid below, And strains of nobler praise above, Be
Pia.
Cres.
For.
humble honours paid below, And strains—
And strains—

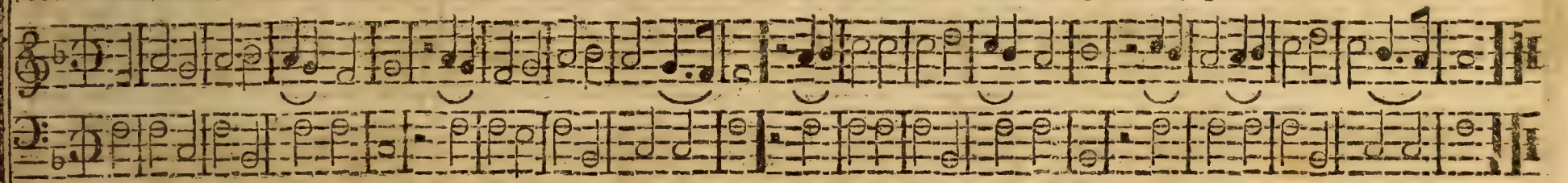
DRESDEN. L. M.

Finis.

Close with the first strain and two last lines.



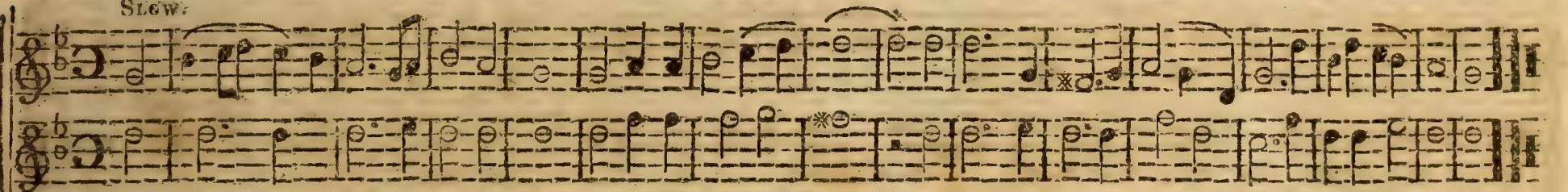
Preserve me, Lord, in time of need: For succour to thy throne I flee; But have no merit there to plead, My goodness cannot reach to thee.



WARREN. C. M.

SANGER.

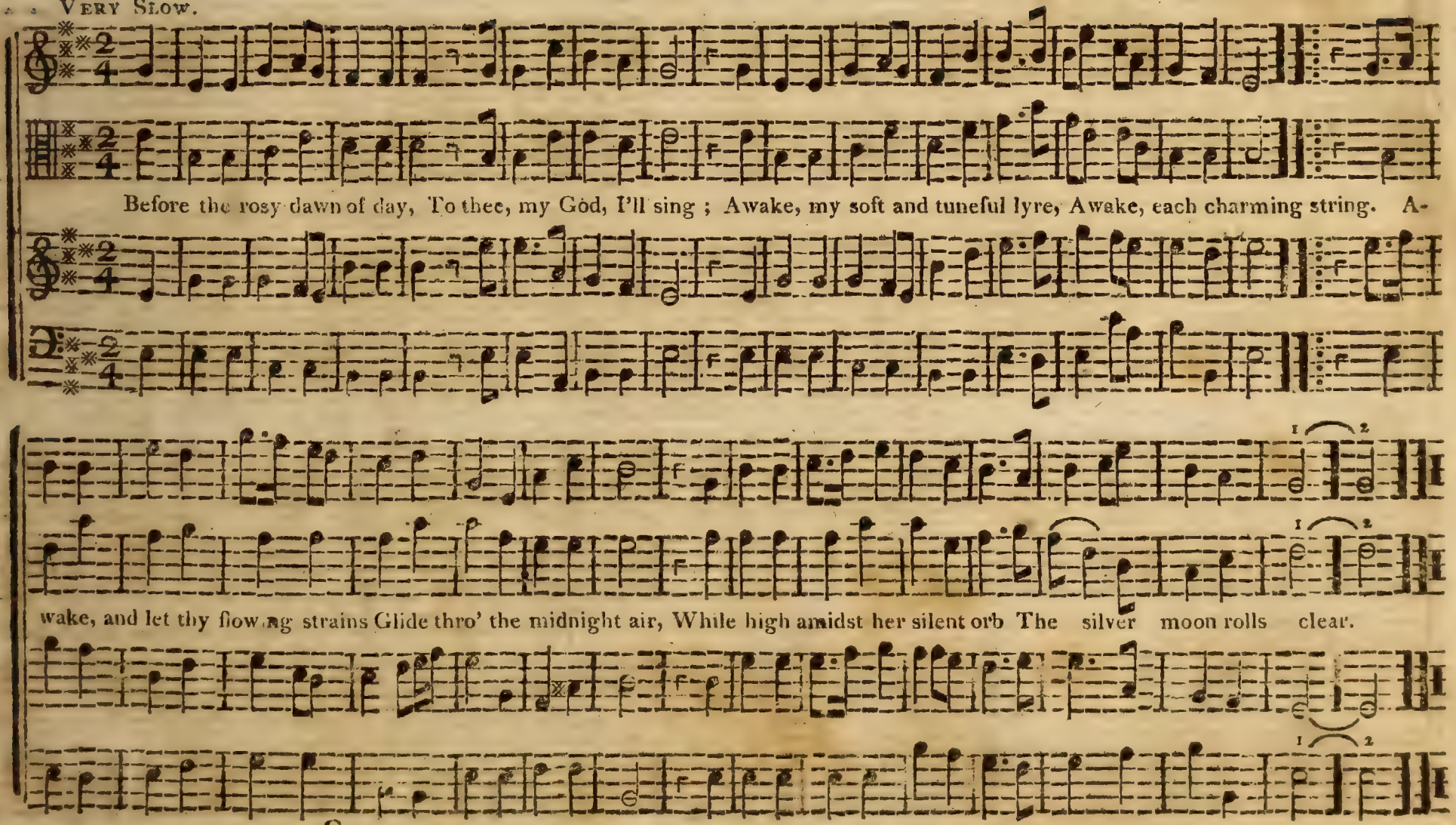
SLOW.



Ye mourning saints, whose streaming tears Flow o'er your children dead, Say not in transport of despair, That all your hopes are fled.

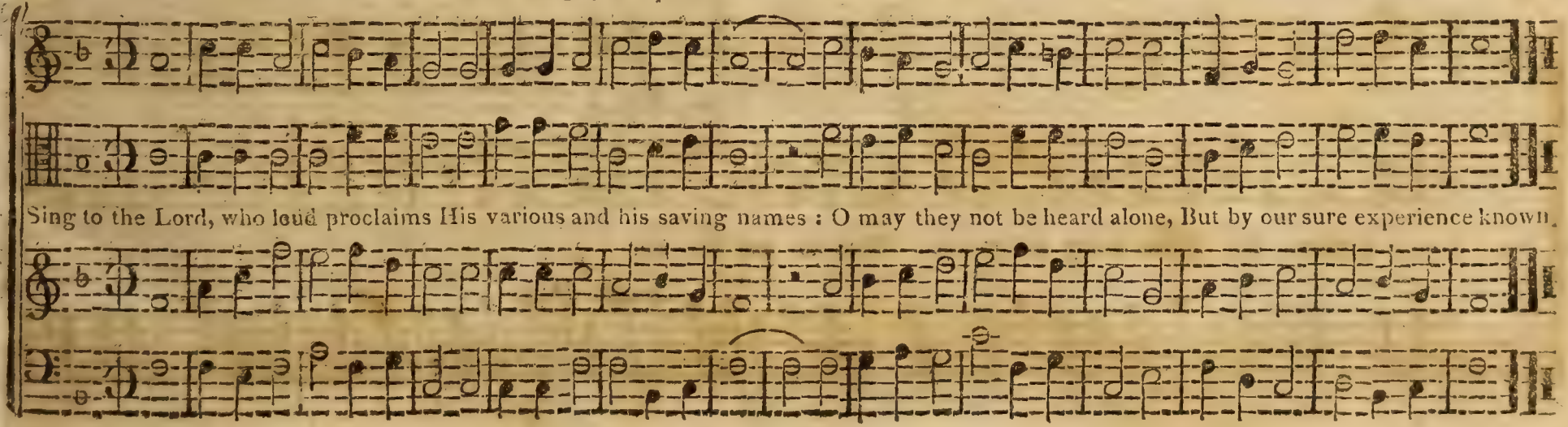
Oft have I set in secret sighs To feel my flesh decay, Then groan'd a-
loud with fright'ned eyes, To view the tott'ring clay, To view—

VERY SLOW.


Before the rosy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing ; Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre, Awake, each charming string. A-
wake, and let thy flowing strains Glide thro' the midnight air, While high amidst her silent orb The silver moon rolls clear.
C

1st Treble Mod.
2d Treble.
Salvation is forever nigh The souls that fear and trust the Lord : And grace descending
from on high, Fresh hopes of glory shall afford. Mercy and truth on earth are met, Since Christ the

RUGBY, or WELLS. L. M. *Holdrayd.*


Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims His various and his saving names: O may they not be heard alone, But by our sure experience known.

ANGLESEA. L. M.

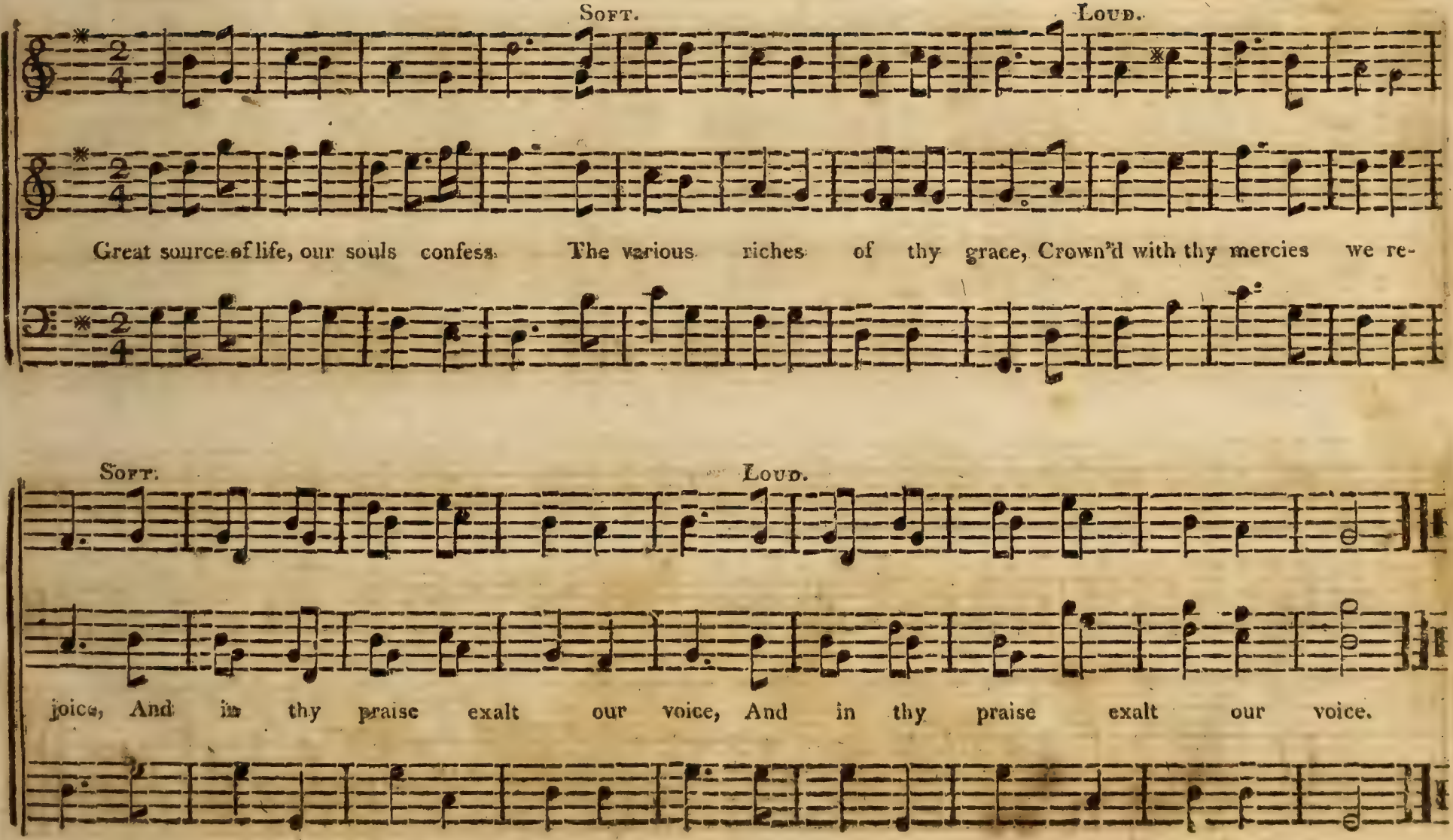
Dr. Randal.

Second.

Air.

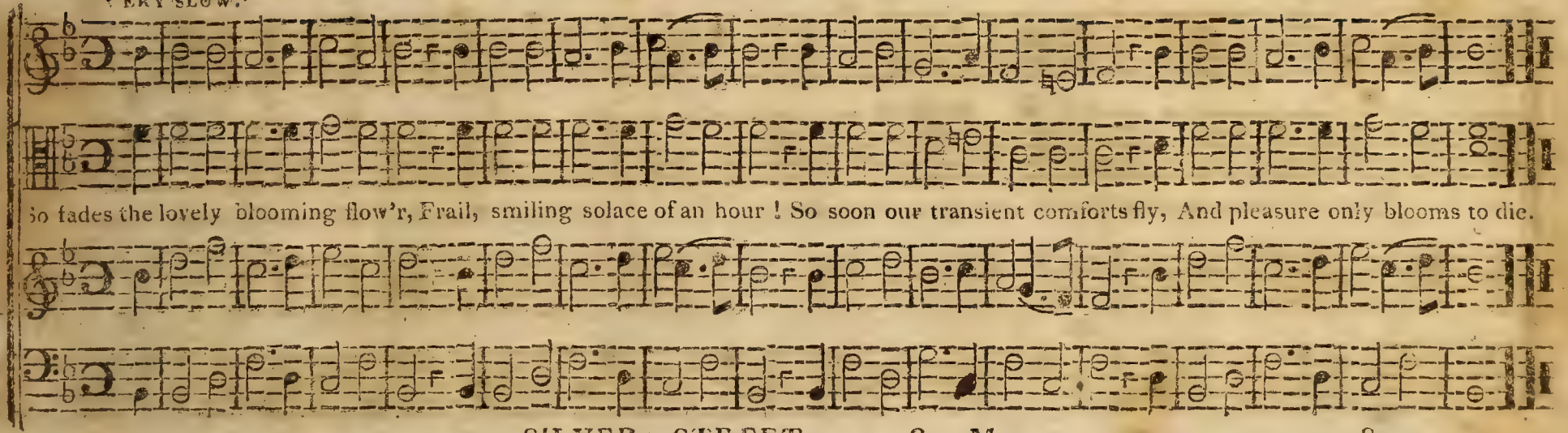
Man has a soul of vast desire, He burns within with restless fire, He burns within, &c. Tost too and fro, Tost too and

fro, his passions fly, From vanity to vanity. Tost to and fro, &c.

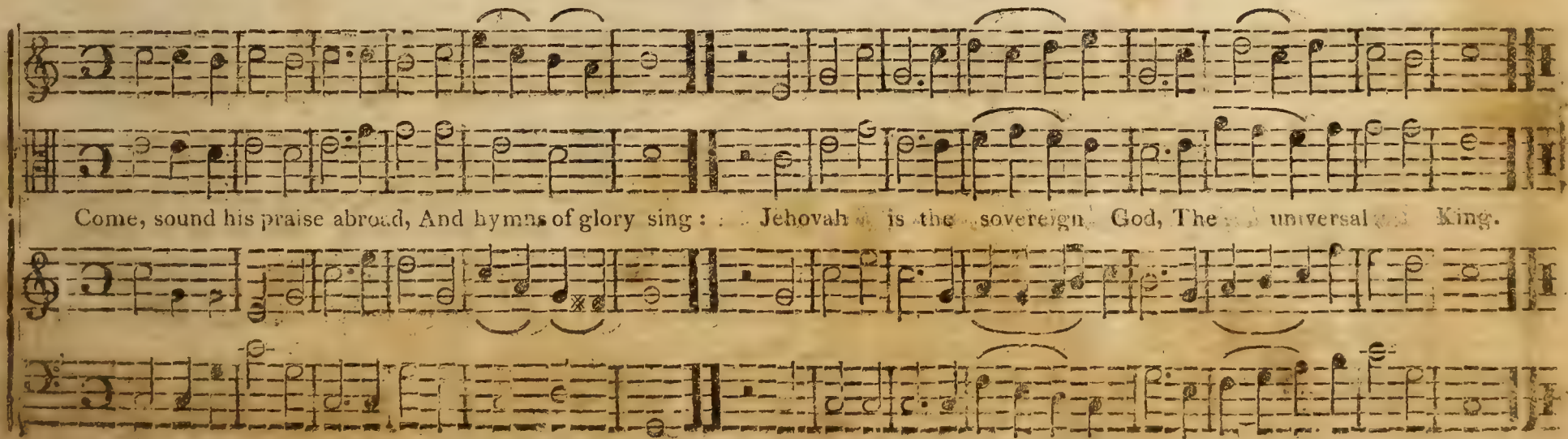

SOFT.
LOUD.
Great source of life, our souls confess. The various riches of thy grace, Crown'd with thy mercies we re-
SOFT.
LOUD.
joice, And in thy praise exalt our voice, And in thy praise exalt our voice.

Awake the trumpet's piercing sound To spread your sacred pleasure round; While softer music tunes the lute, The warbling harp, the breathing flute.
PIA. FOR. PIA. FOR.
Ye virgin train, with joy advance, To praise him in the graceful dance;
Awake each voice, & strike each string, And to the solemn organ sing, And—

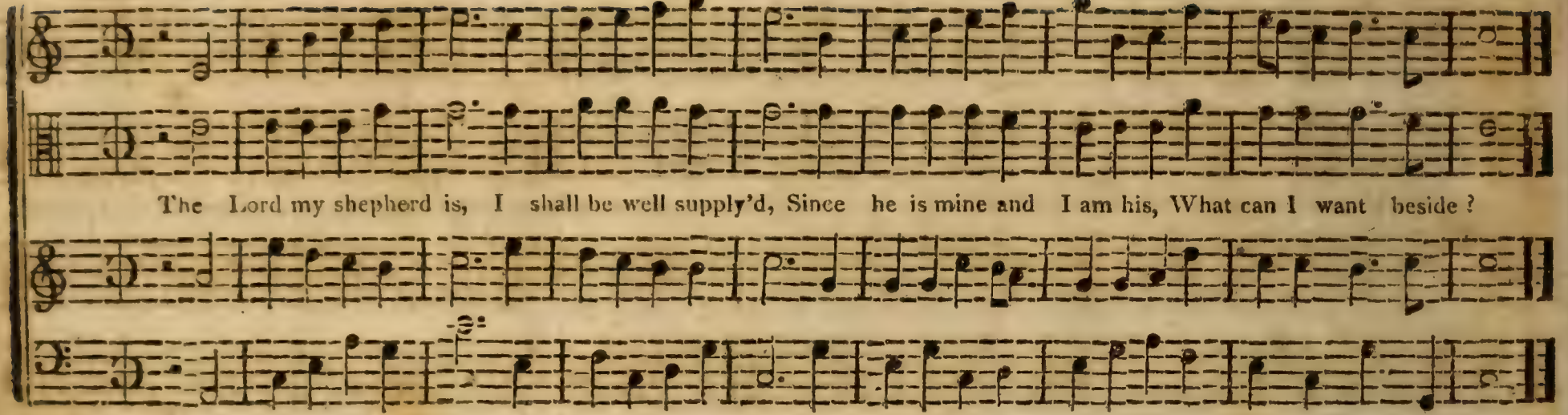
VERY SLOW.

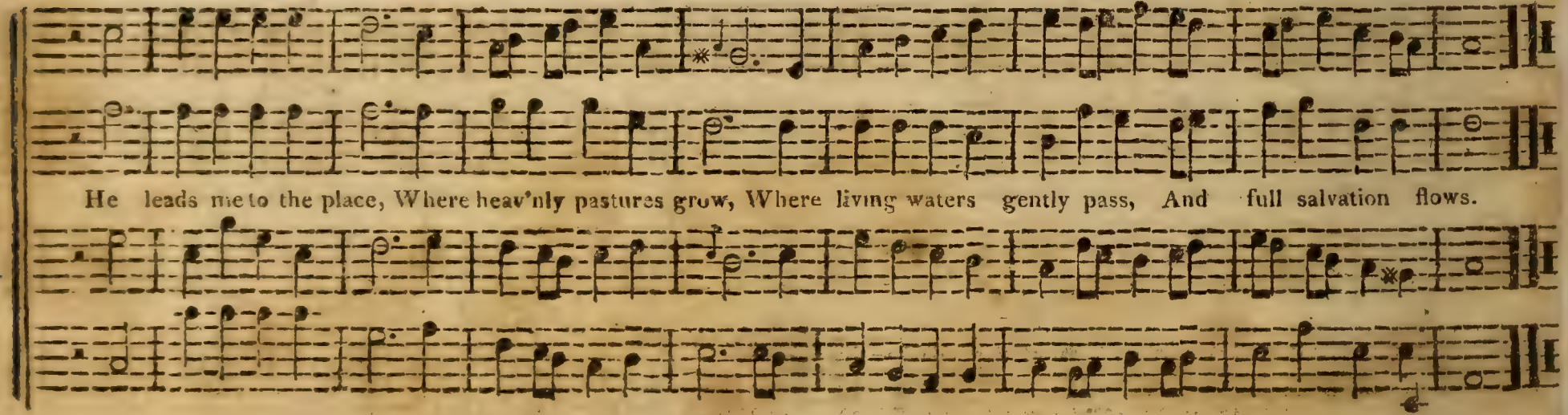

So fades the lovely blooming flow'r, Frail, smiling solace of an hour ! So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.

SILVER STREET. S. M. *Smith.*

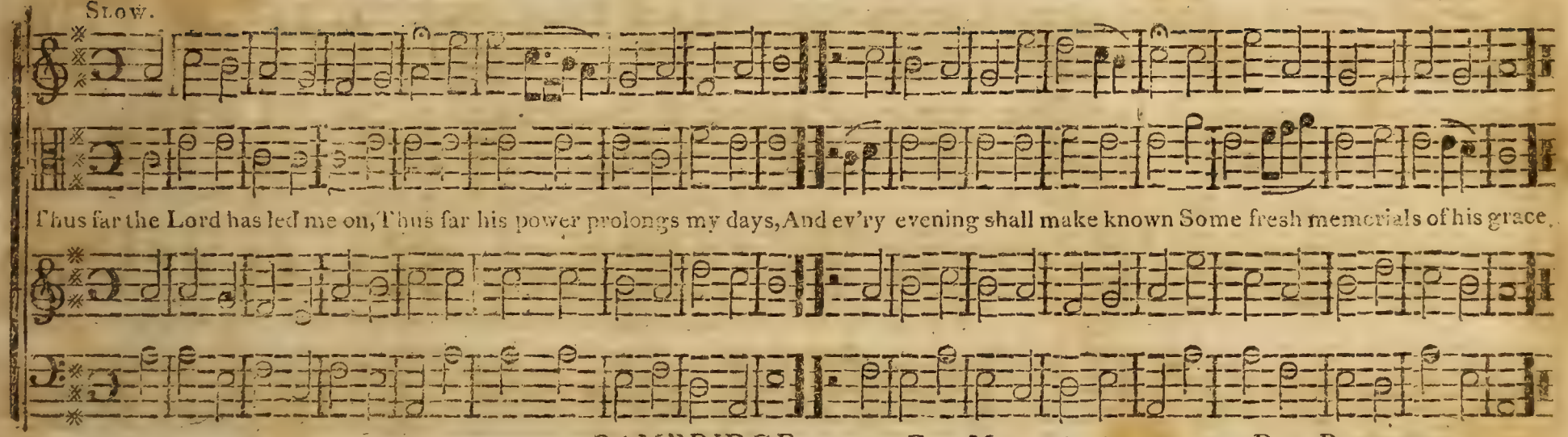


Moderato. Air.

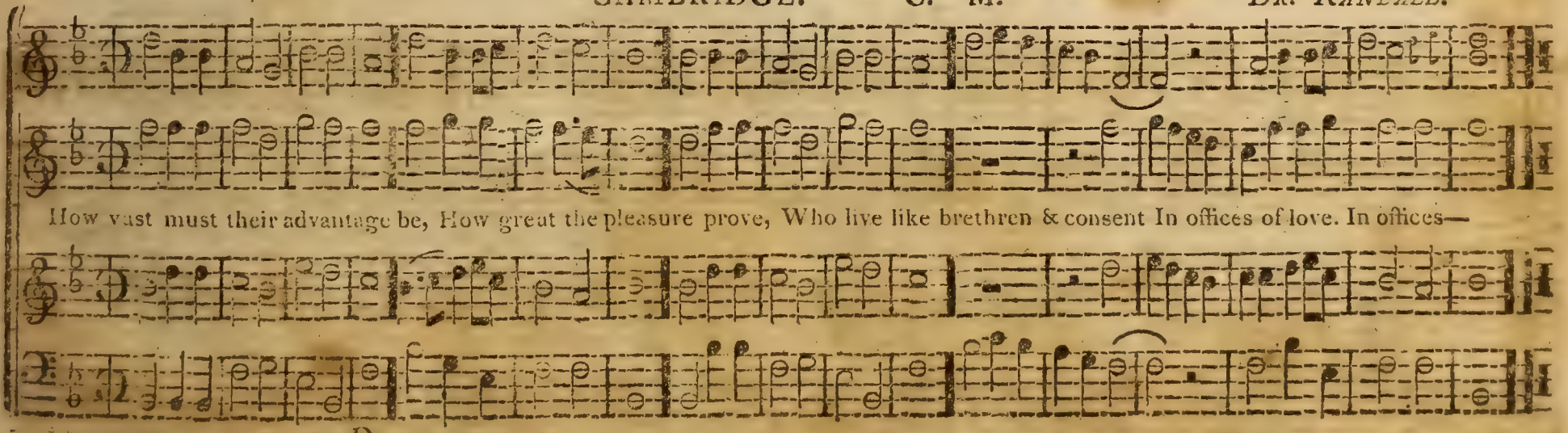


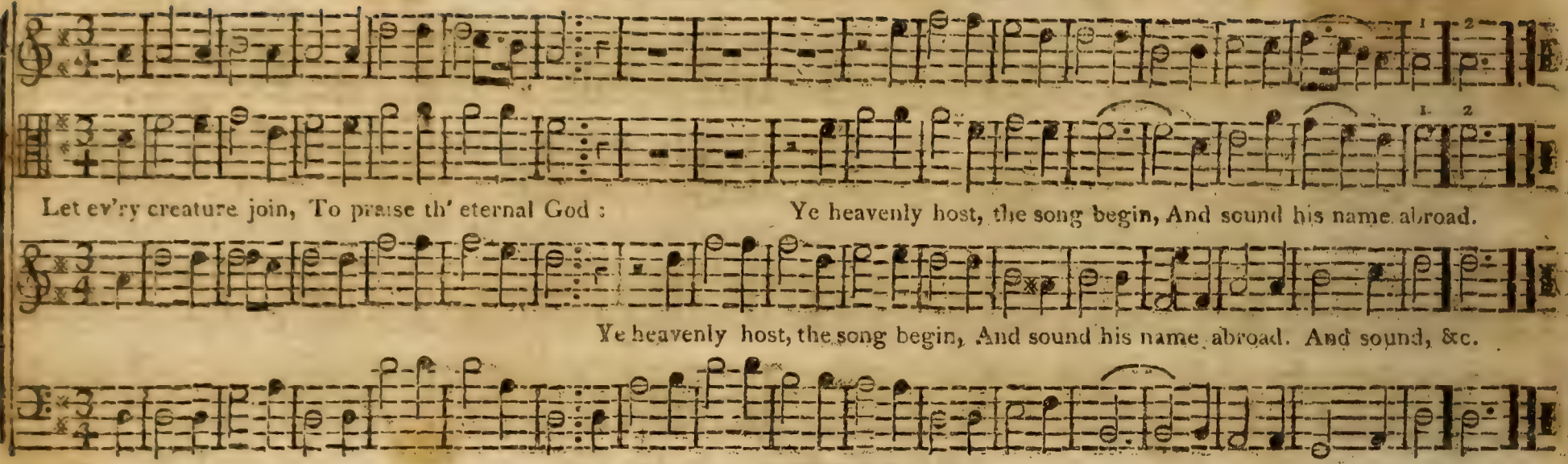


Slow.

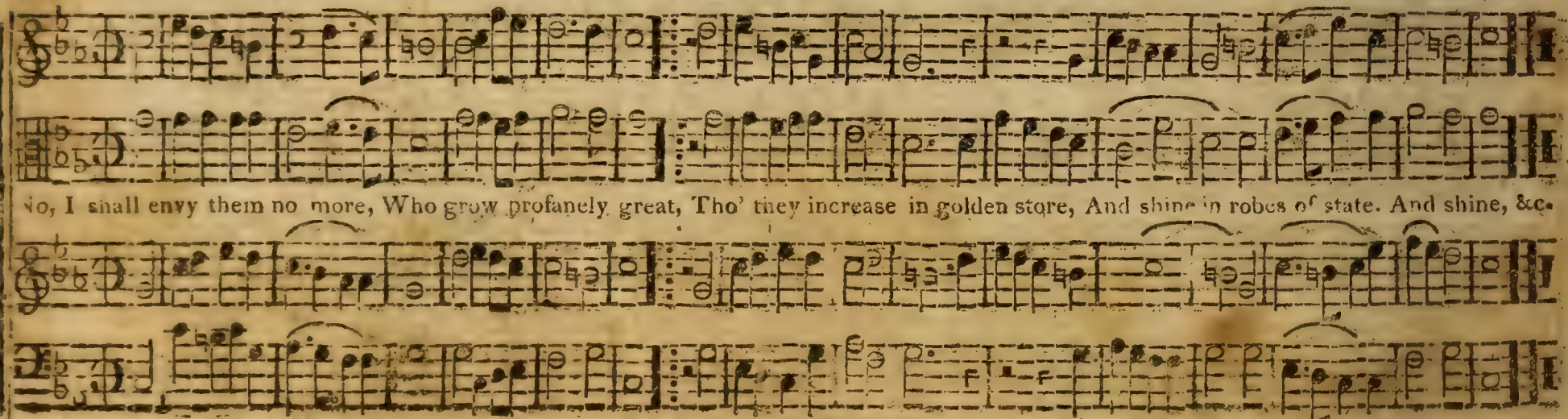

Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days, And ev'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorials of his grace.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. *Dr. Randall.*

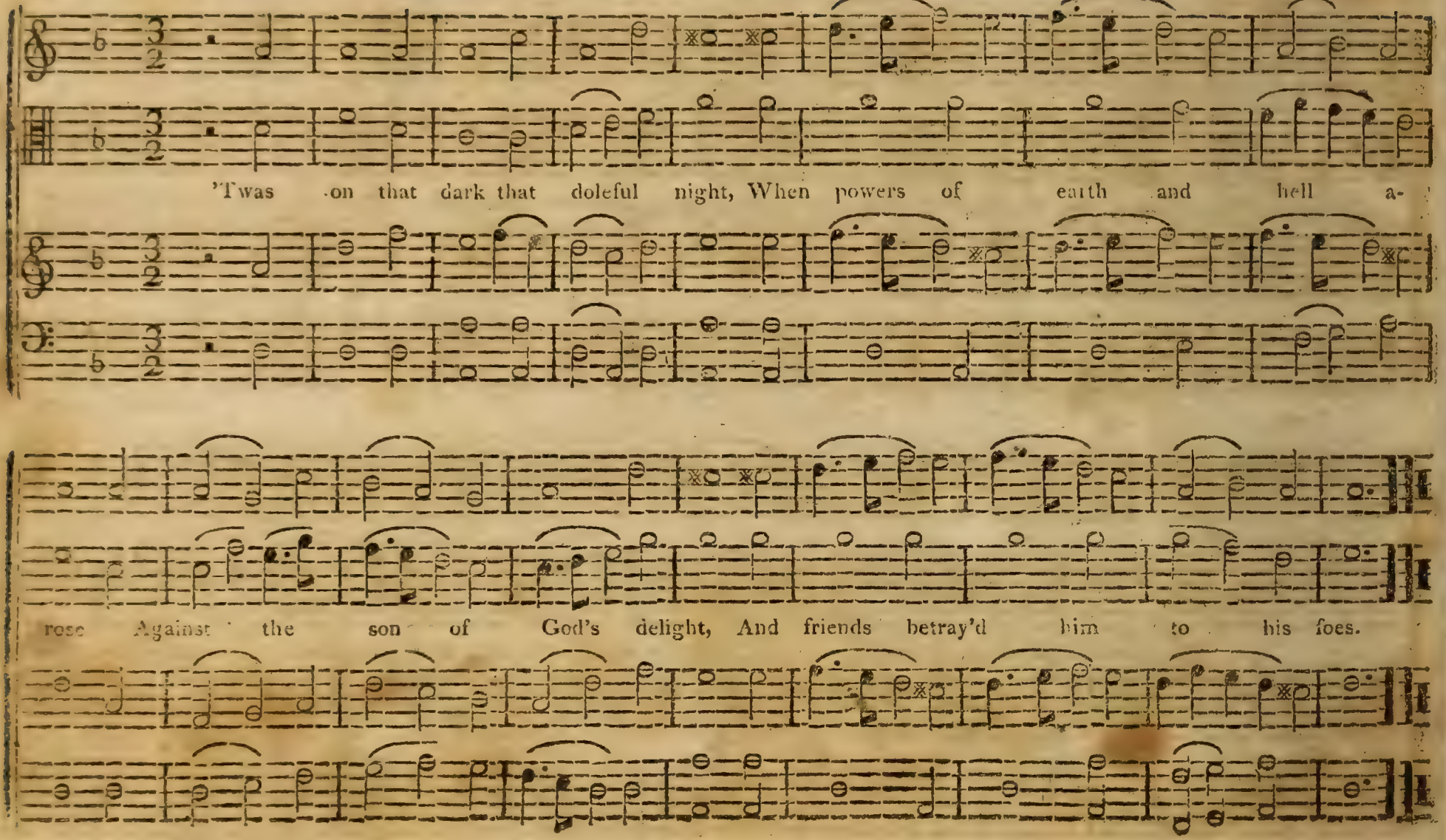

How vast must their advantage be, How great the pleasure prove, Who live like brethren & consent In offices of love. In offices—

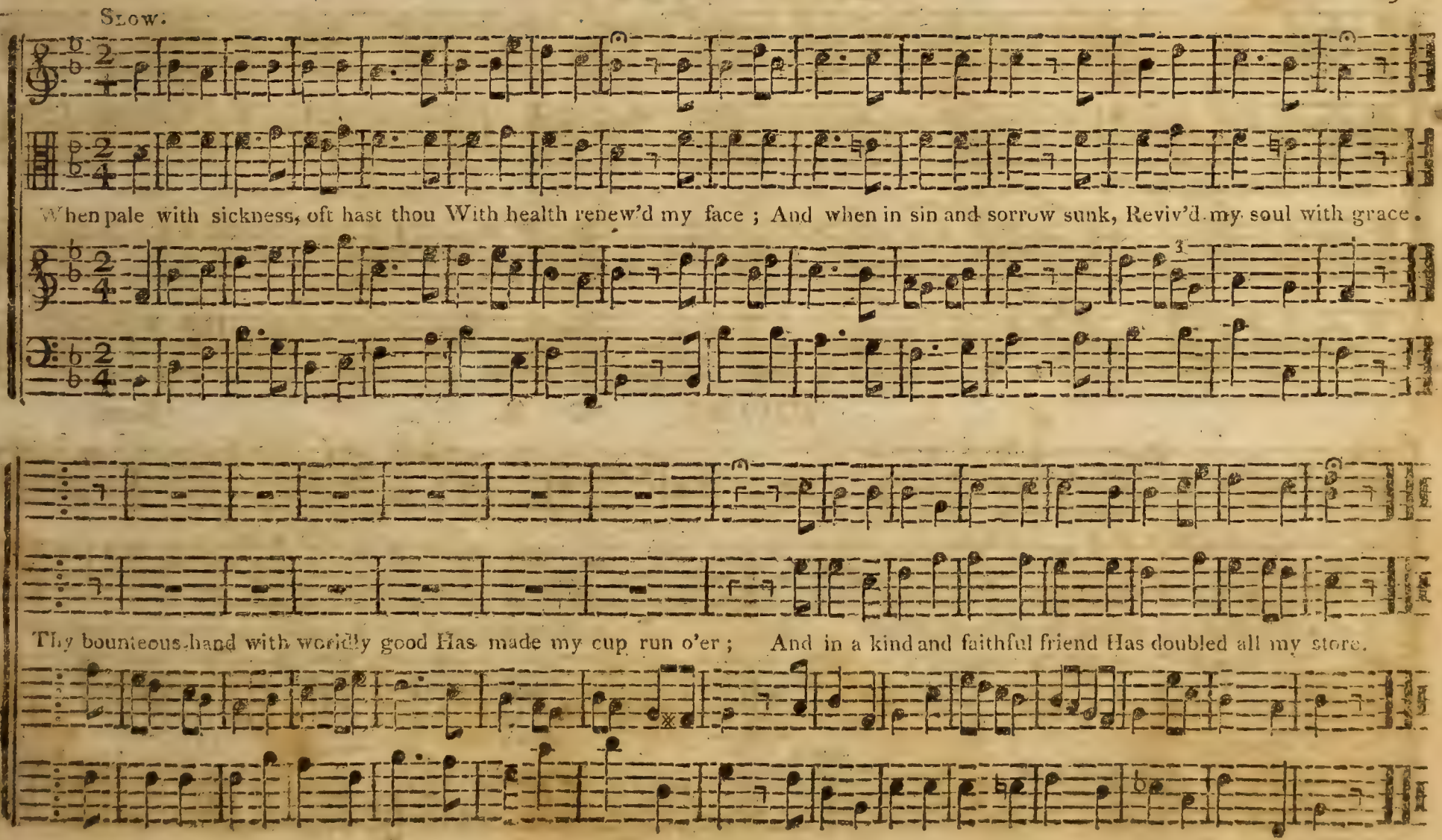

Let ev'ry creature join, To praise th' eternal God :
Ye heavenly host, the song begin, And sound his name abroad.
Ye heavenly host, the song begin, And sound his name abroad. And sound, &c.

CARVER, or LITCHFIELD. STEVENSON.

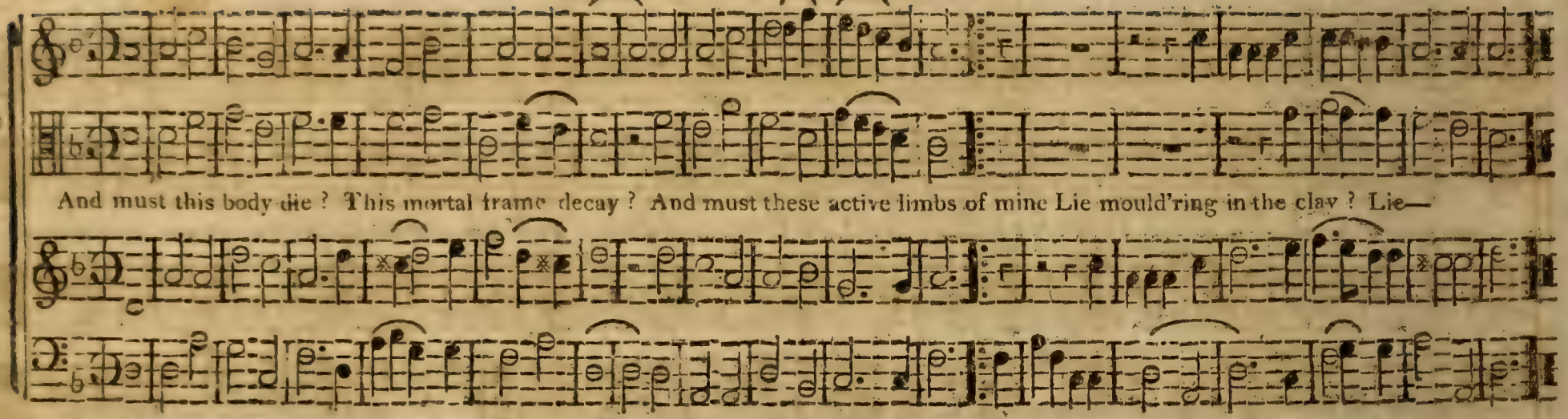

No, I shall envy them no more, Who grow profanely great, Tho' they increase in golden store, And shine in robes of state. And shine, &c.

God is our refuge in distress, A present help when dangers press In him undaunted we'll confide.
Though earth—
Though earth—
Though earth were from her centre tost, And mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

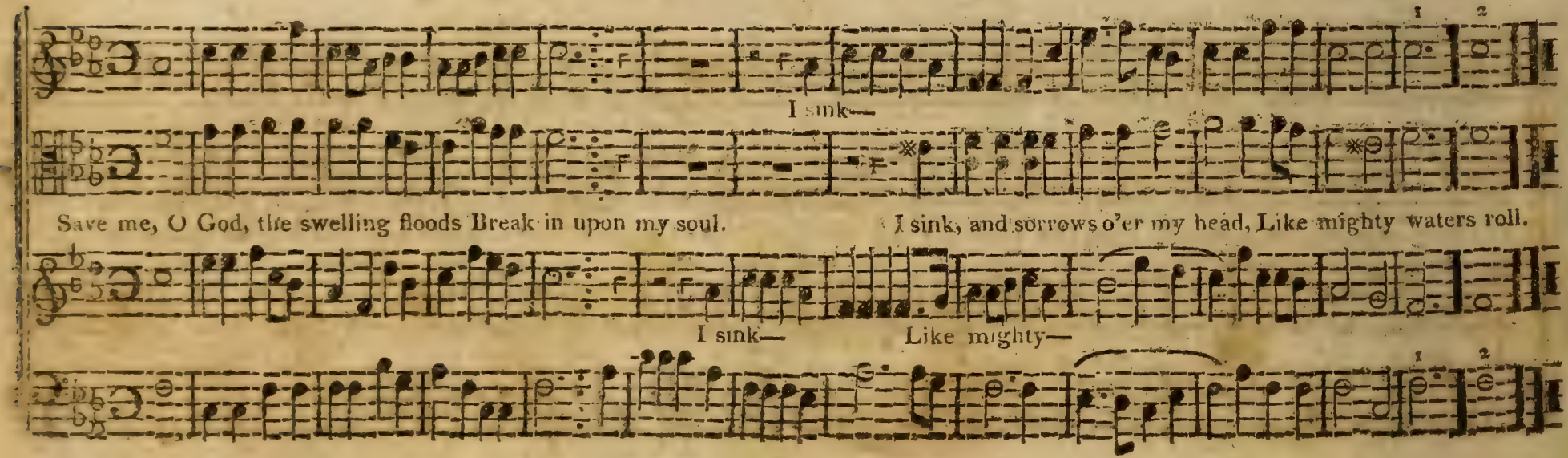

'Twas on that dark that doleful night, When powers of earth and hell a-
rose Against the son of God's delight, And friends betray'd him to his foes.

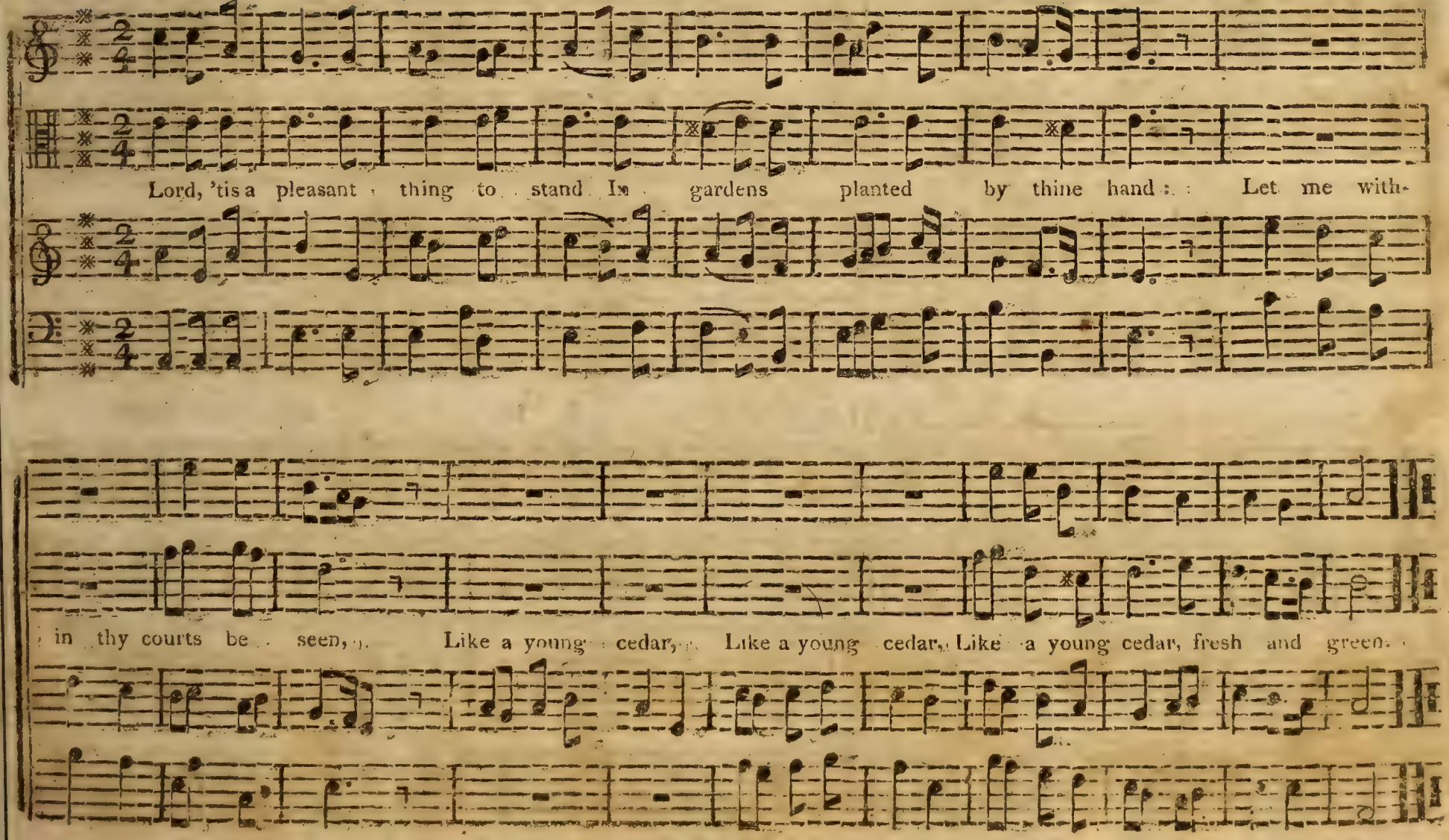

Slow.
When pale with sickness, oft hast thou With health renew'd my face ; And when in sin and sorrow sunk, Reviv'd my soul with grace.
Thy bounteous hand with worldly good Has made my cup run o'er ; And in a kind and faithful friend Has doubled all my store.

NORFOLK. S. M. Brownson.

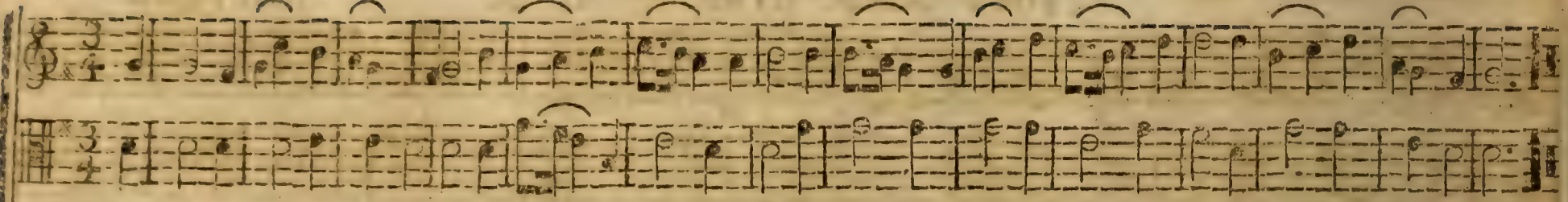


SUTTON. C. M. Goff.


I sink—
Save me, O God, the swelling floods Break in upon my soul. I sink, and sorrows o'er my head, Like mighty waters roll.
I sink— Like mighty—


Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand In gardens planted by thine hand: Let me with-
in thy courts be seen, Like a young cedar, Like a young cedar, Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

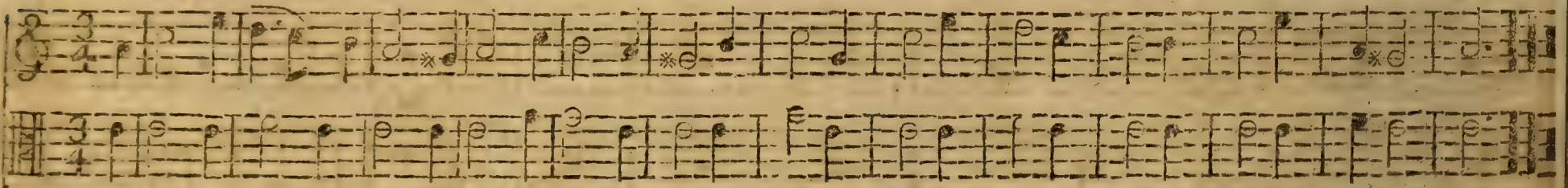
St. PATRICK'S, *or* IRISH. C. M. *Williams' Coll.*



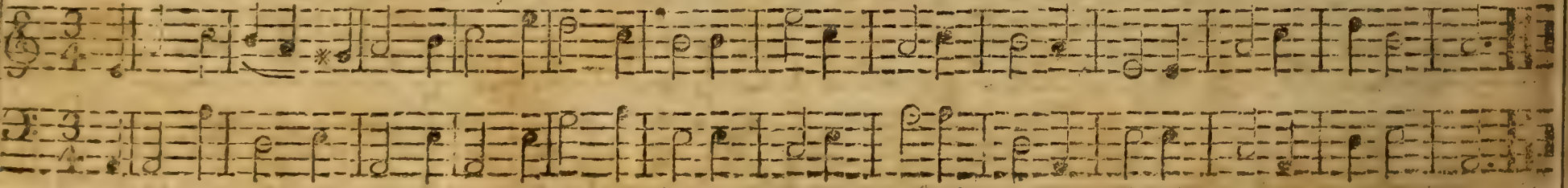
Blest is the man who shuns the place Where sinners love to meet, Who fears to tread their wicked ways, And hate the scoffer's seat.

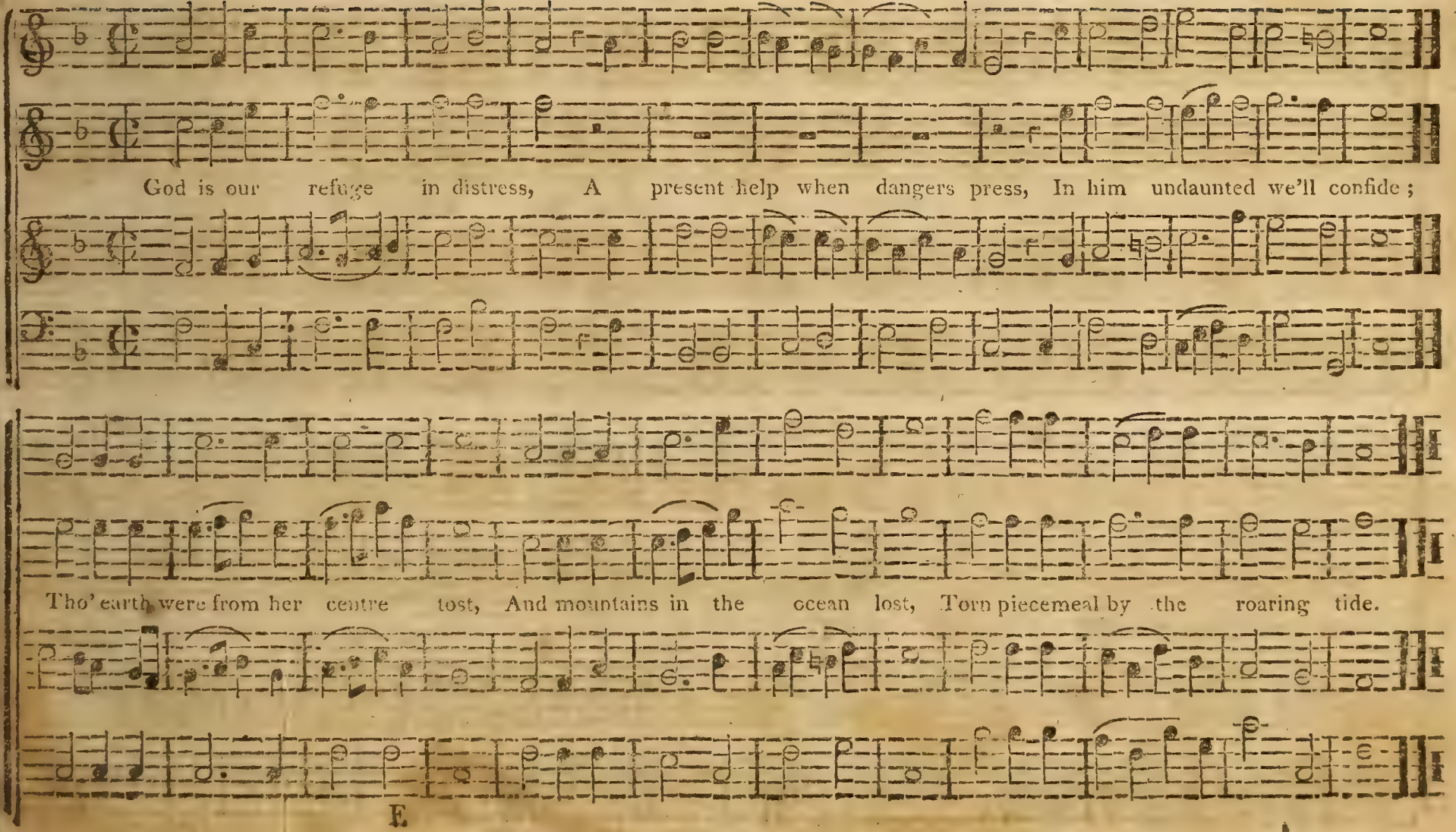
Slow.

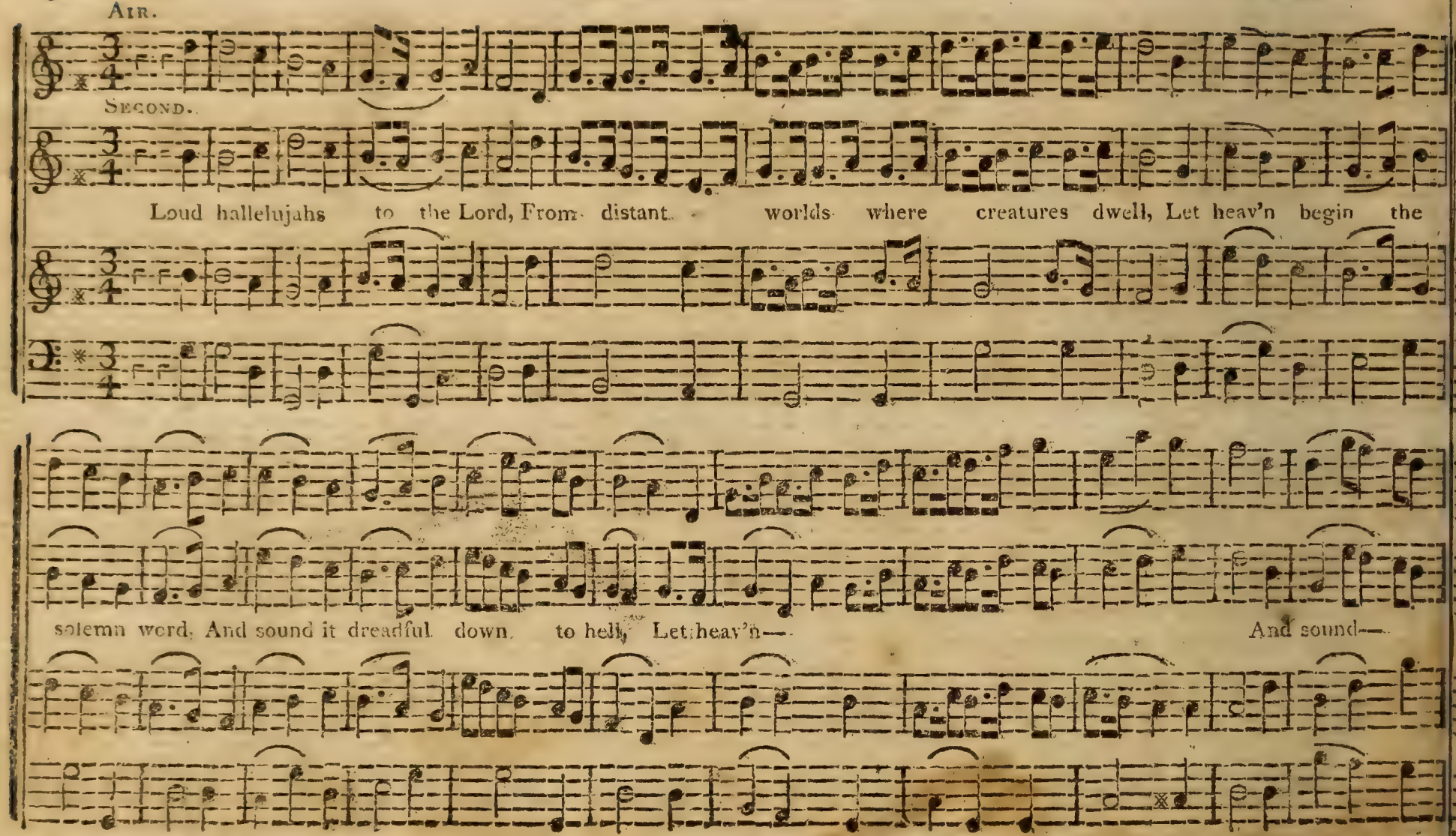
LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M. *Williams' Coll.*



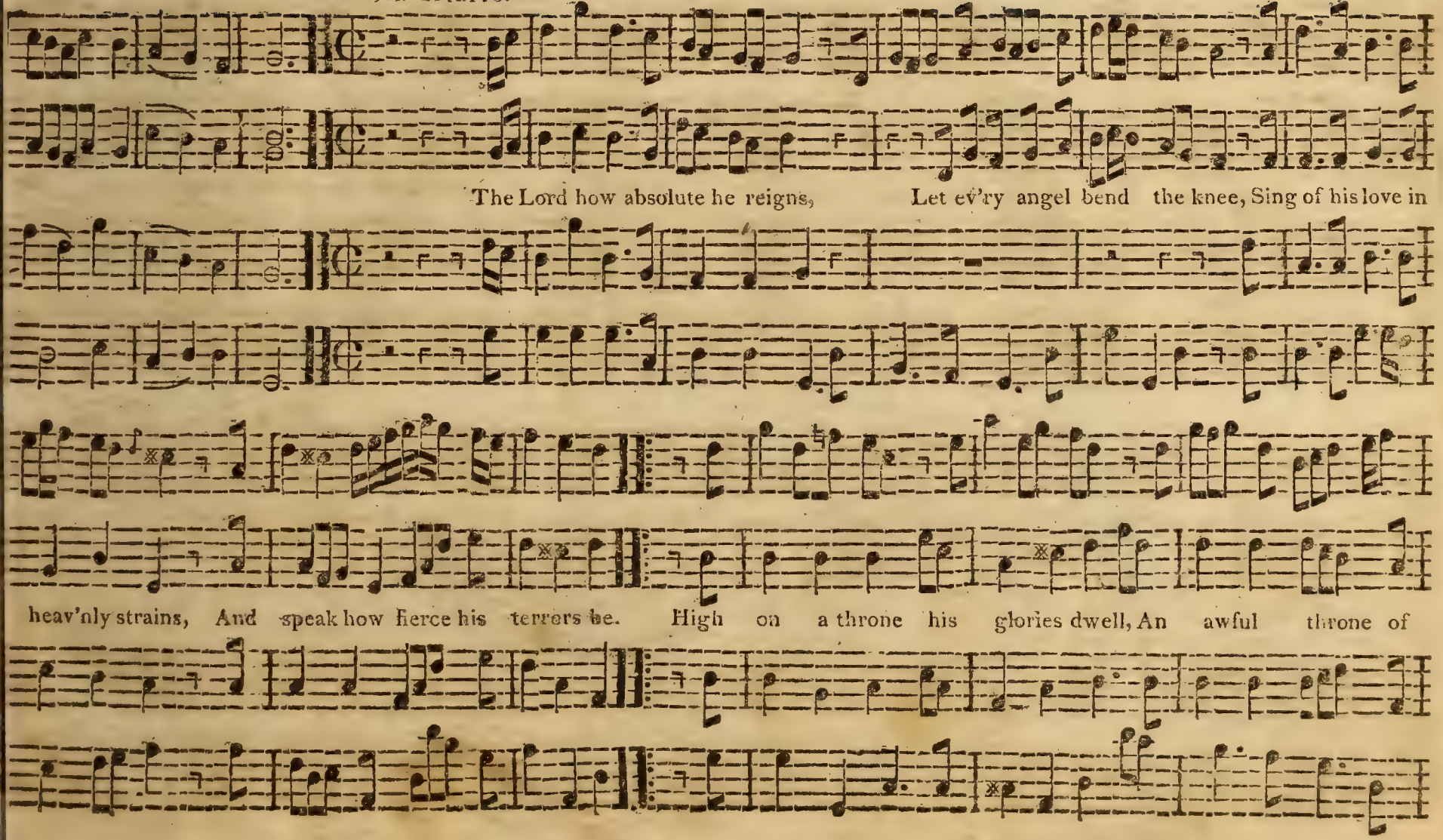
To God I lift my eyes, My trust is in his name; And they whose hope on him relies, Shall never suffer shame.

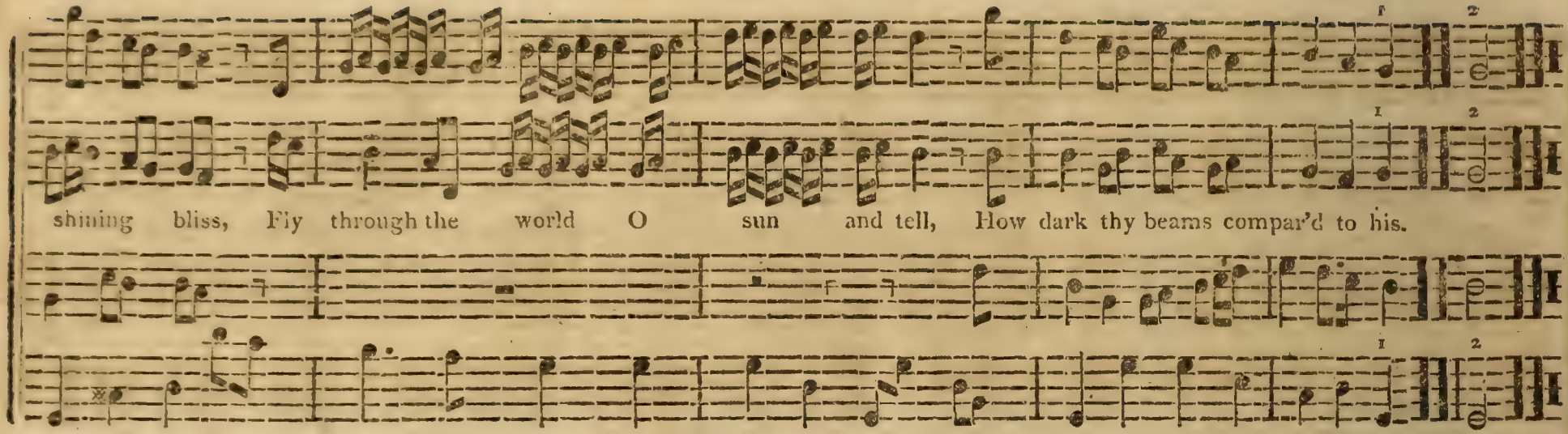



God is our refuge in distress, A present help when dangers press, In him undaunted we'll confide;
Tho' earth were from her centre tost, And mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

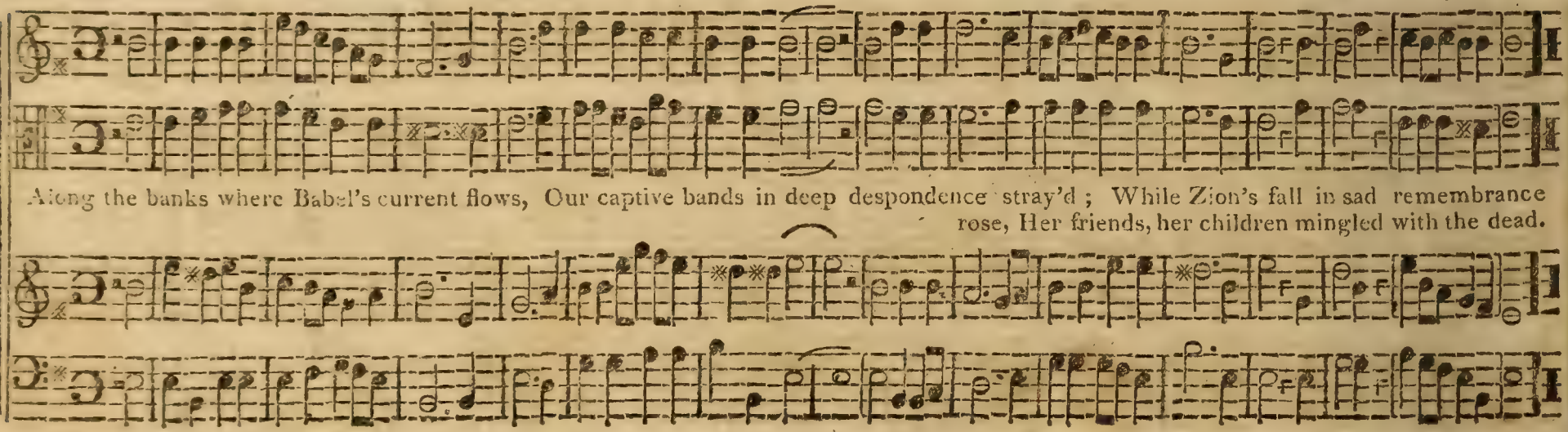

AIR.
SECOND.
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, From distant worlds where creatures dwell, Let heav'n begin the
solemn word, And sound it dreadful down to hell, Let heav'n—
And sound—

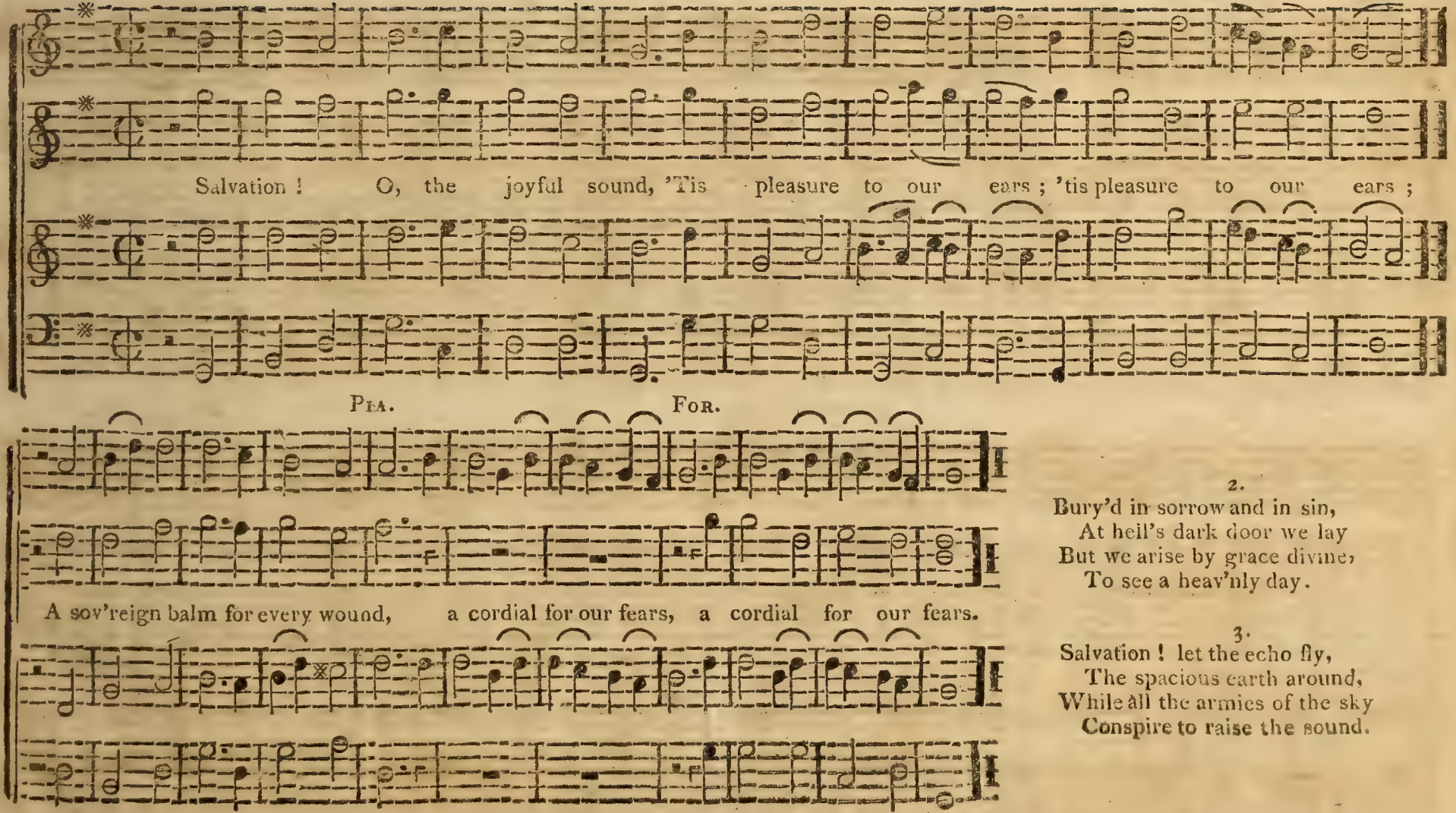
Con Spirito.


The Lord how absolute he reigns, Let ev'ry angel bend the knee, Sing of his love in
heav'nly strains, And speak how fierce his terrors be. High on a throne his glories dwell, An awful throne of



KINGSTON. P. M. BELKNAP.


Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd ; While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.


Salvation ! O, the joyful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears ; 'tis pleasure to our ears ;
Pia. For.
A sov'reign balm for every wound, a cordial for our fears, a cordial for our fears.

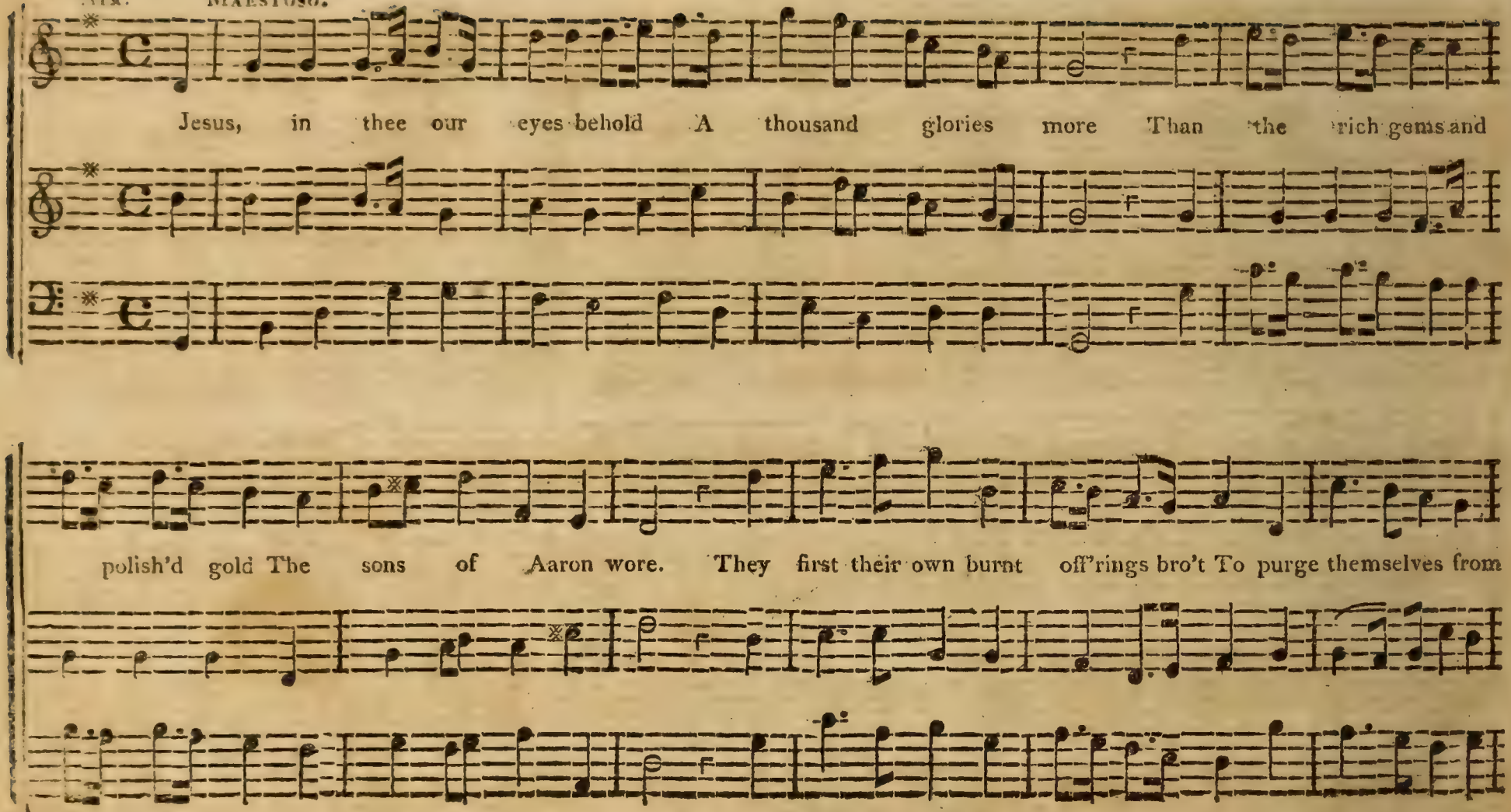
2.

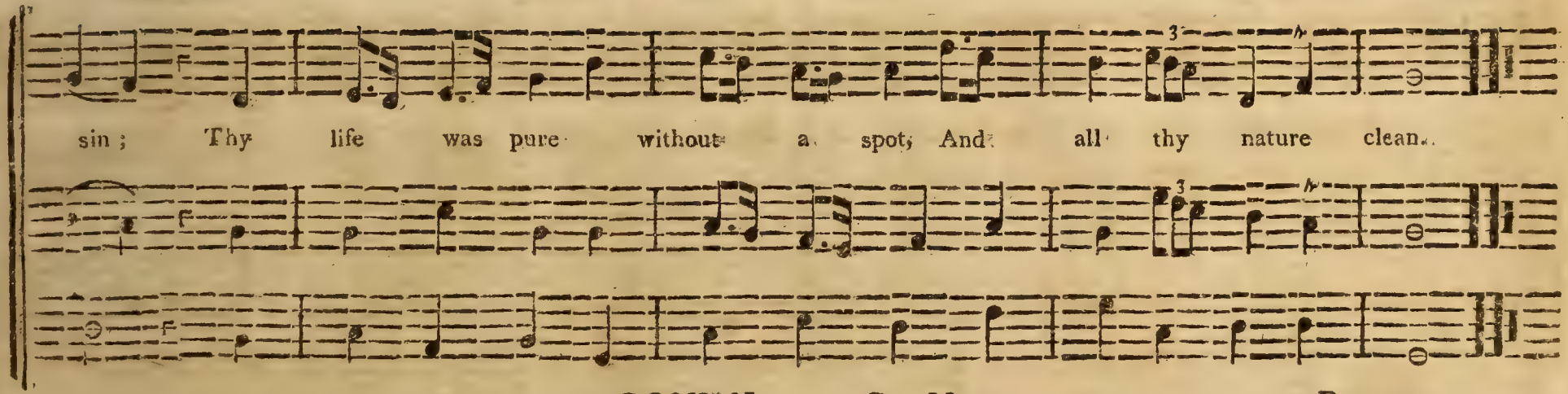
Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

3.

Salvation ! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

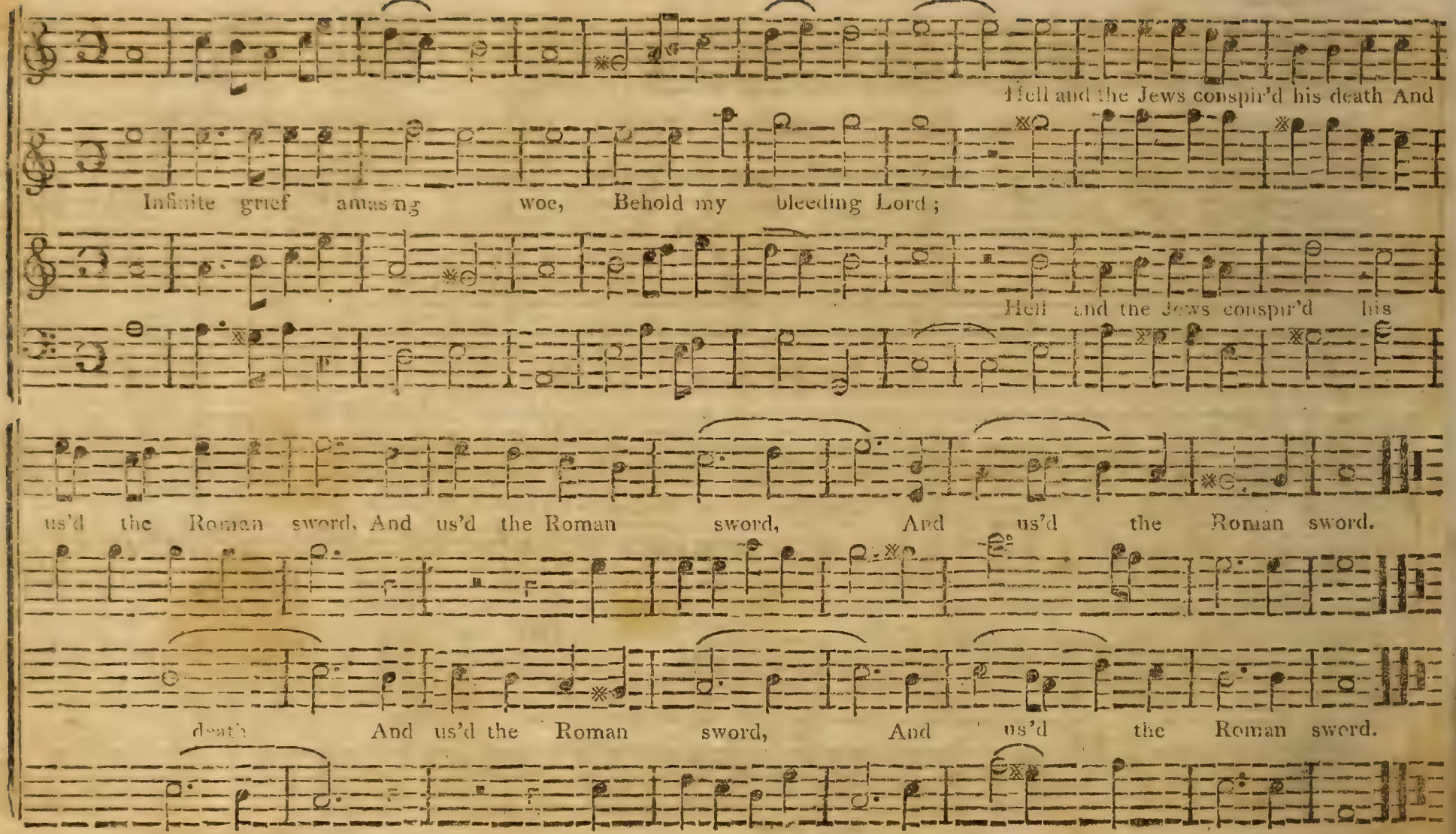
AIR. MAESTOSO.

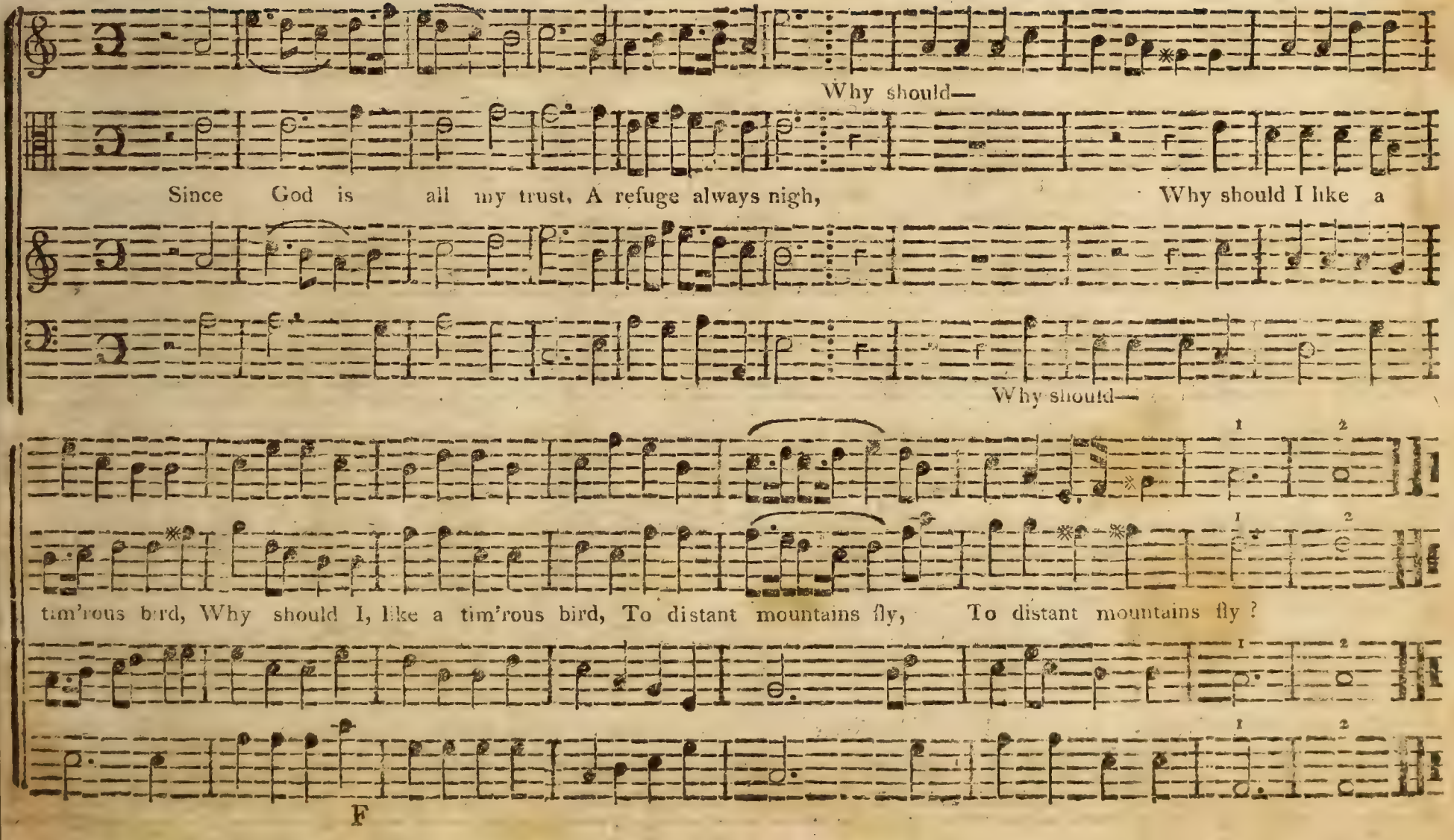

Jesus, in thee our eyes behold A thousand glories more Than the rich gems and
polish'd gold The sons of Aaron wore. They first their own burnt off'rings bro't To purge themselves from



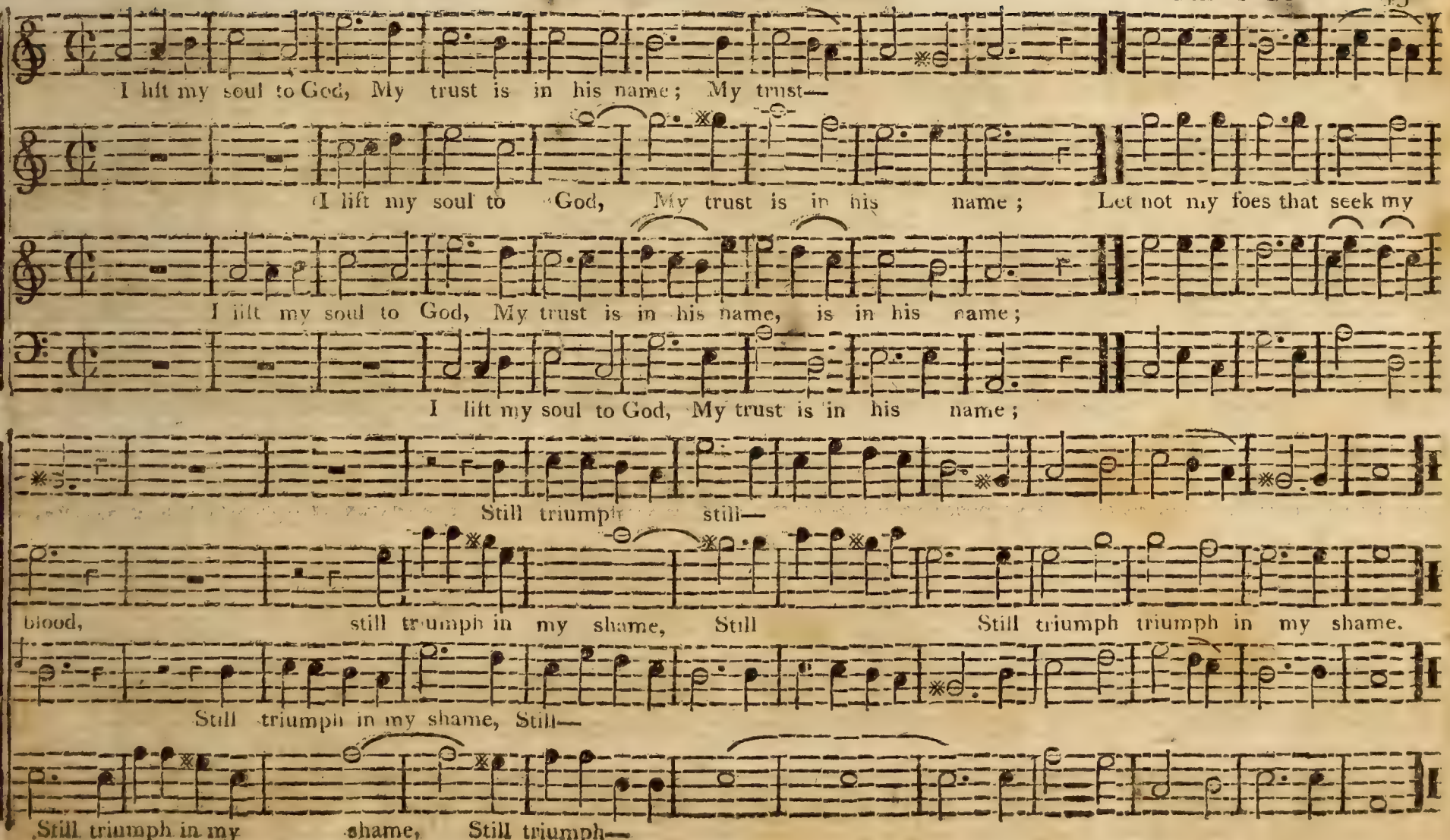
GOSHEN. C. M. BELKNAP.

Angelic—
He comes, the royal Conq'ror comes, His legions fill the sky ; Angelic trumpets rend the tombs, And loud proclaim him high.
Angelic—
And—
Angelic—
And—


Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death And
Infinite grief amaz ng woe, Behold my bleeding Lord;
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his
us'd the Roman sword, And us'd the Roman sword, And us'd the Roman sword.
death And us'd the Roman sword, And us'd the Roman sword.


Why should—
Since God is all my trust, A refuge always nigh, Why should I like a
Why should—
tim'rous bird, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly, To distant mountains fly ?
F

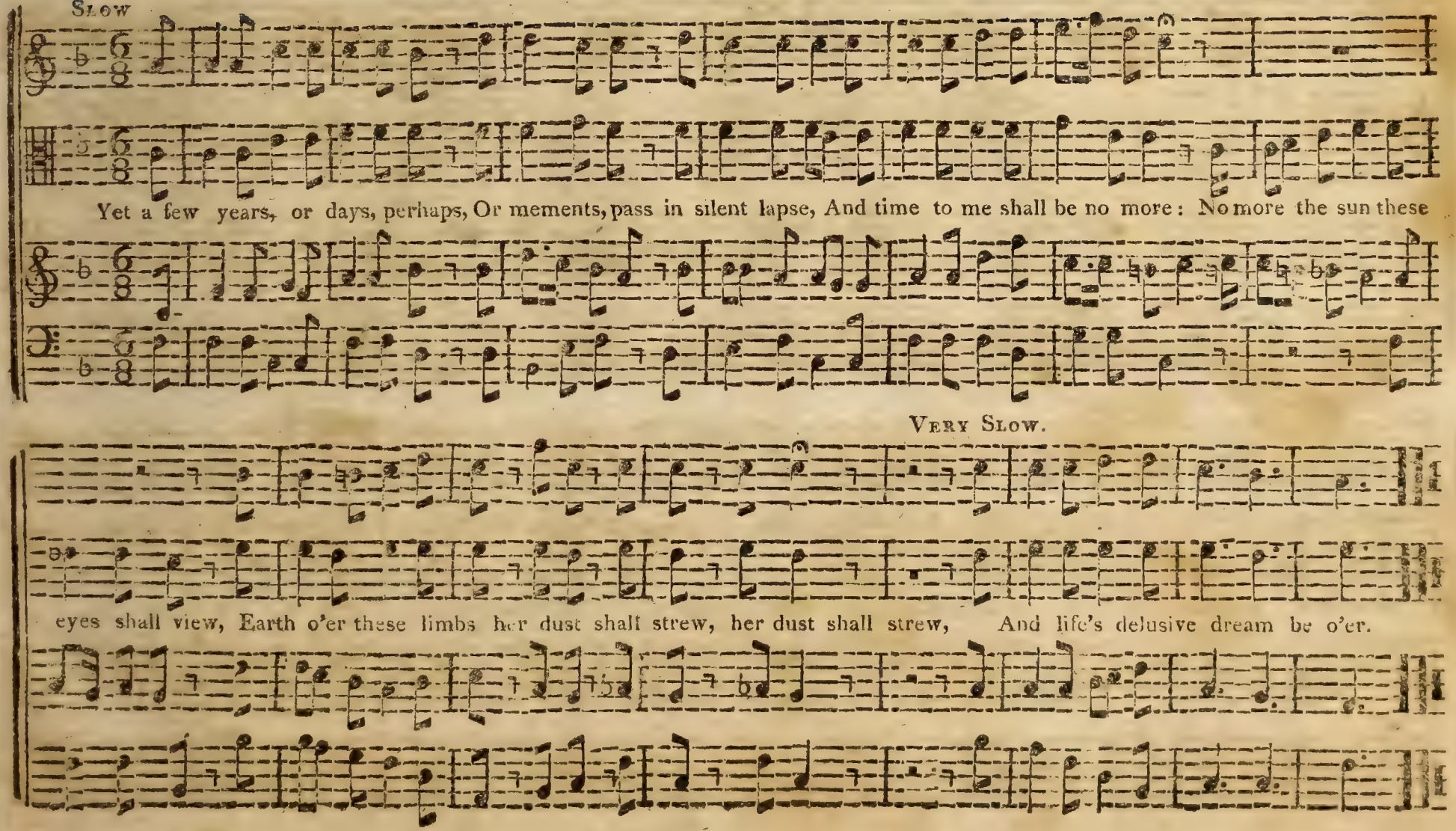
Lord, what is man, poor feeble man, Born of the earth at first; His life's a shadow
His life's a shadow light and vain, His
His life's—
light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust. Still hast'ning to the dust.
life's a shadow light & vain, Still hast'ning to the dust, Still hast'ning to the dust.


I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name; My trust—
I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name; Let not my foes that seek my
I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name, is in his name;
I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name;
Still triumph still—
blood, still triumph in my shame, Still Still triumph triumph in my shame.
Still triumph in my shame, Still—
Still triumph in my shame, Still triumph—

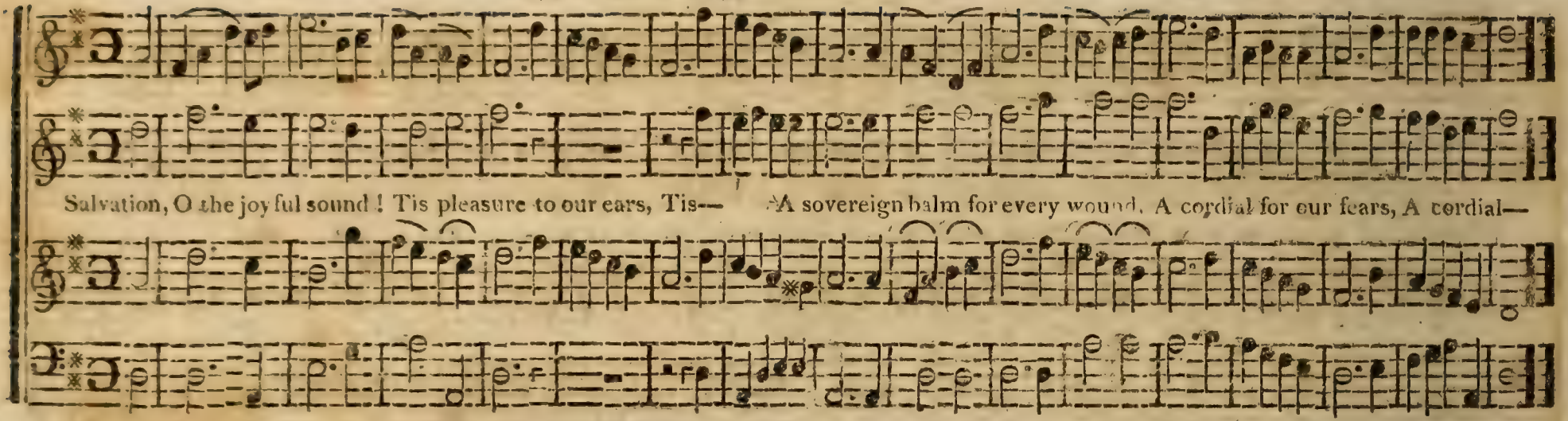
GROTON. L. M.

SANGER.

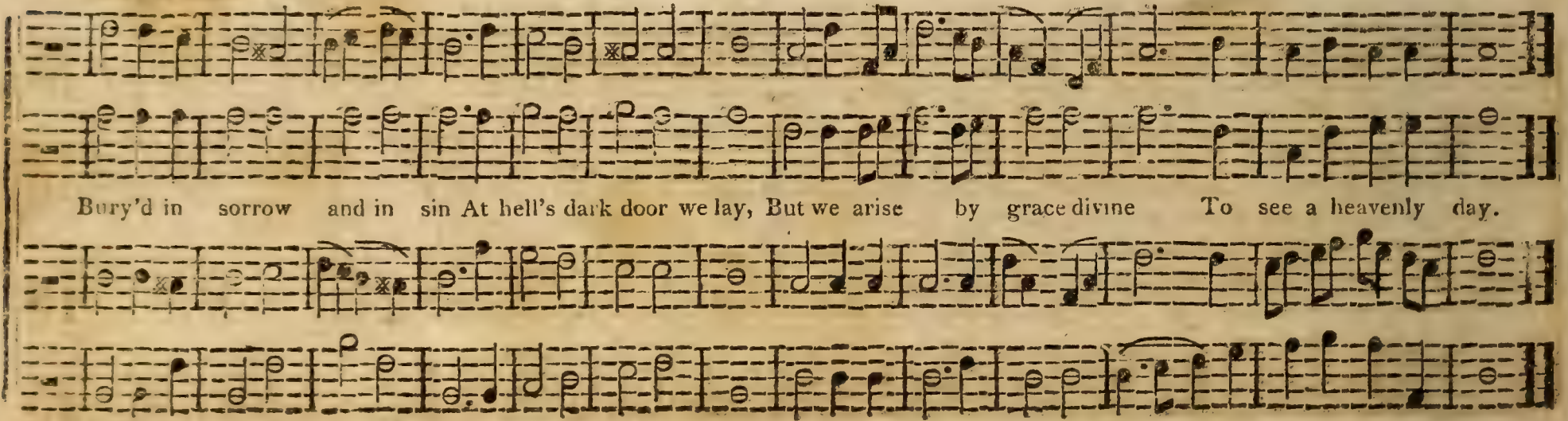
1st Treble. Pia.
For.
Pia.
2d Treble.
Tenor. Let the shrill trum pet's warlike voice Make rocks & hills his praise rebound ; Praise him with harps melod'ous noise, And gentle
For. Pia. For. Pia. For.
psaltry silver sound. Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring, And some, with graceful motion, dance ; Let instruments, with various strings,
With organs join'd his praise advance.
Bassoon.

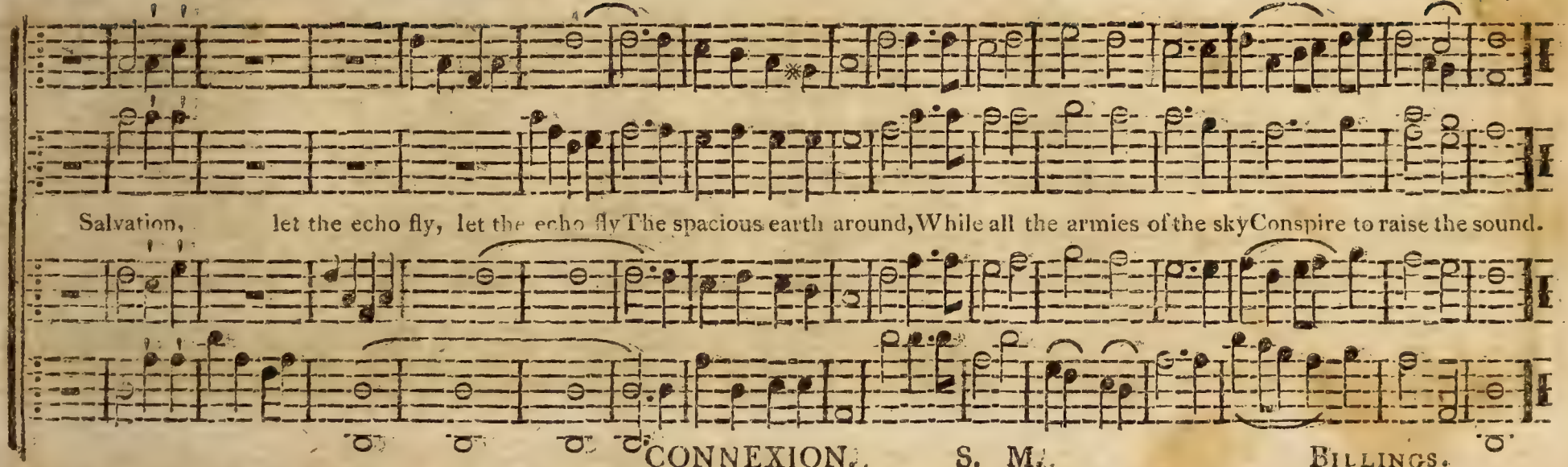

Slow
Yet a few years, or days, perhaps, Or ments, pass in silent lapse, And time to me shall be no more: No more the sun these
Very Slow.
eyes shall view, Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew, her dust shall strew, And life's delusive dream be o'er.

PIA. CRES.

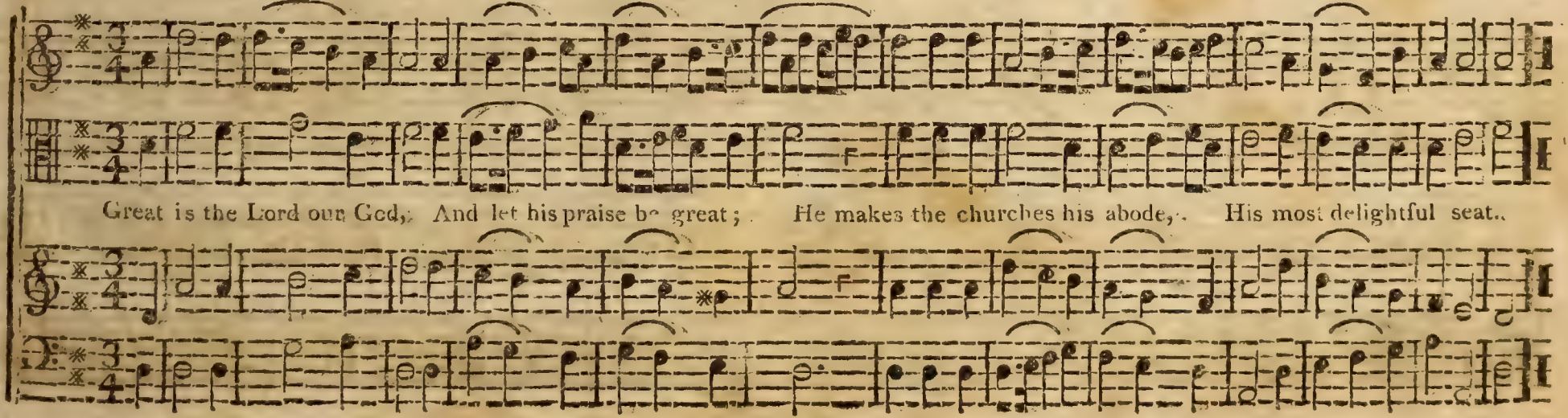

Salvation, O the joyful sound! Tis pleasure to our ears, Tis— A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial—

AFFETTUOSO.

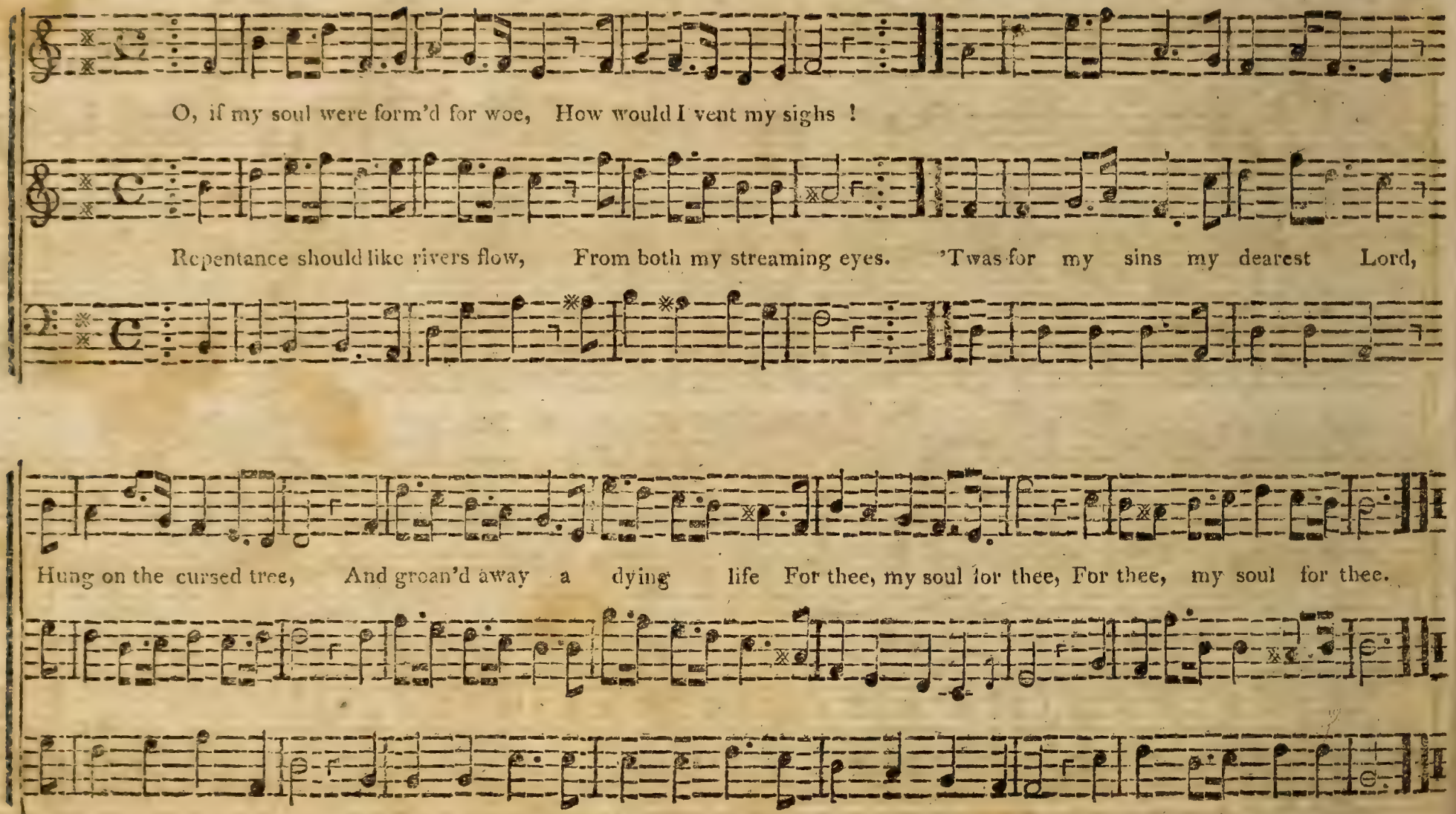


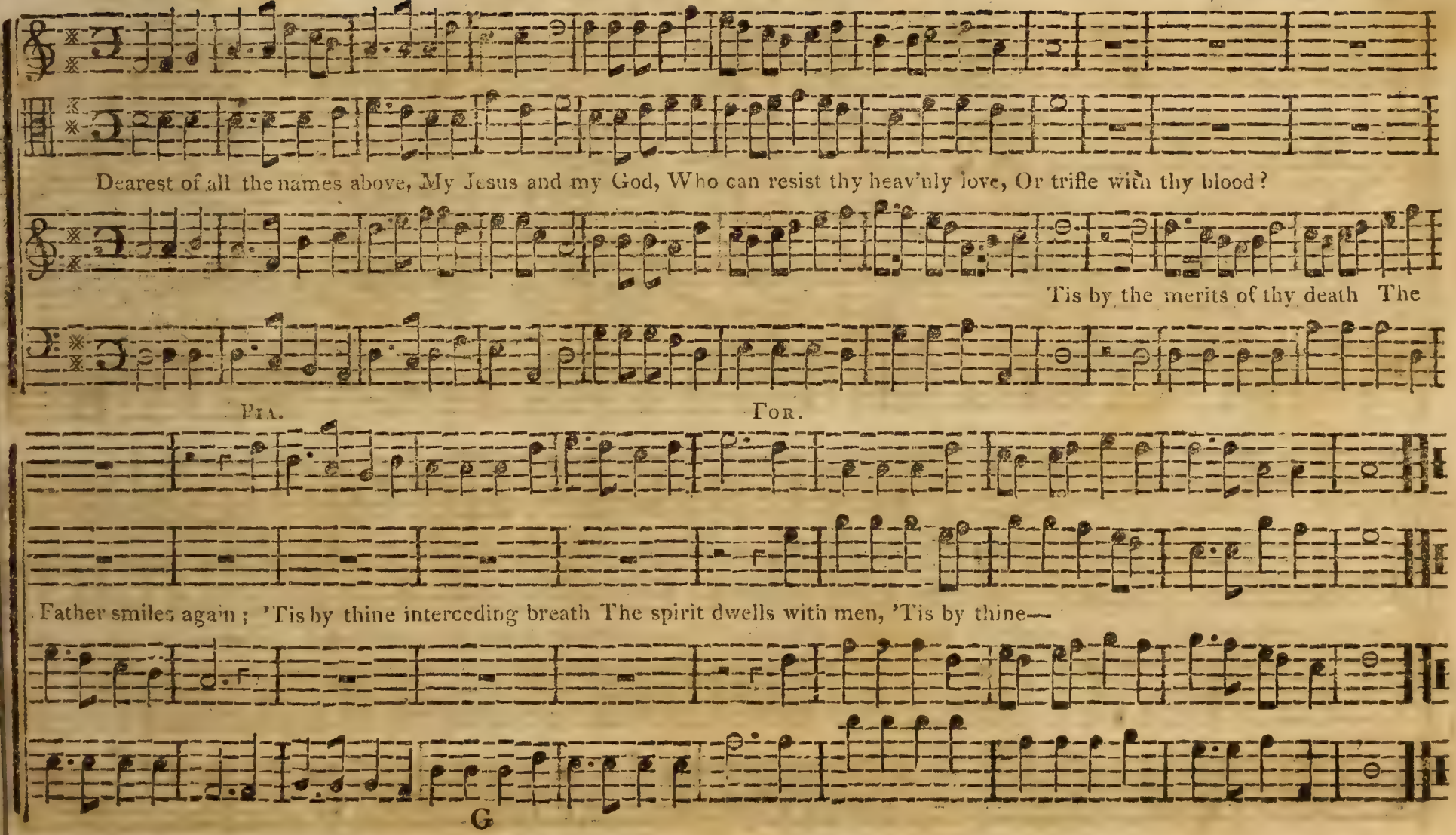

Salvation, let the echo fly, let the echo flyThe spacious earth around,While all the armies of the skyConspire to raise the sound.

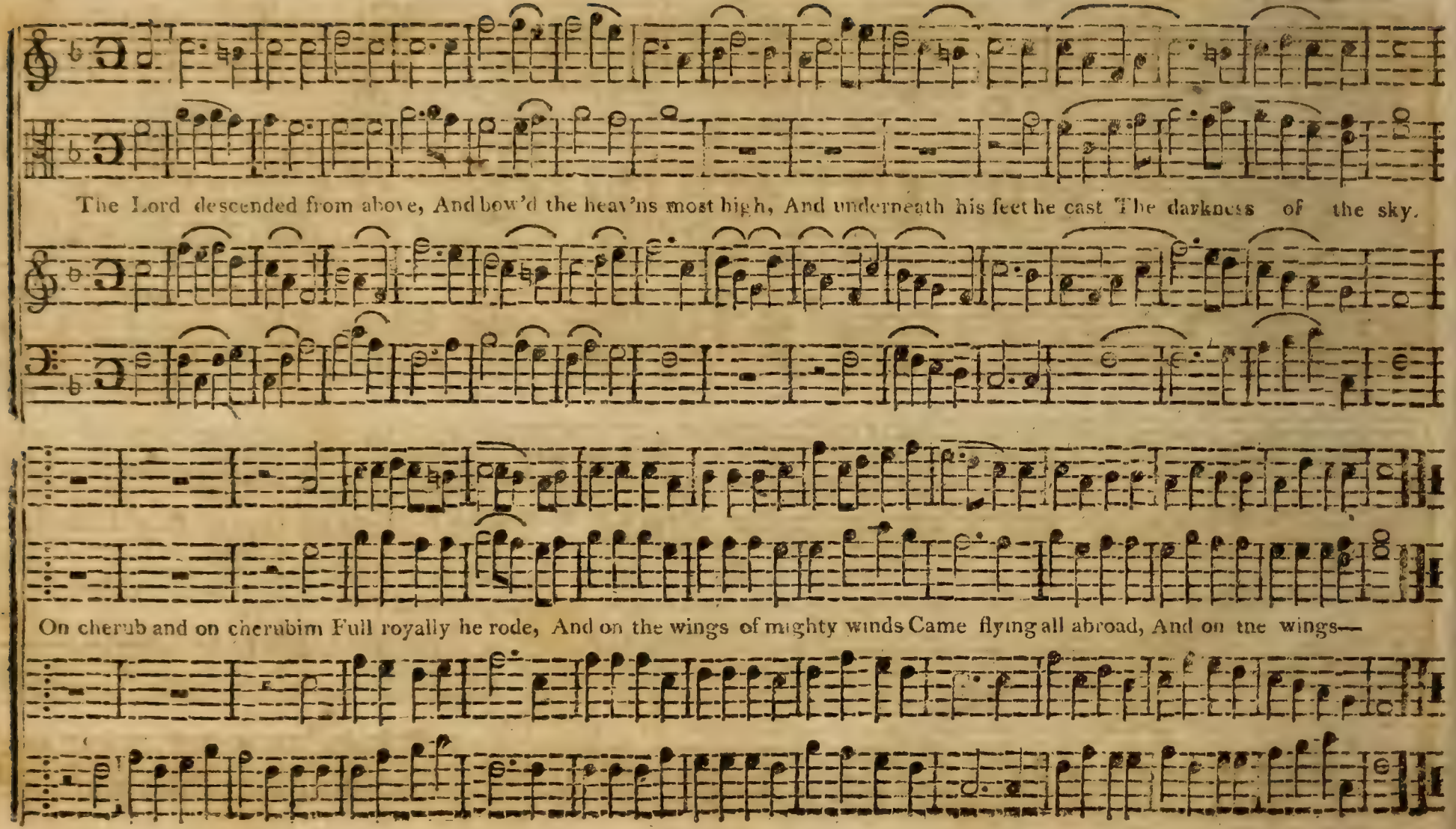
CONNEXION. S. M. BILLINGS.

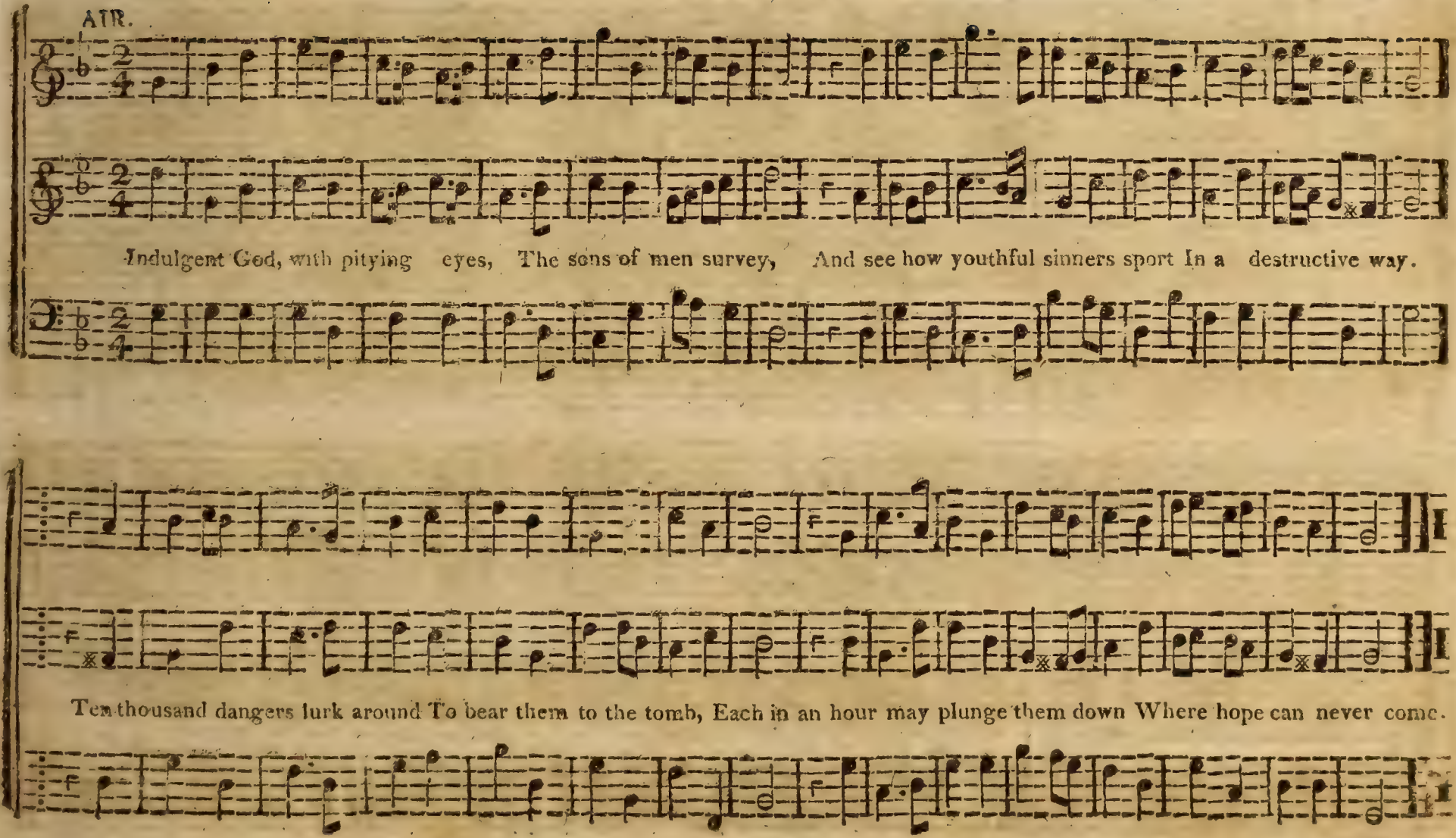


Air.


O, if my soul were form'd for woe, How would I vent my sighs !
Repentance should like rivers flow, From both my streaming eyes. 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord,
Hung on the cursed tree, And groan'd away a dying life For thee, my soul for thee, For thee, my soul for thee.

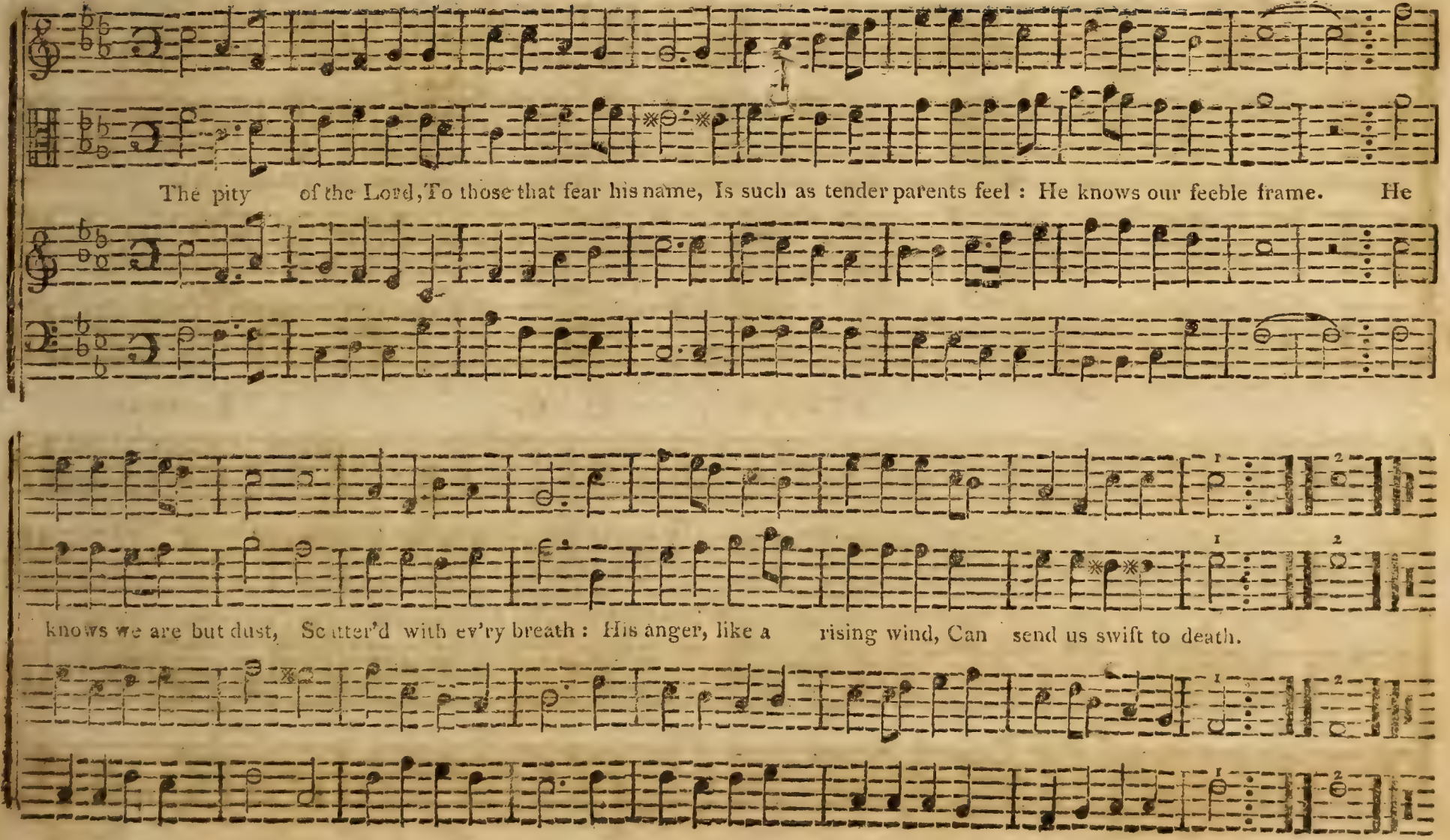

Dearest of all the names above, My Jesus and my God, Who can resist thy heav'nly love, Or trifle with thy blood?
Tis by the merits of thy death The
PIA.
FOR.
Father smiles again; 'Tis by thine interceding breath The spirit dwells with men, 'Tis by thine—
G


The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns most high, And underneath his feet he cast The darkness of the sky.
On cherub and on cherubim Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad, And on the wings—

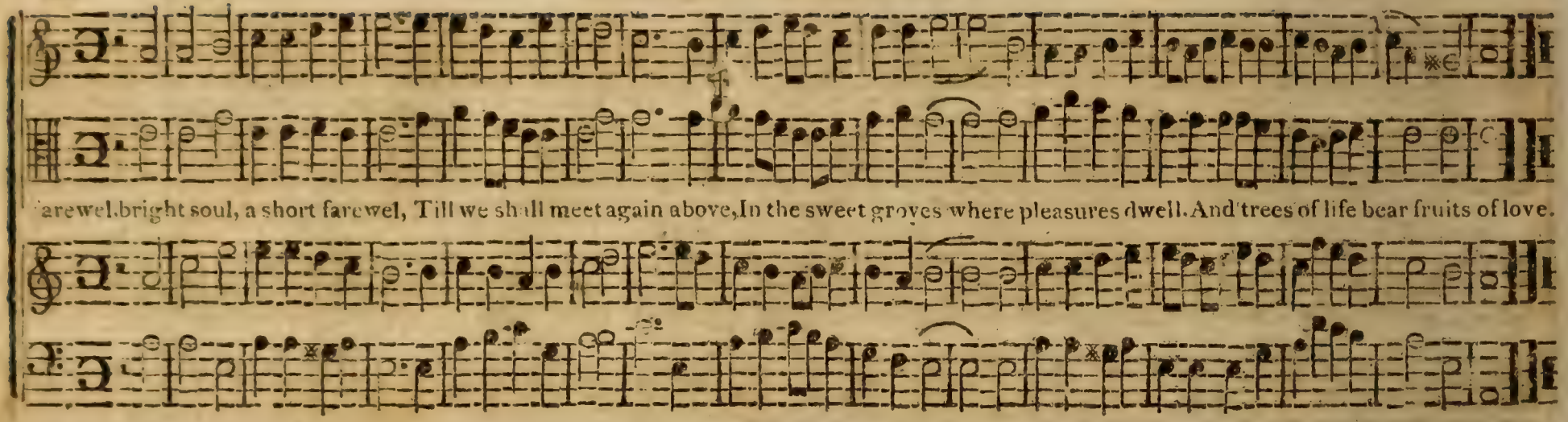

AIR.
Indulgent God, with pitying eyes, The sons of men survey, And see how youthful sinners sport In a destructive way.
Ten thousand dangers lurk around To bear them to the tomb, Each in an hour may plunge them down Where hope can never come.

THE CROSS. L. M. HOLDEN.

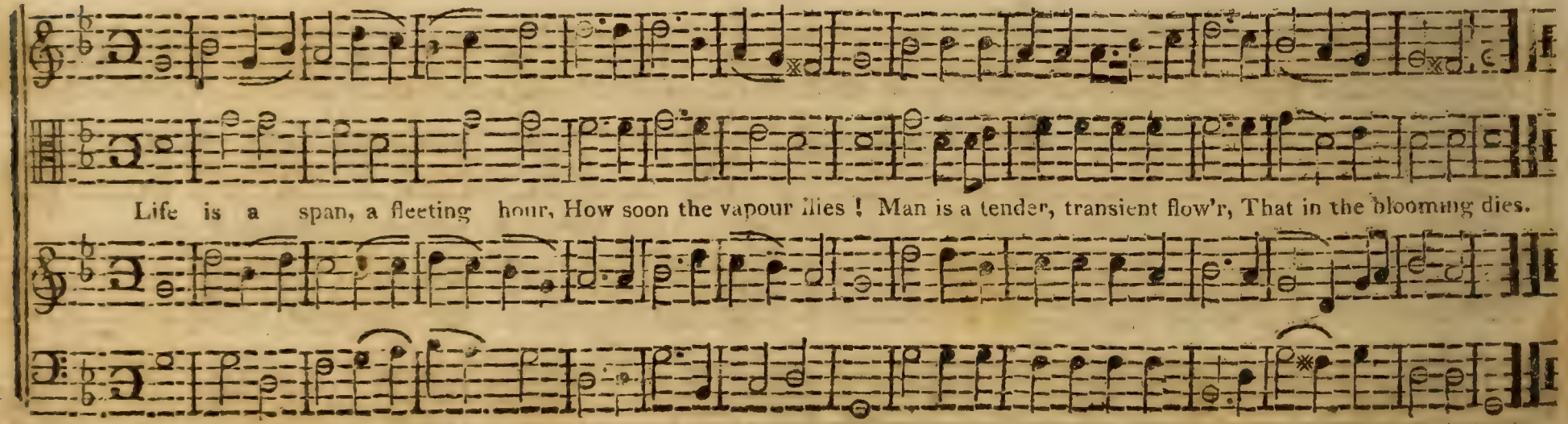
O the sweet wonders of that cross Where God the Saviour lov'd and died! From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
Her noblest life my spirit draws I would forever speak his name In
With angels join to praise the Lamb, And worship at his Father's throne. And worship—
sounds to mortal ears unknown, With angels— And worship—


The pity of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel : He knows our feeble frame. He
knows we are but dust, Scatter'd with ev'ry breath : His anger, like a rising wind, Can send us swift to death.

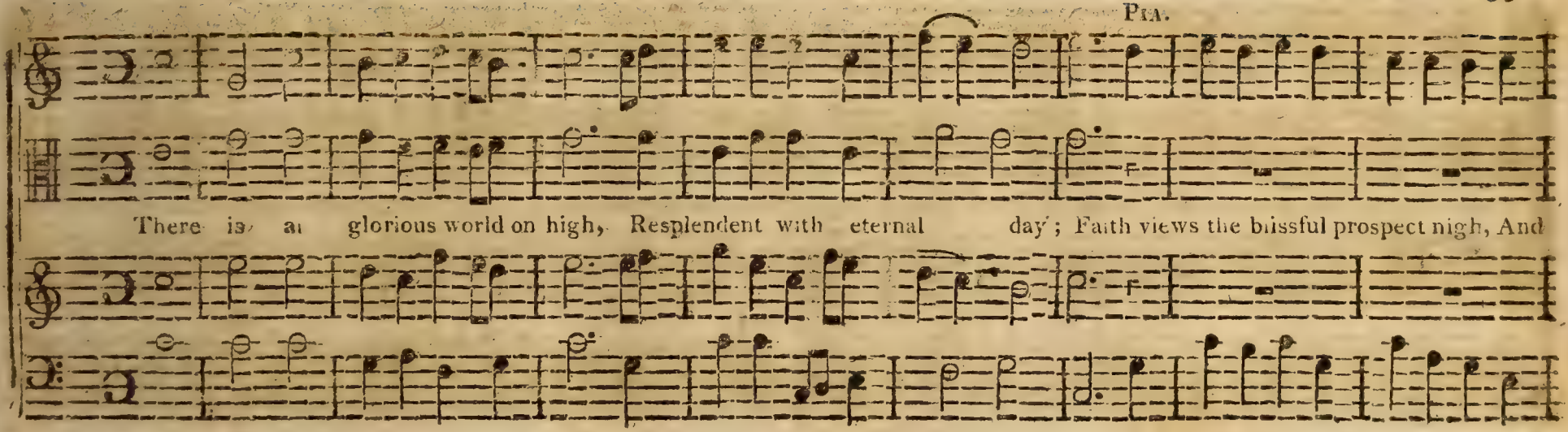
ACTON. L. M. BELKNAP.


arewel.bright soul, a short farewel, Till we shall meet again above,In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell.And trees of life bear fruits of love.

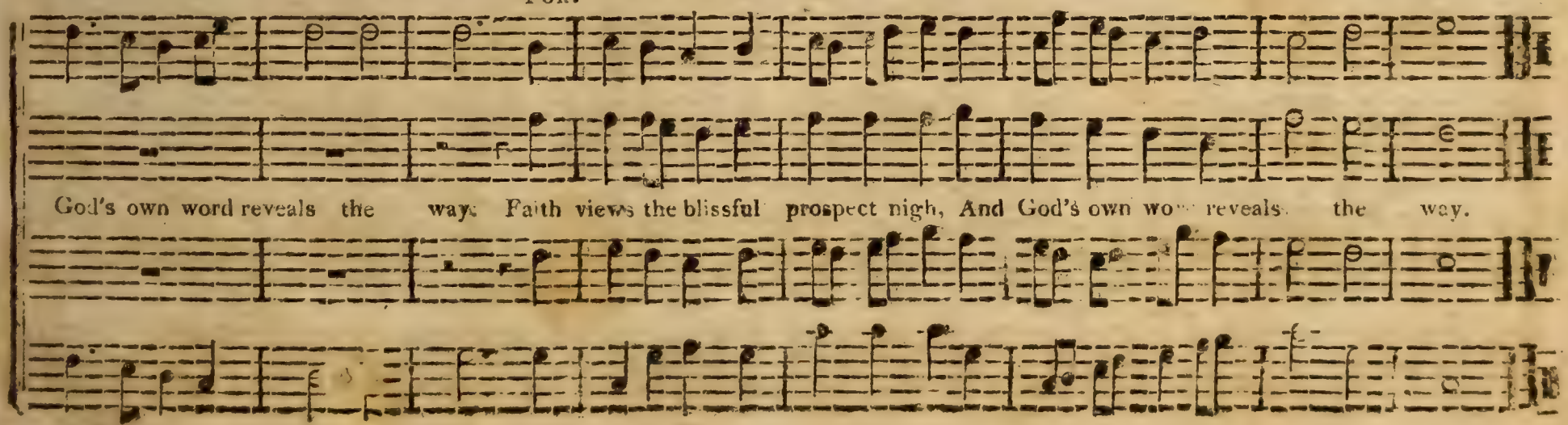
NEWPORT. C. M. BELKNAP.

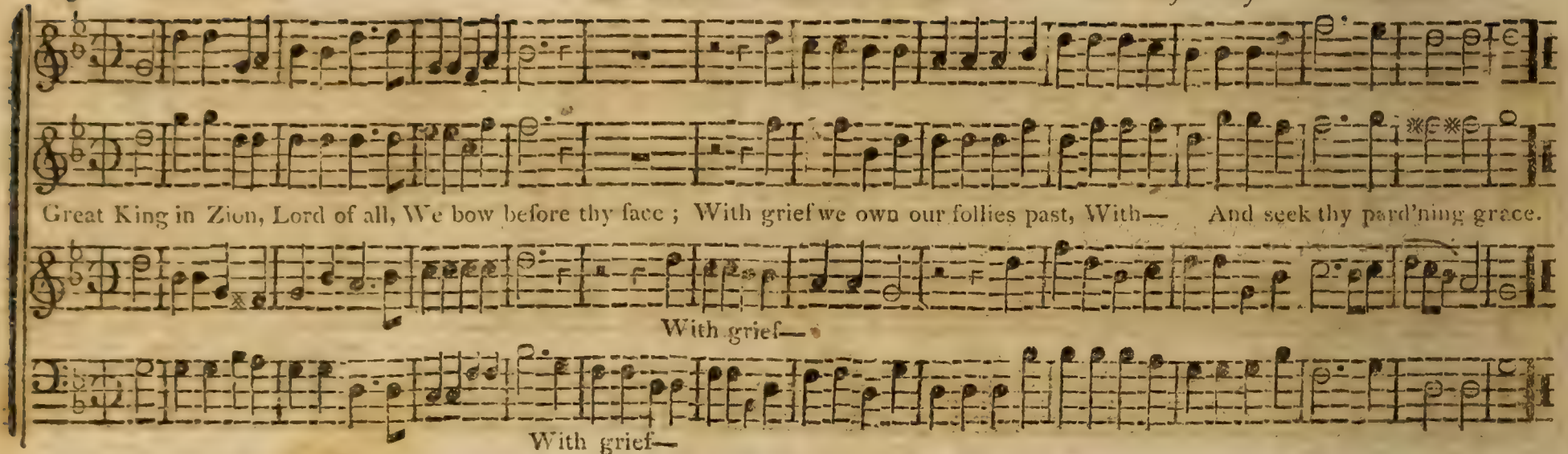


PIA.


There is a glorious world on high, Resplendent with eternal day; Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, And

FOR.


God's own word reveals the way. Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, And God's own word reveals the way.

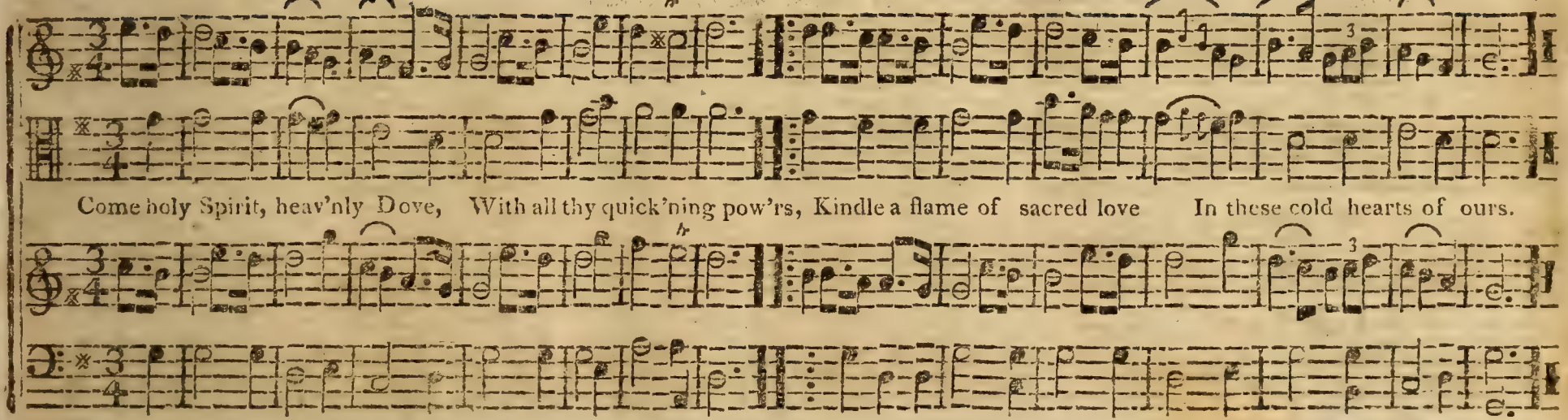

Great King in Zion, Lord of all, We bow before thy face ; With grief we own our follies past, With— And seek thy pard'ning grace.
With grief—
With grief—

2. While we invoke thine awful name
In this appointed rite,
May love divine inspire our songs,
And fill our souls with light,

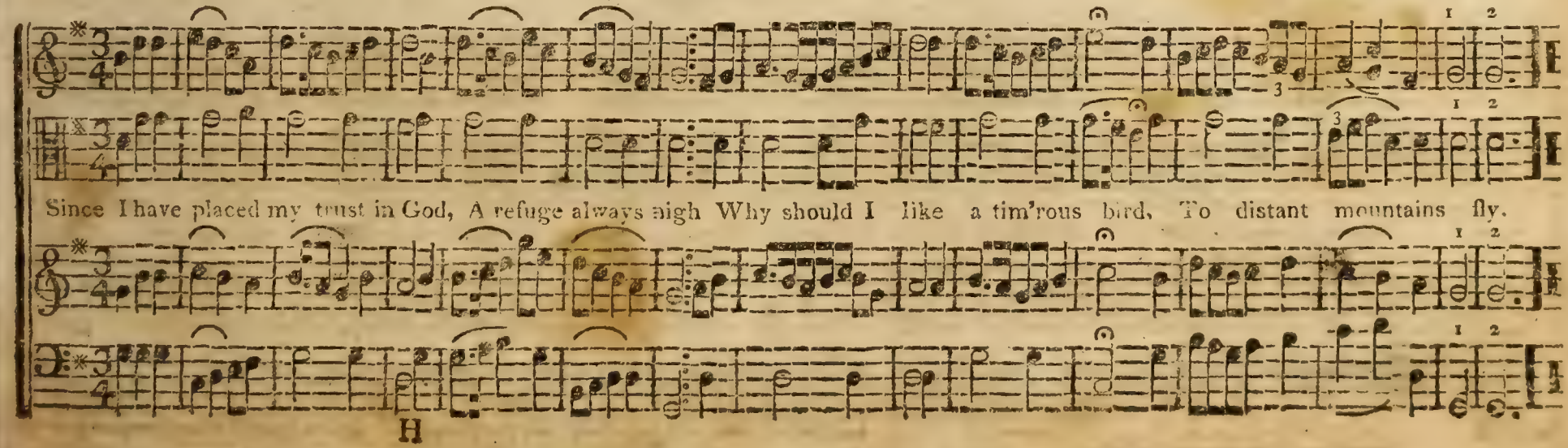
3. Near to thy seat would we approach,
And find acceptance there,
Jesus, by thy own sacrifice,
Present our ardent prayer.

4. A grateful tribute, Lord, inspire,
For all thy mercies past:
Let goodness crown each future day,
While months and years shall last.

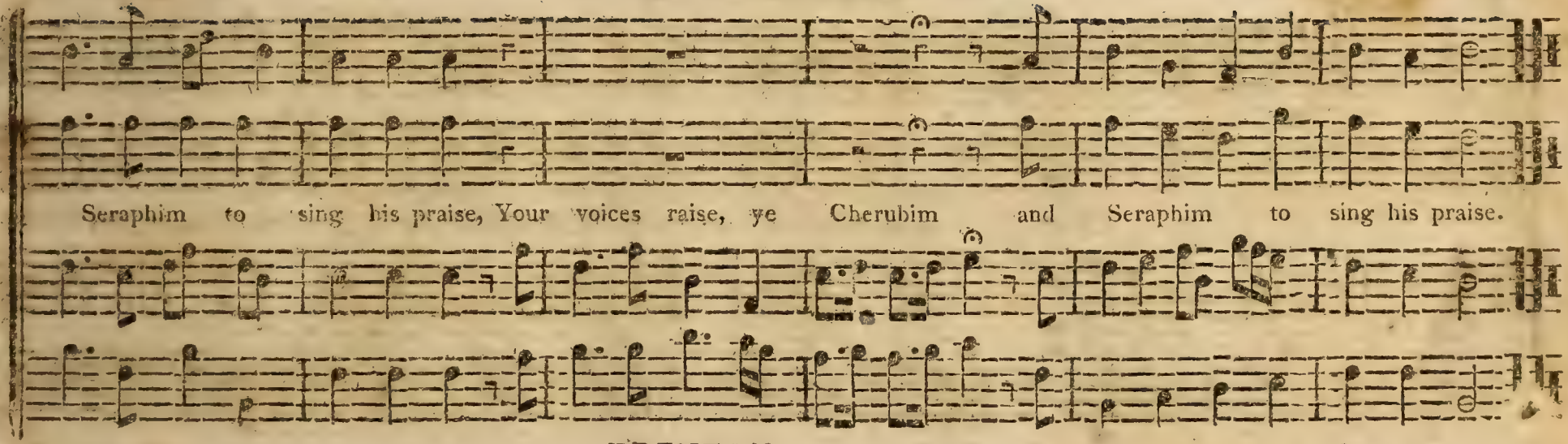
5. Before thy throne, great God, we bring
Our highly favour'd land
Be thou our never failing friend,
And guide us by thine hand.



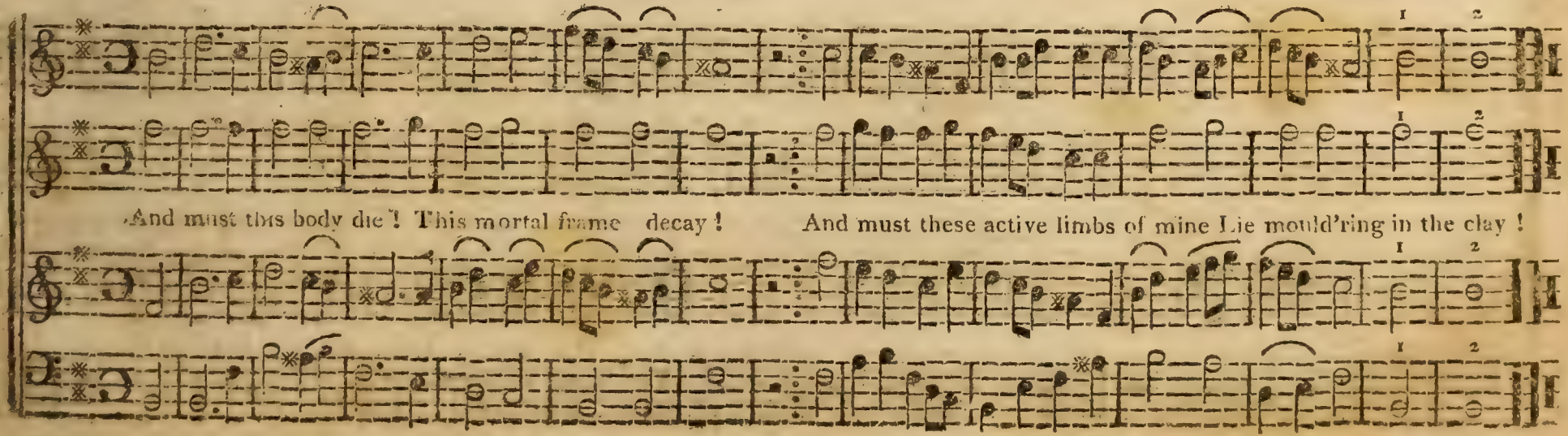
KEENE. C. M. BELKNAP.

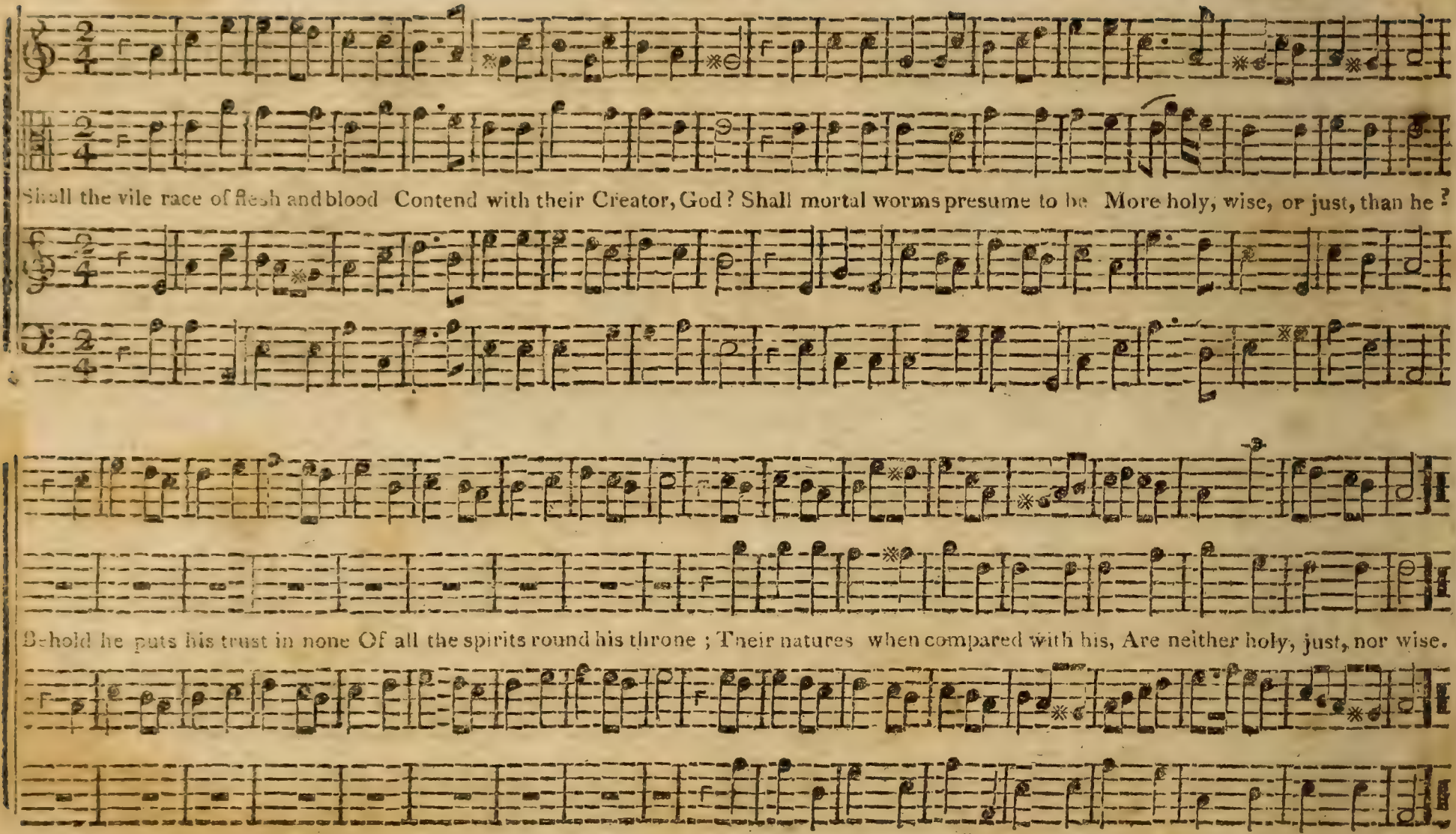


Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Makers fame; His praise your songs employ His praise your songs em-
Pia.
ploy Above the starry frame, Above the starry frame. Your voices raise, Ye Cherubim and

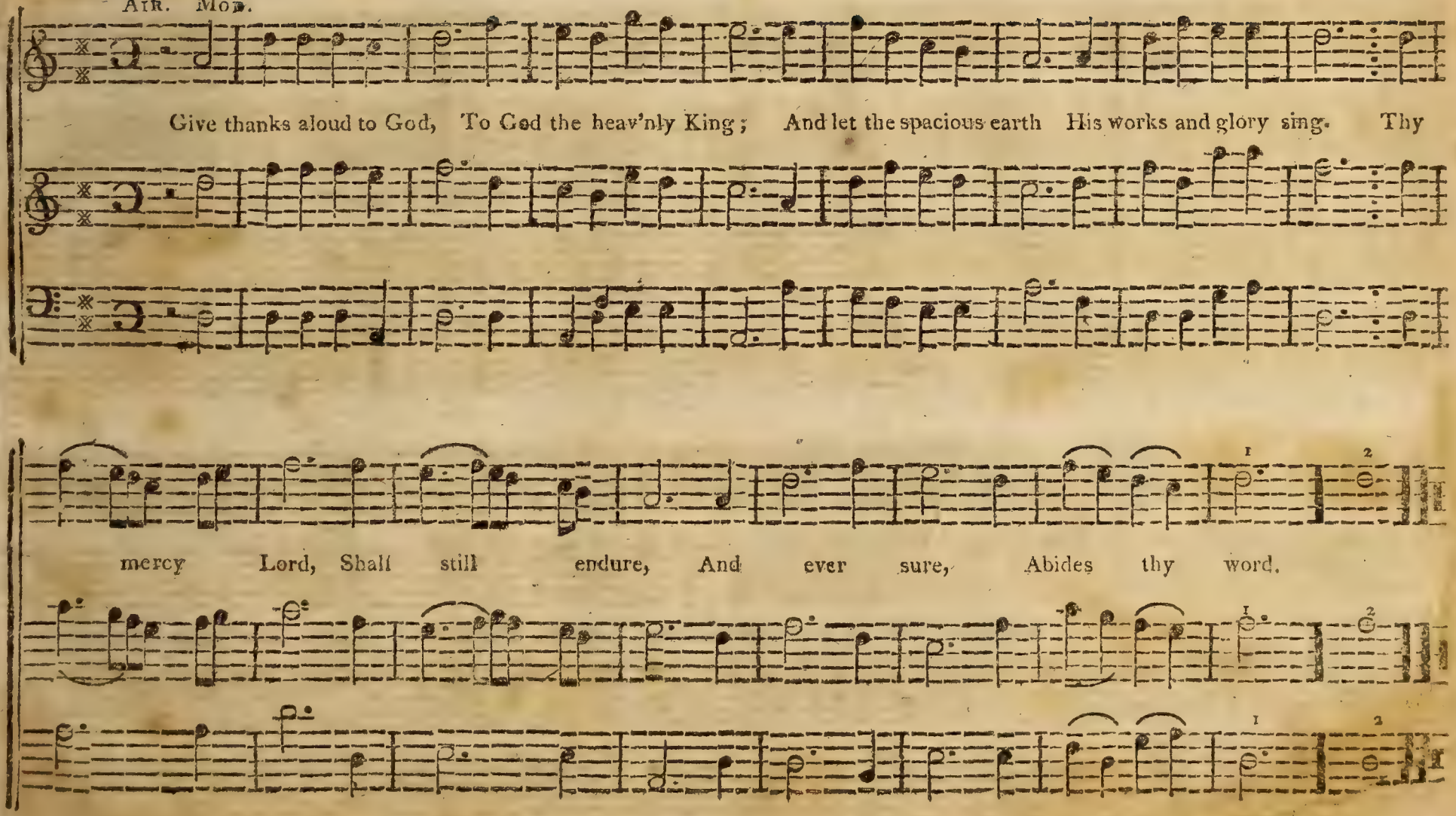


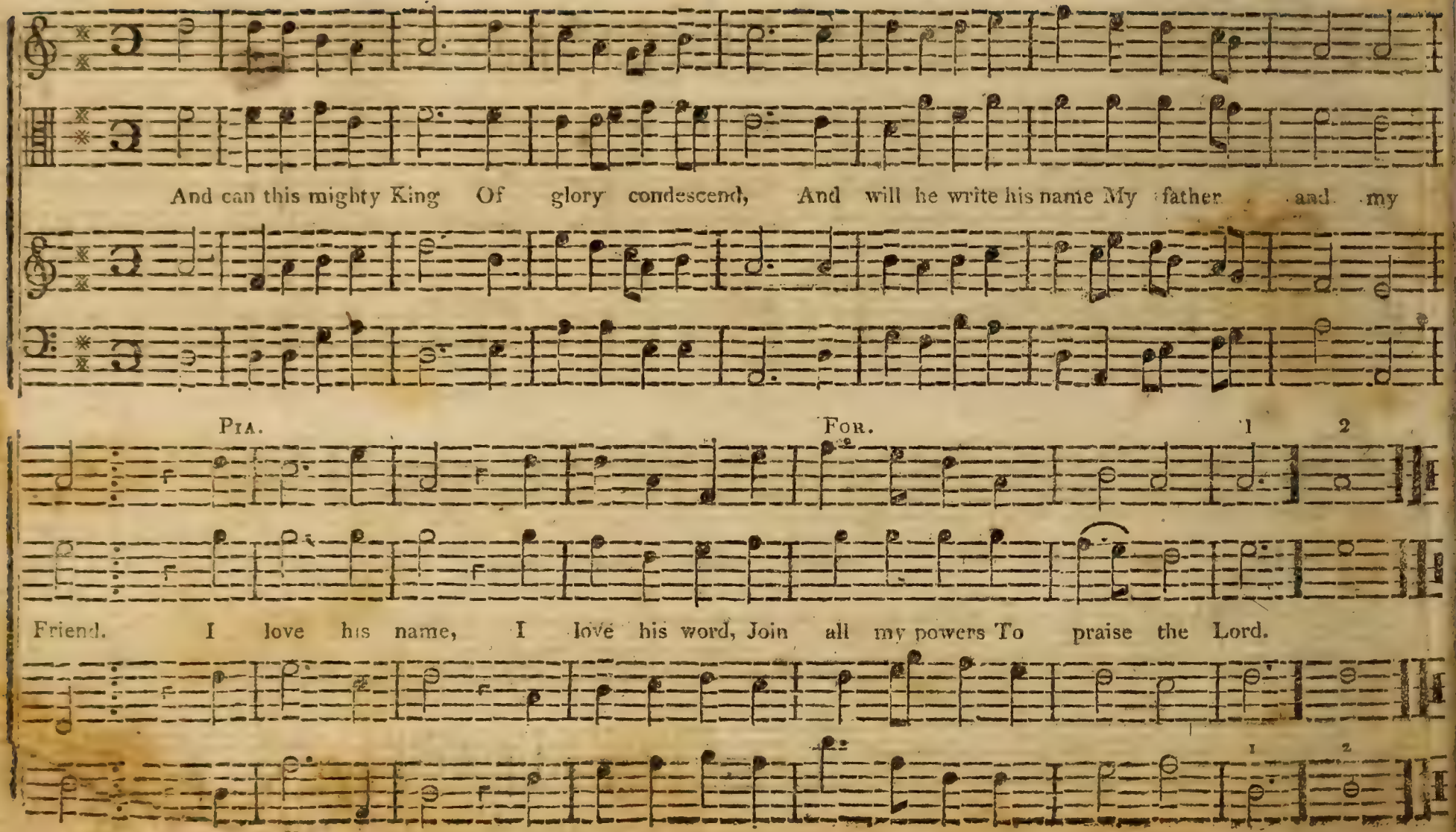
TRENTON. S. M. SANGER.

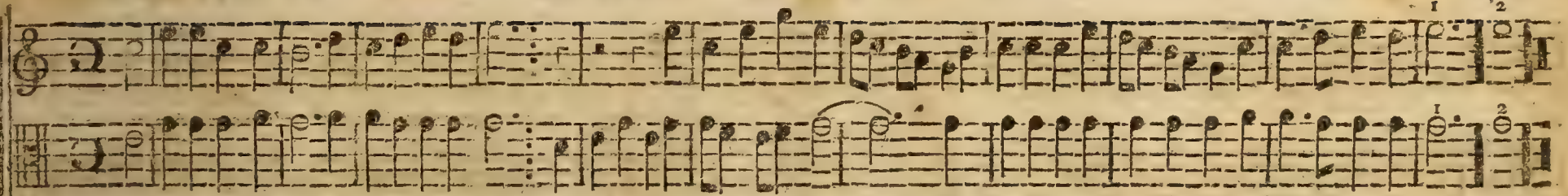



Shall the vile race of flesh and blood Contend with their Creator, God? Shall mortal worms presume to be More holy, wise, or just, than he?
Behold he puts his trust in none Of all the spirits round his throne; Their natures when compared with his, Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

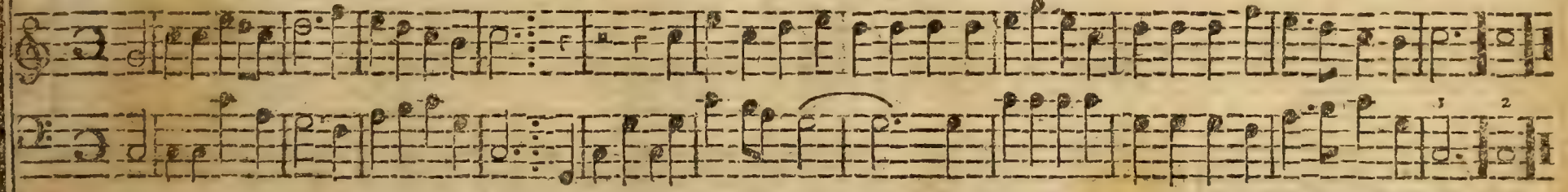
AIR. MOD.


Give thanks aloud to God, To God the heav'nly King; And let the spacious earth His works and glory sing. Thy
mercy Lord, Shall still endure, And ever sure, Abides thy word.

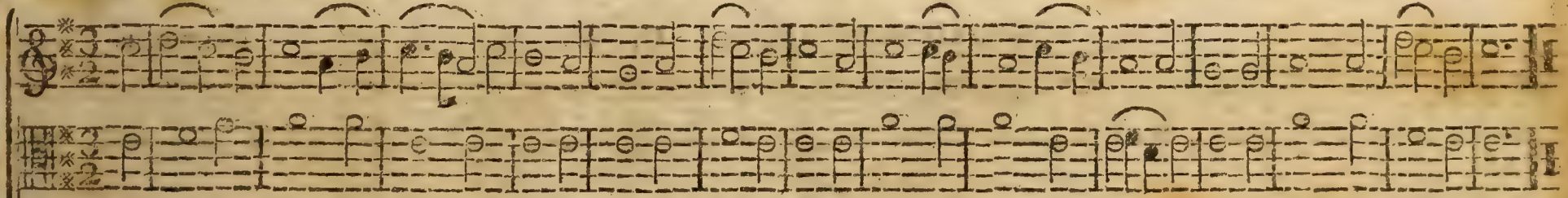

And can this mighty King Of glory condescend, And will he write his name My father and my
Pia.
For.
1
2
Friend. I love his name, I love his word, Join all my powers To praise the Lord.



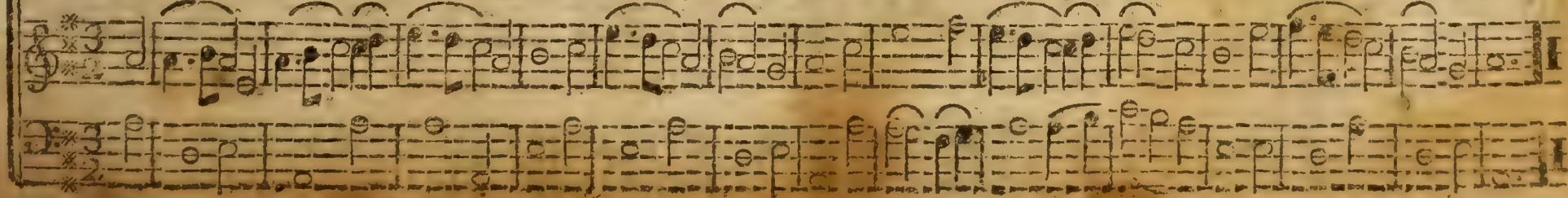
The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Before— Or walk the golden streets.



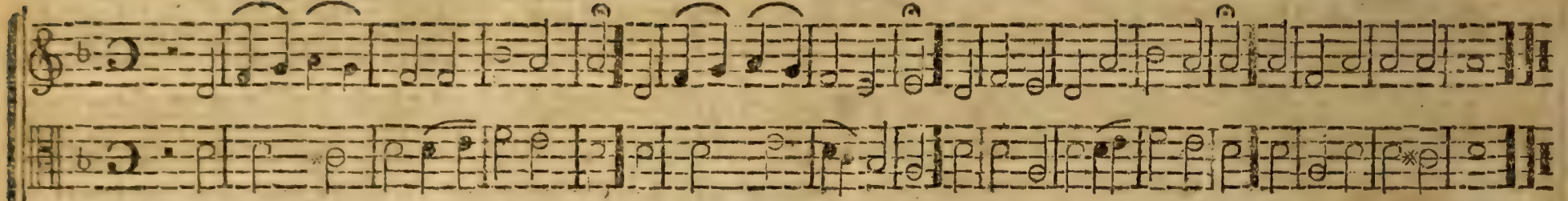
ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. TANSUR'S COLL.



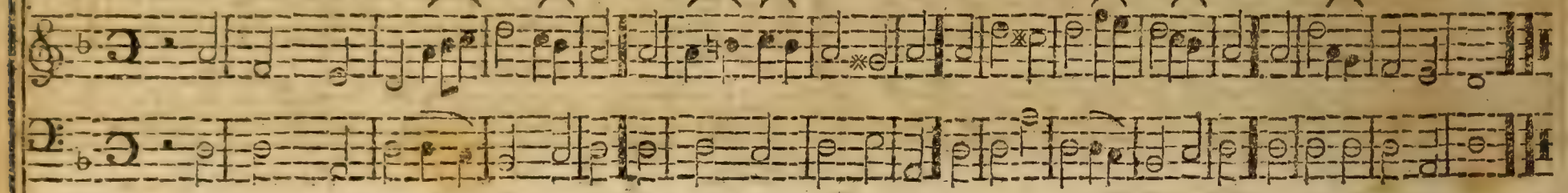
O thou, to whom all creatures bow Within this earthly frame, Thro' all the world how great art thou! How glorious is thy name!



SLOW.



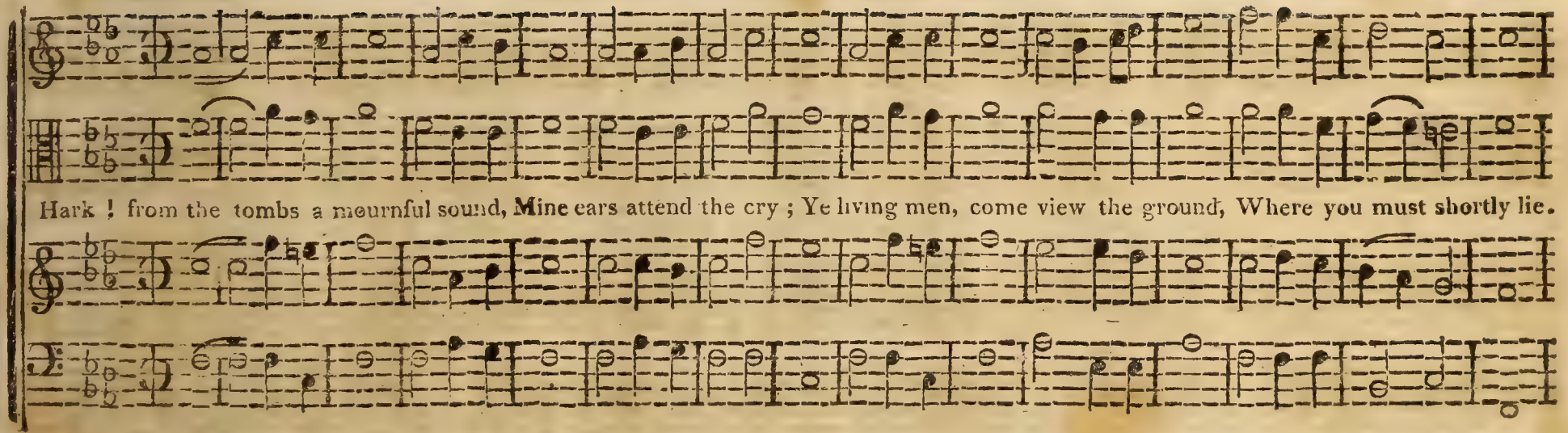
When fainting in the sultry waste, And parched with thirst extreme, The weary pilgrim longs to taste The cool refreshing stream.

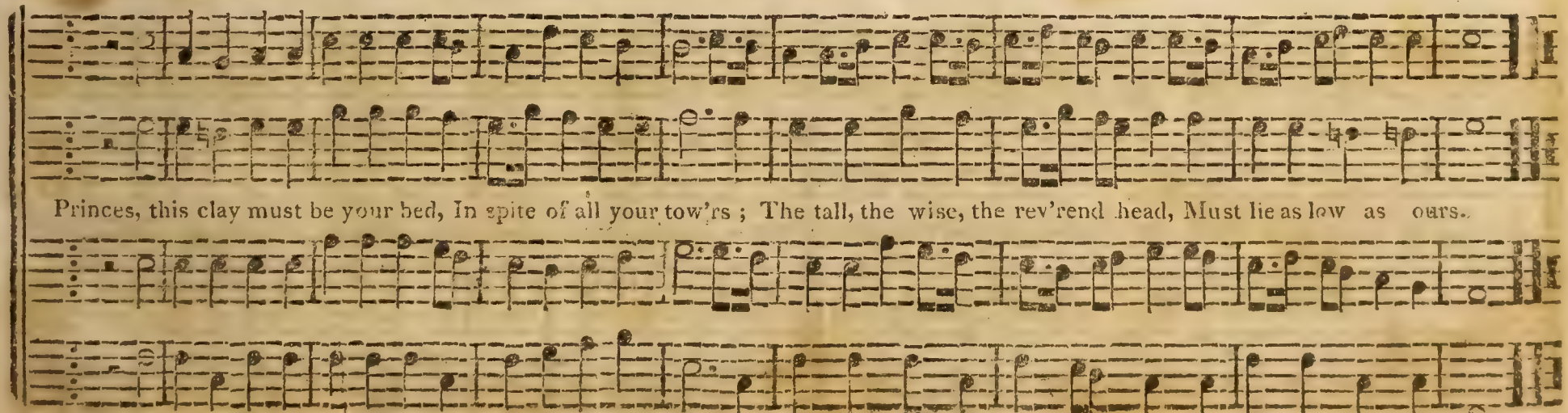


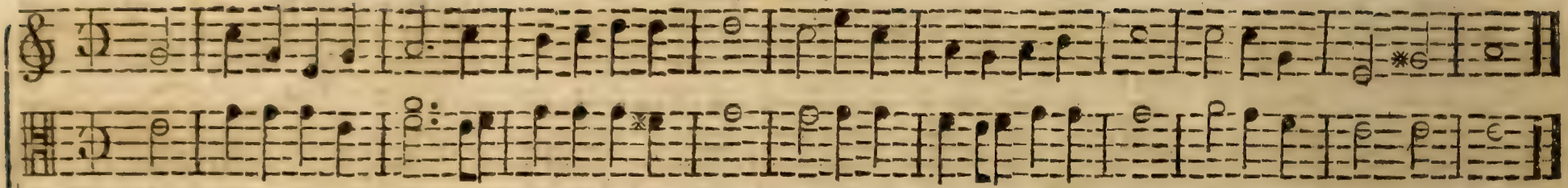
WESTBOROUGH. C. M. BELKNAP.

AIR.

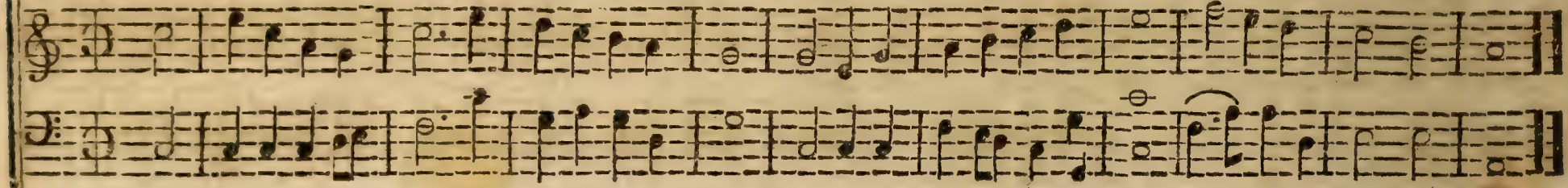
A span is all that we can boast, How short the fleeting time; Man is but vanity and dust, Man is, &c. In all his flowery prime.


Hark ! from the tombs a mournful sound, Mine ears attend the cry ; Ye living men, come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.

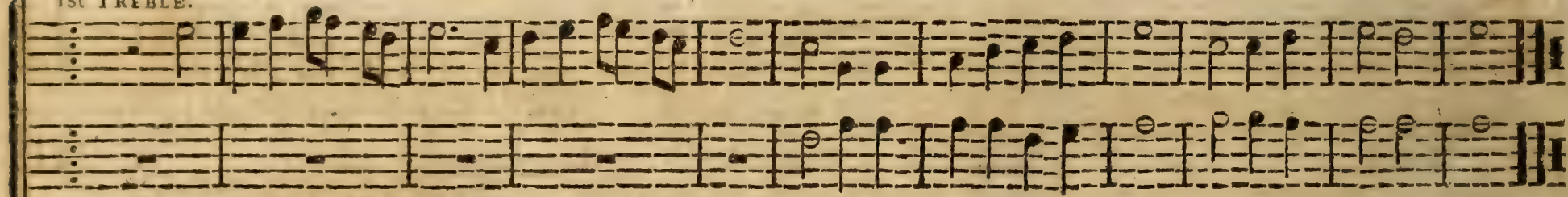

Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs ; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours.



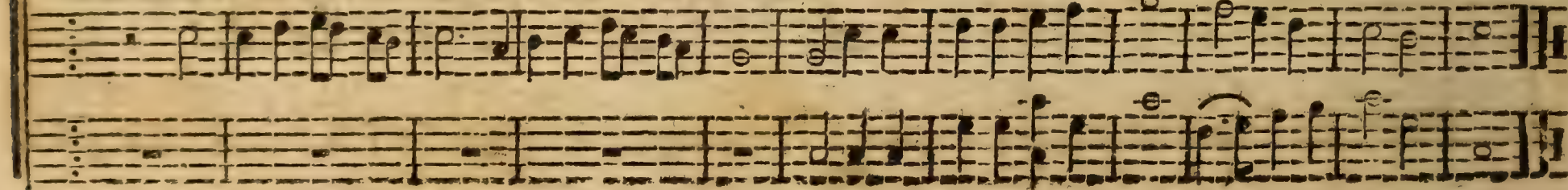
Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround his throne.



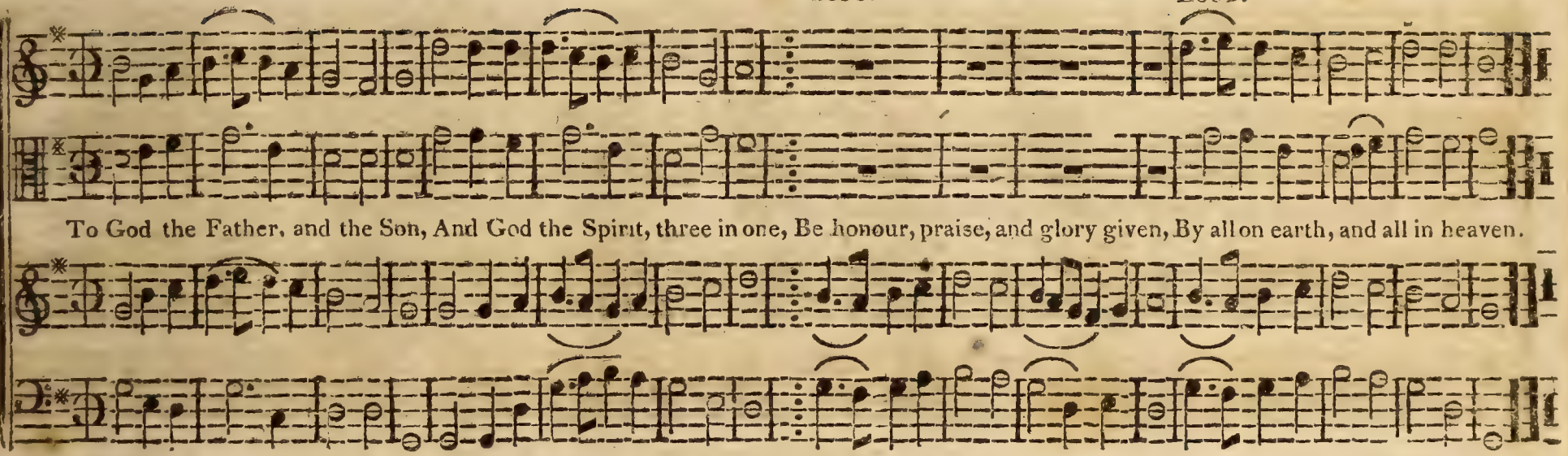
1st TREBLE.



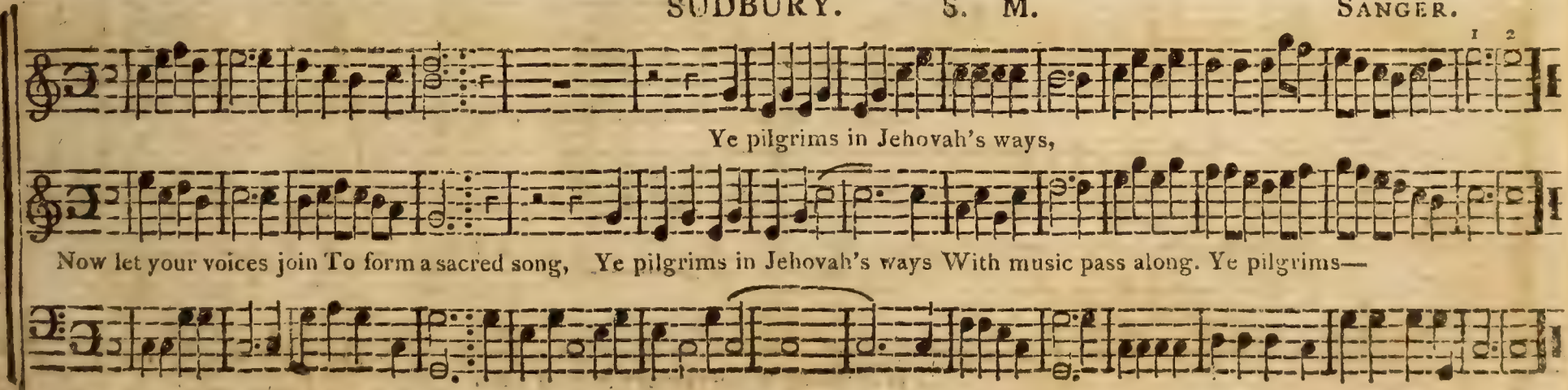
2d TREBLE. Let those refuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But children of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad.



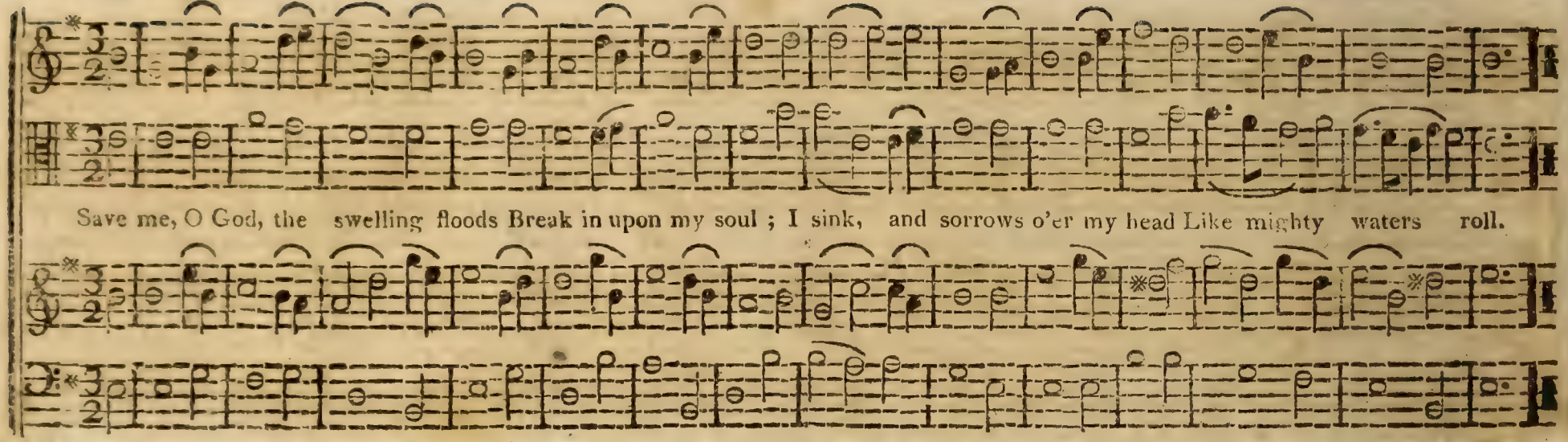
Soft. Loud.


To God the Father, and the Son, And God the Spirit, three in one, Be honour, praise, and glory given, By all on earth, and all in heaven.

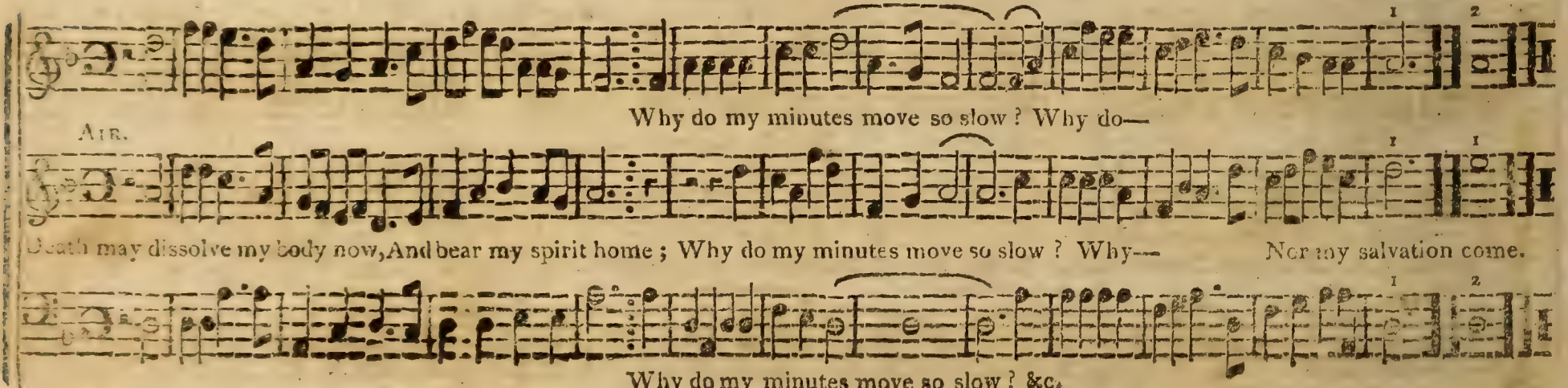
SUDBURY. S. M. Sanger.

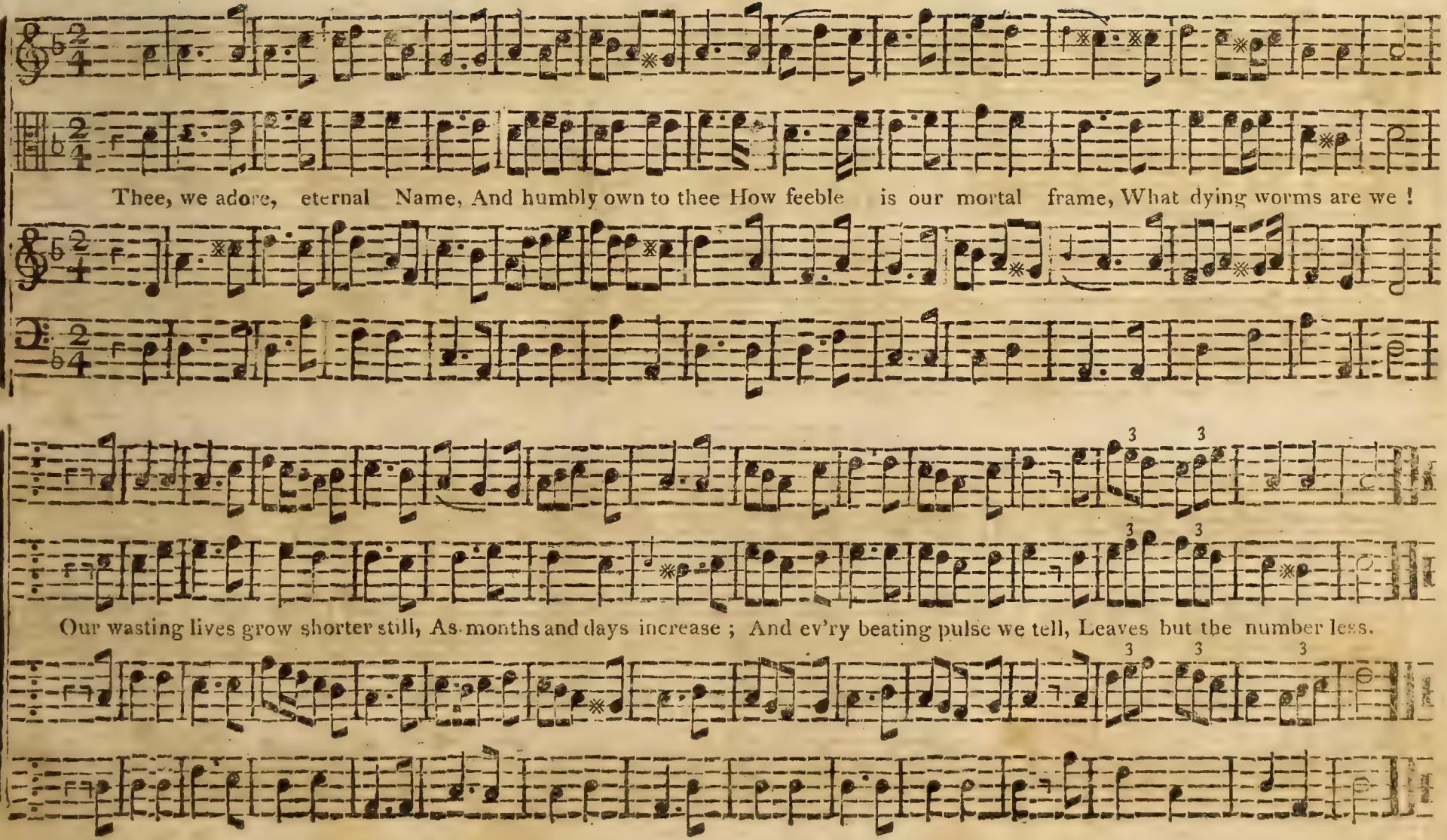

1 2
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
Now let your voices join To form a sacred song, Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways With music pass along. Ye pilgrims—

TRENTON. C. M. BELKNAP.

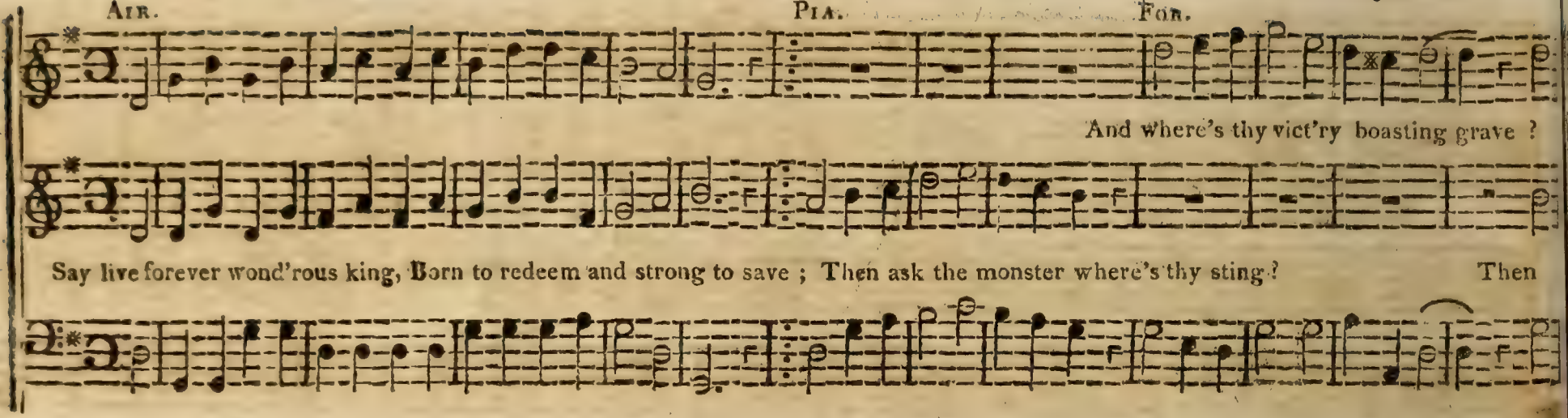


DISSOLUTION. C. M. A. How.

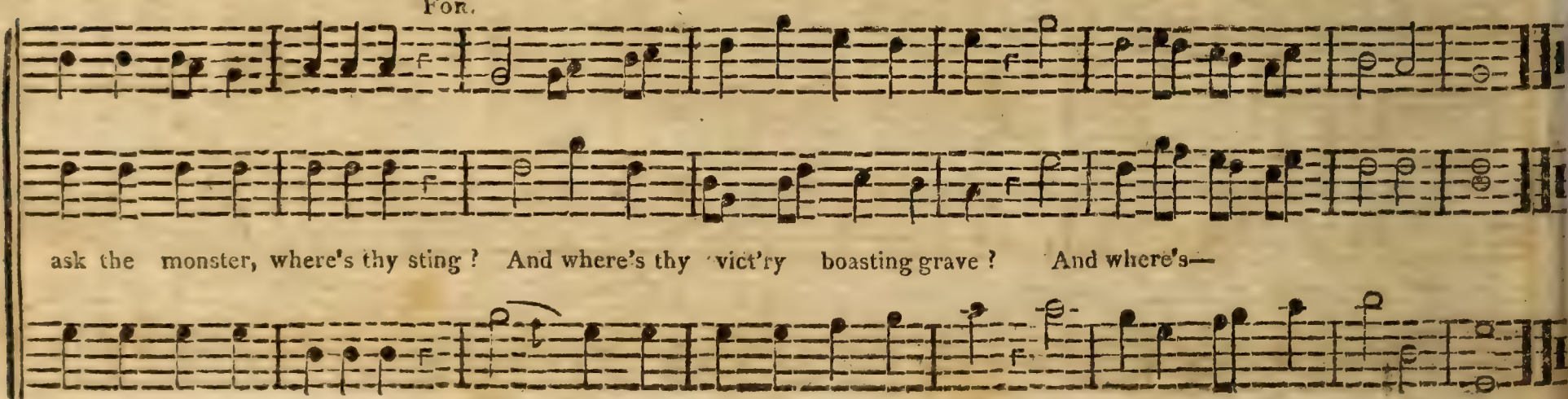

Why do my minutes move so slow ? Why do—
AIR.
Death may dissolve my body now, And bear my spirit home ; Why do my minutes move so slow ? Why— Nor my salvation come.
Why do my minutes move so slow ? &c.


Thee, we adore, eternal Name, And humbly own to thee How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we !
Our wasting lives grow shorter still, As months and days increase ; And ev'ry beating pulse we tell, Leaves but the number less.

AIR. PIA. FOR.


And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave ?
Say live forever wond'rous king, Born to redeem and strong to save ; Then ask the monster where's thy sting ? Then

FOR.

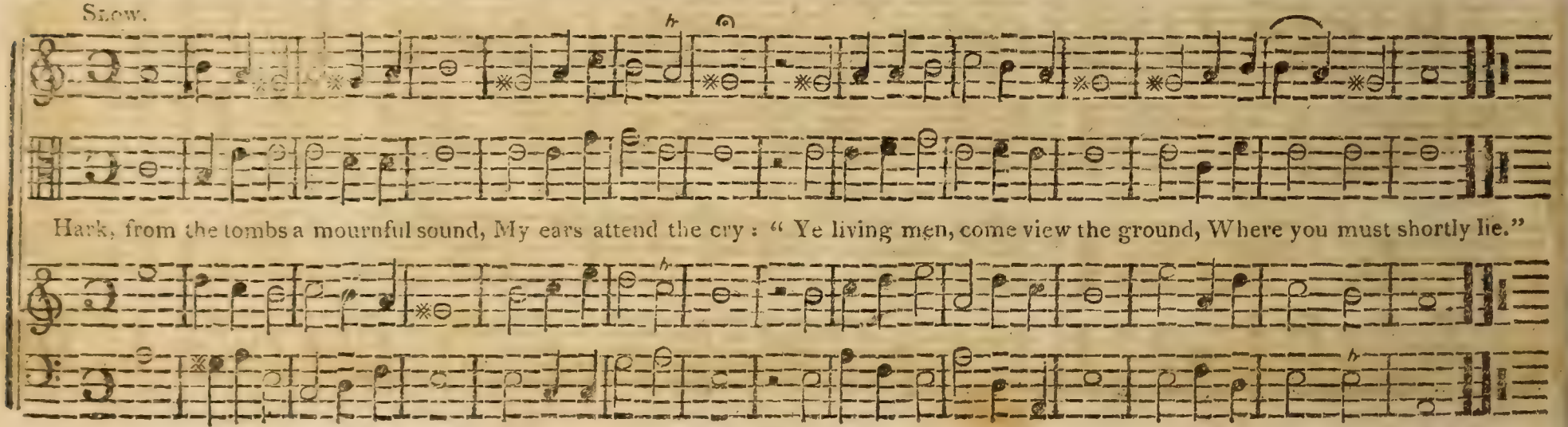


Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame ; His praise your song employ,
Above the starry frame. Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Begin the song.

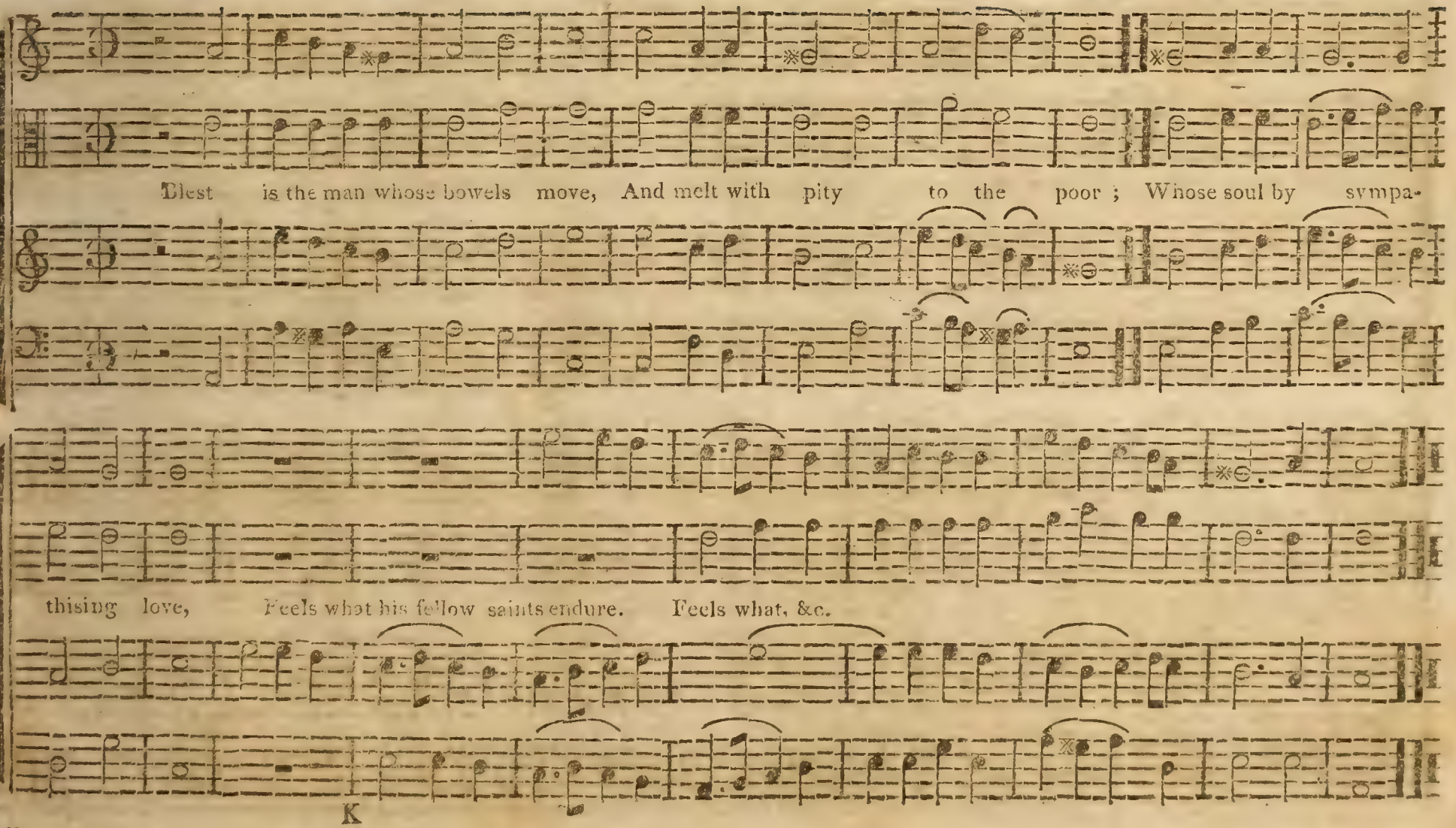
No. 30. L. M. MANN.

Great is the Lord exalted high, Above all powers and every throne, Whate'er he please, in earth or seas Or heaven or hell his hand hath done.

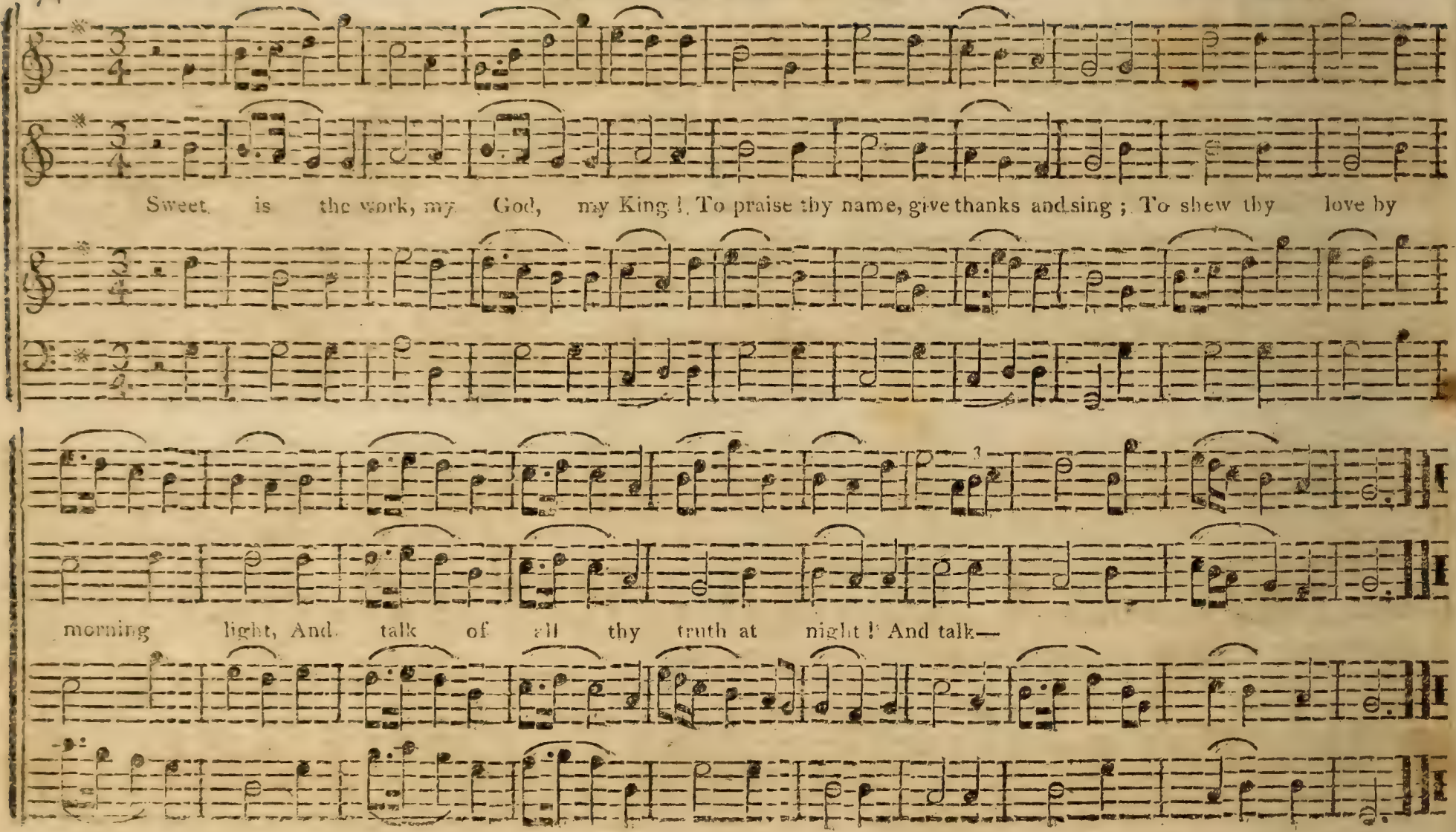
FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M. SMITH.

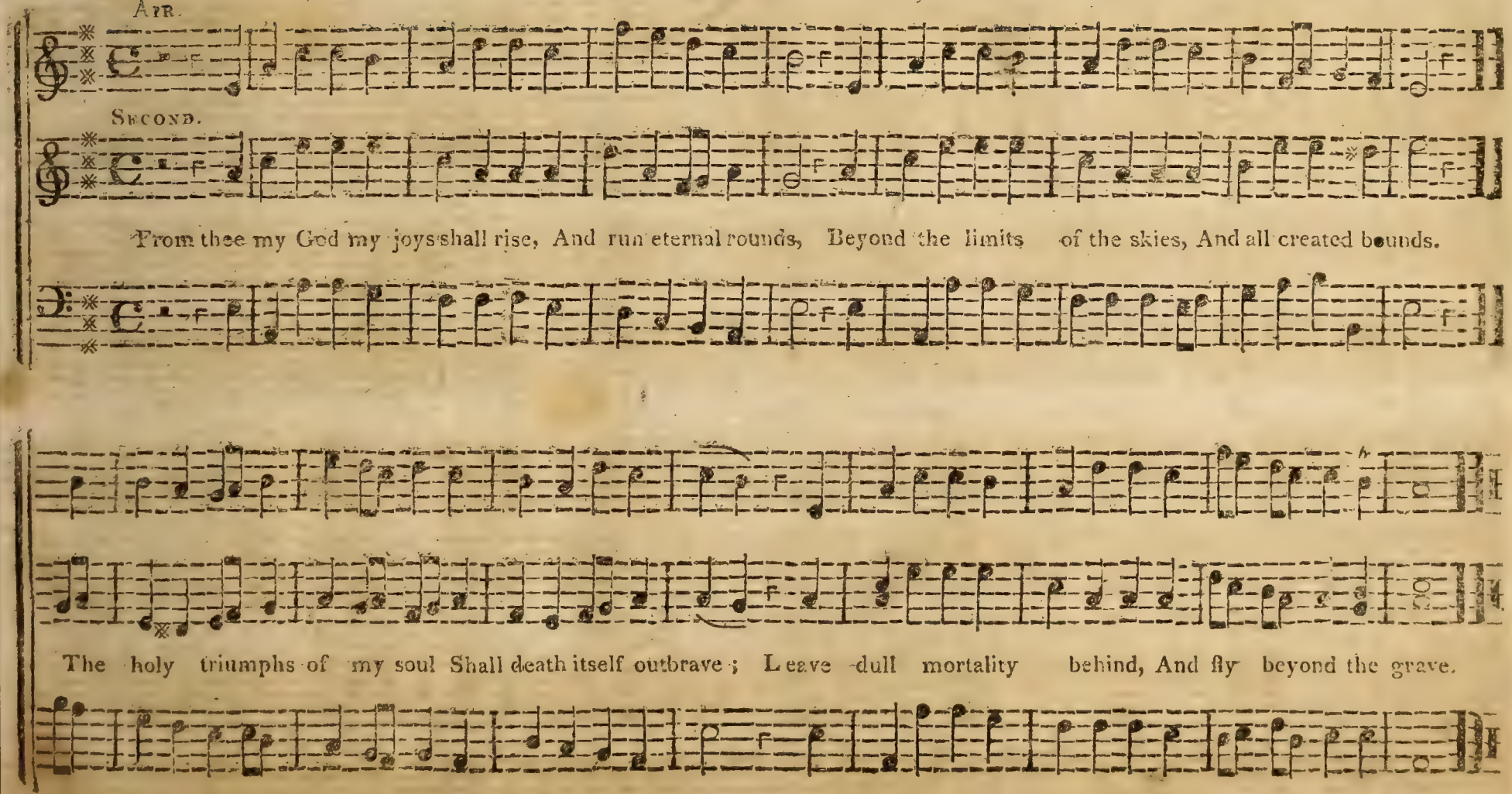


Hark, from the tombs a mournful sound, My ears attend the cry: "Ye living men, come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie."


Blest is the man whose bowels move, And melt with pity to the poor ; Whose soul by sympa-
thising love, Feels what his fellow saints endure. Feels what, &c.

CASTLE STREET. L. M. *Dr. Madan.*

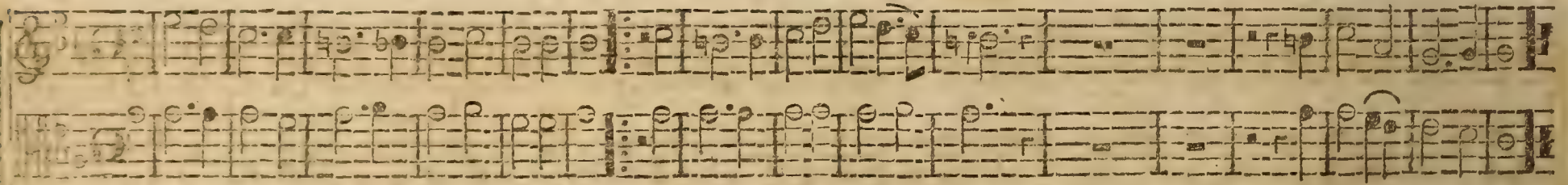

Sweet is the work, my God, my King! To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To shew thy love by
morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night! And talk—


AIR.
SECOND.
From thee my God my joys shall rise, And run eternal rounds, Beyond the limits of the skies, And all created bounds.
The holy triumphs of my soul Shall death itself outbrave; Leave dull mortality behind, And fly beyond the grave.

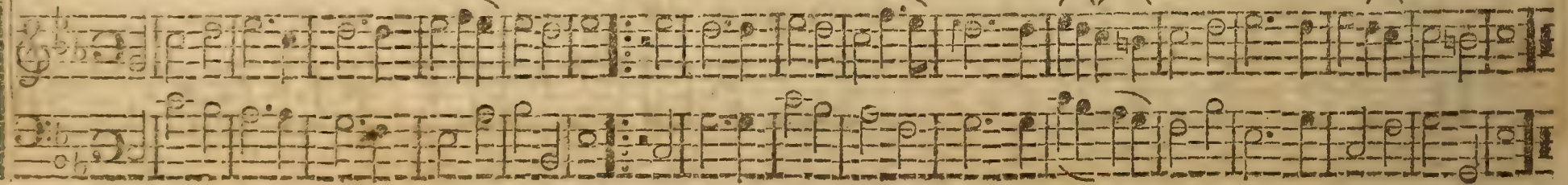
BROOKLINE. S. M. SANGER.

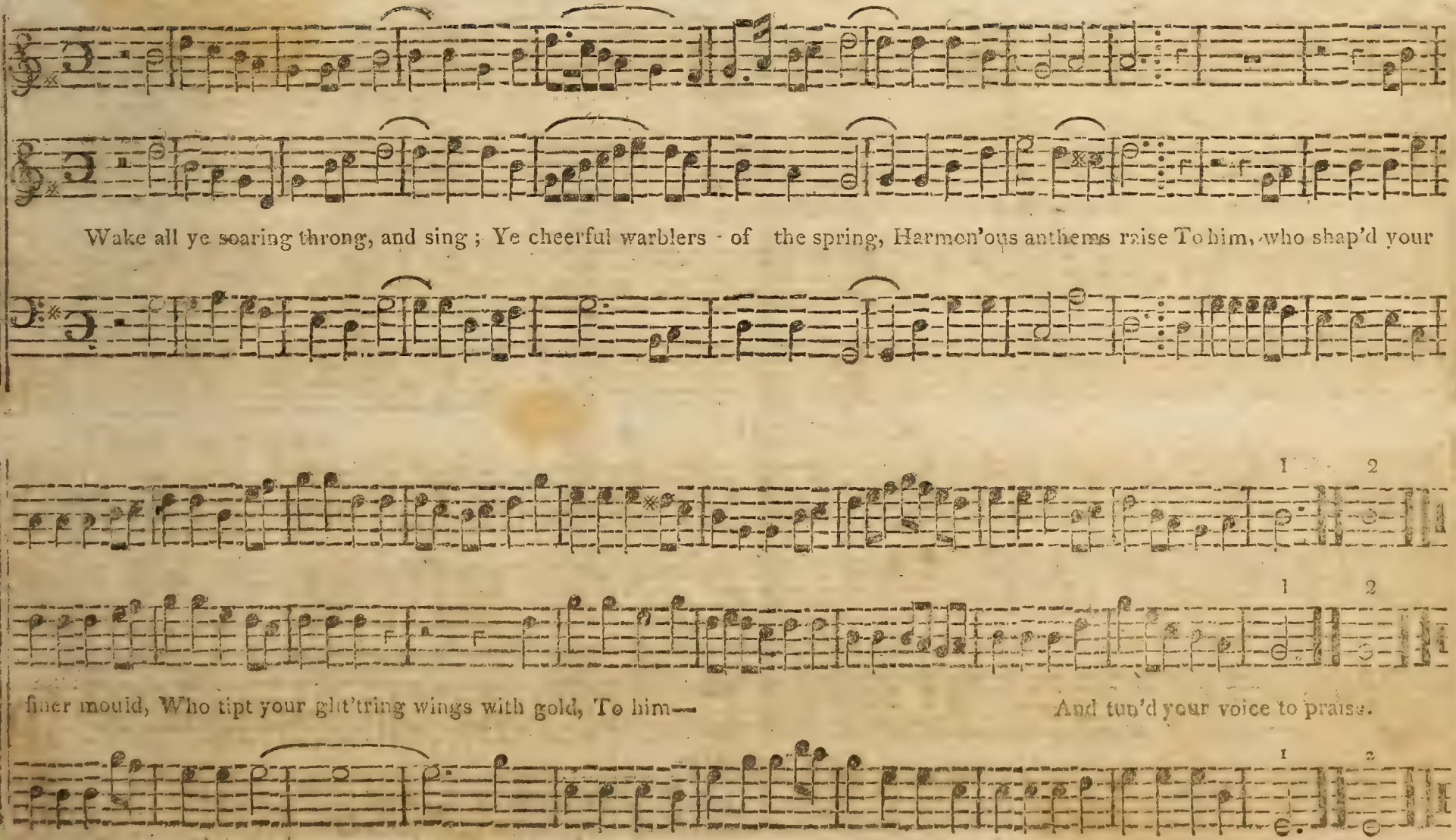
My Saviour and my King, Thy beauties are divine ; Thy lips with blessings overflow, And ev'ry grace is thine. Thy lips with—

DEFENCE. S. M. *DIXON.*



I hear the thirsty cry, The hungry beg for bread, Then let my spring its stream supply, My hand its bounty shed. My hand—




Wake all ye soaring throng, and sing ; Ye cheerful warblers - of the spring, Harmon'ous anthems raise To him, who shap'd your
finer mould, Who tipt your glit'tring wings with gold, To him—
And tun'd your voice to praise.

DEVIZES. C. M.

J. Tucker.

Treble.

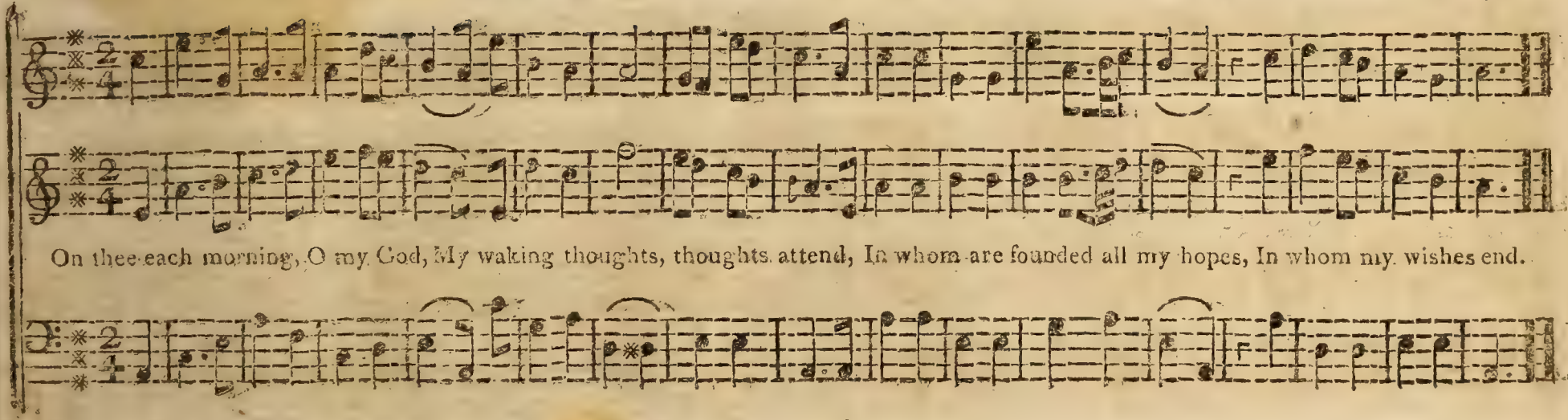
Alto.

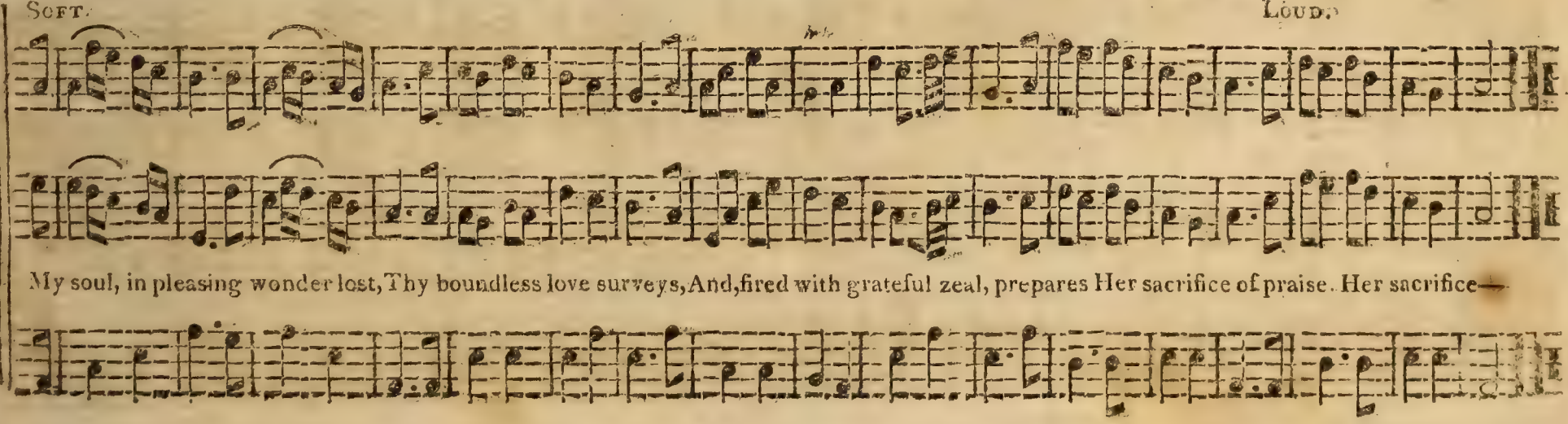
With my whole heart I'll raise my song, Thy wonders I'll proclaim, Thou sov'reign judge of right & wrong, Wilt put my foes to shame. Wilt—

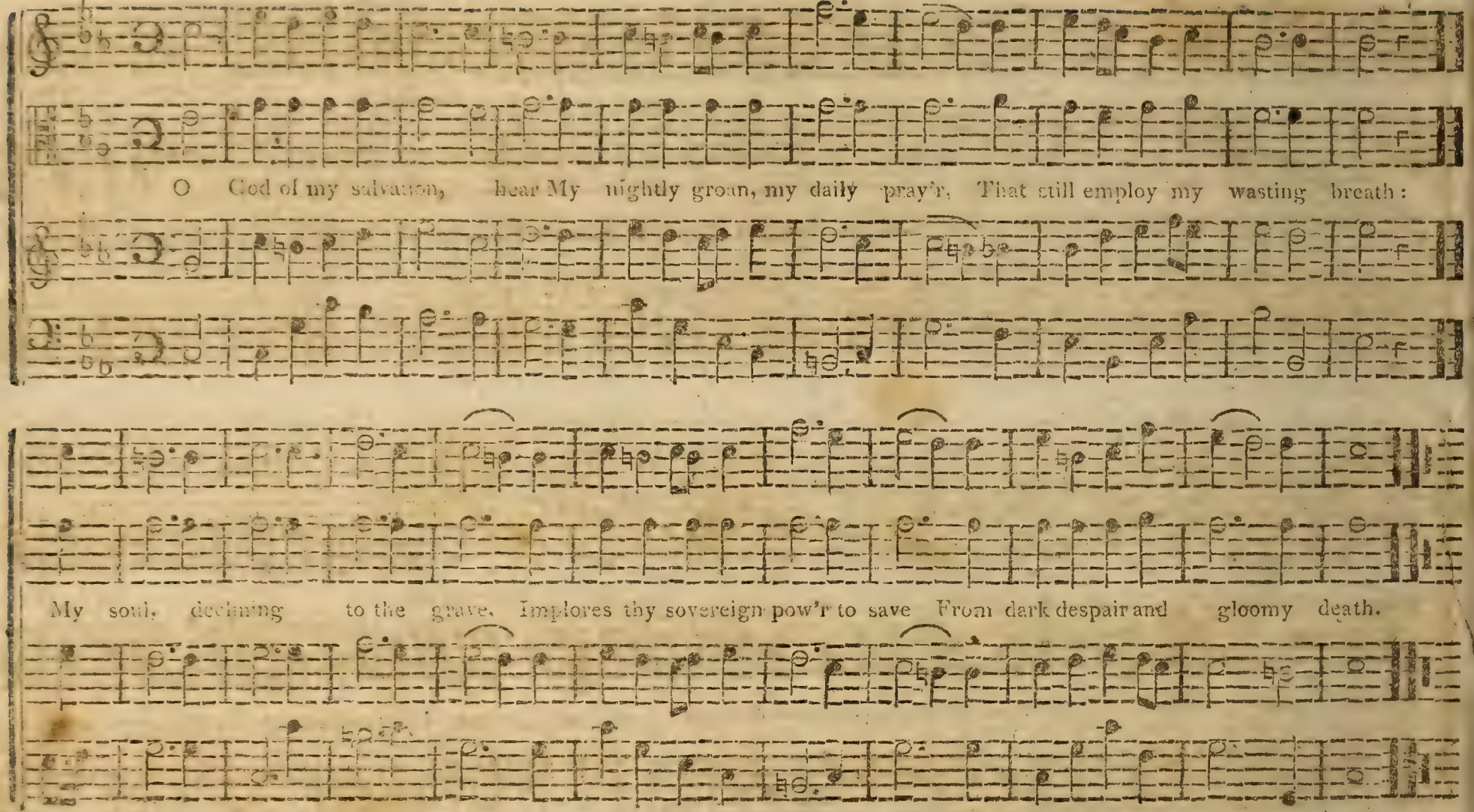
MANSFIELD. S. M.

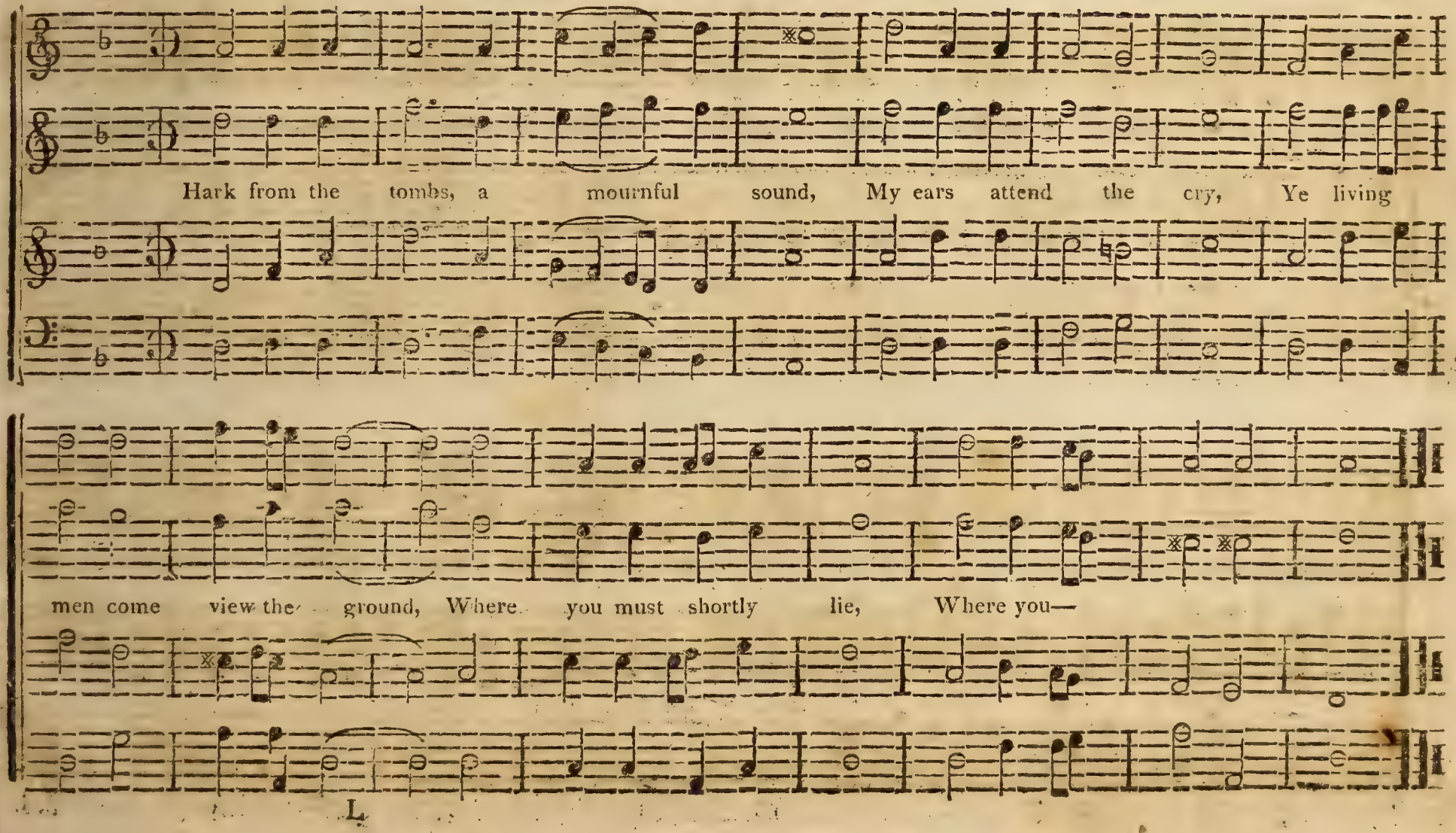
Williams' Coll.

Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' eternal God; Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin, And sound his name abroad. Ye heavenly—

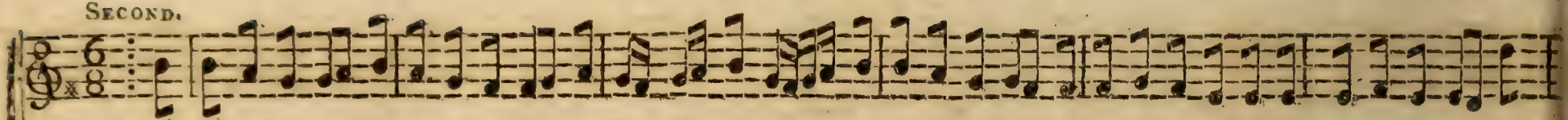

On thee each morning, O my God, My waking thoughts, thoughts attend, In whom are founded all my hopes, In whom my wishes end.


Soft.
Loud.
My soul, in pleasing wonder lost, Thy boundless love surveys, And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares Her sacrifice of praise. Her sacrifice—


O God of my salvation, hear My nightly groan, my daily pray'r, That still employ my wasting breath:
My soul, declining to the grave, Implores thy sovereign pow'r to save From dark despair and gloomy death.

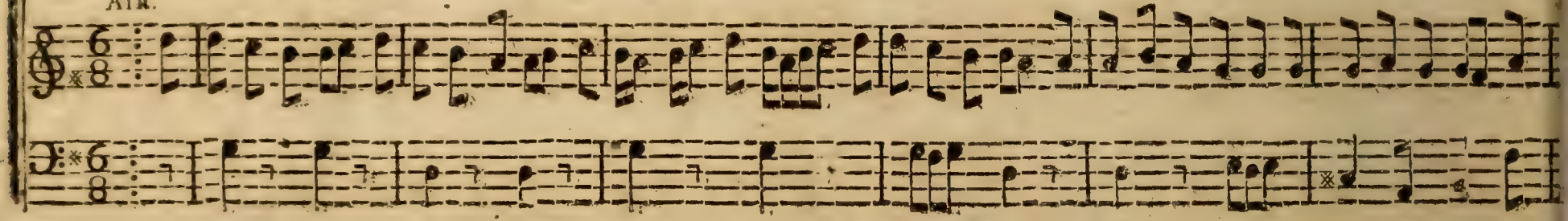

Hark from the tombs, a mournful sound, My ears attend the cry, Ye living
men come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie, Where you—

Second.

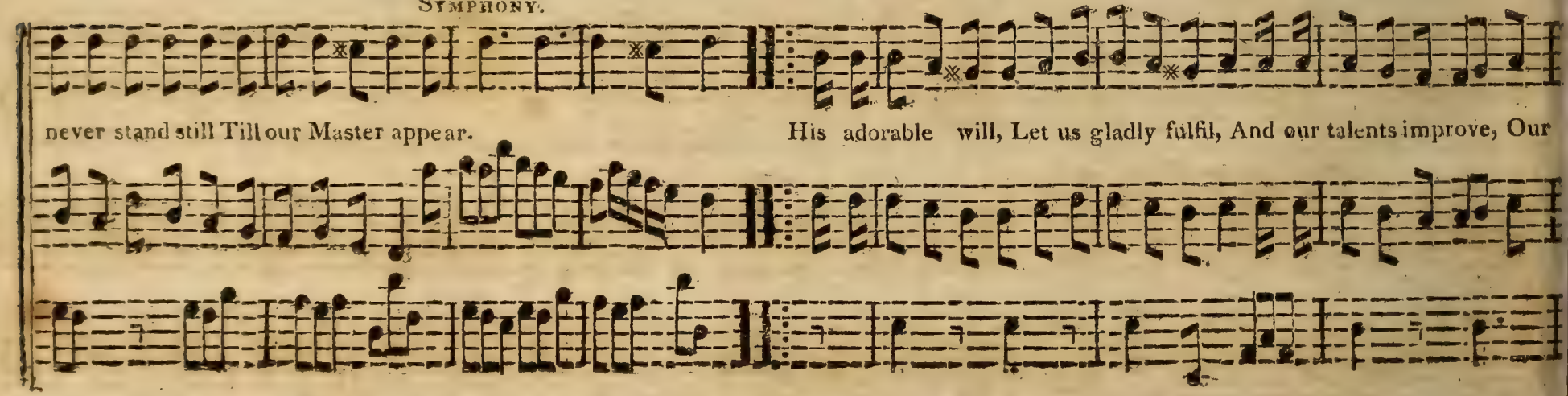


Come, let us anew Our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year, And never stand still Till our Master appear. And

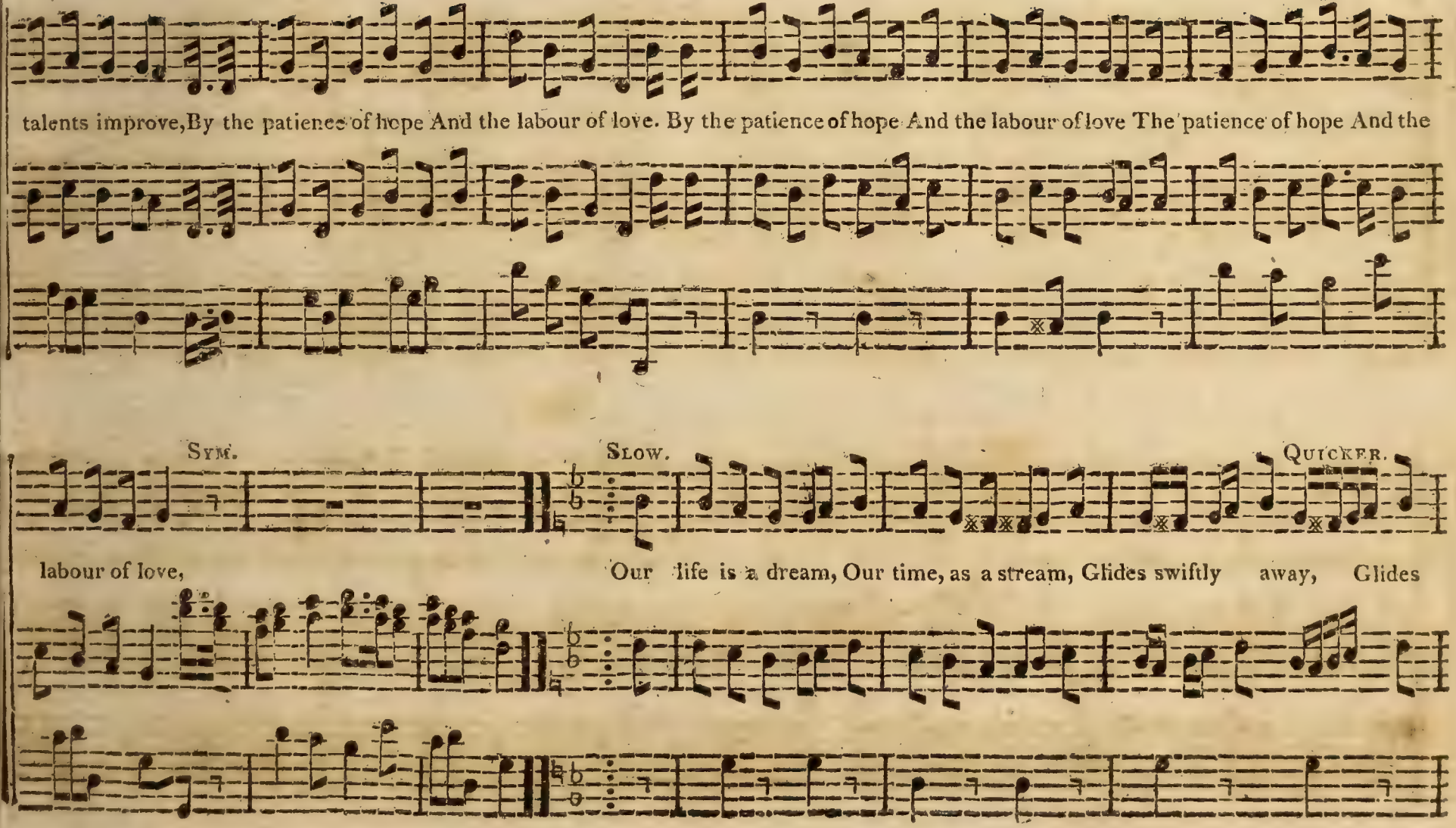
Air.

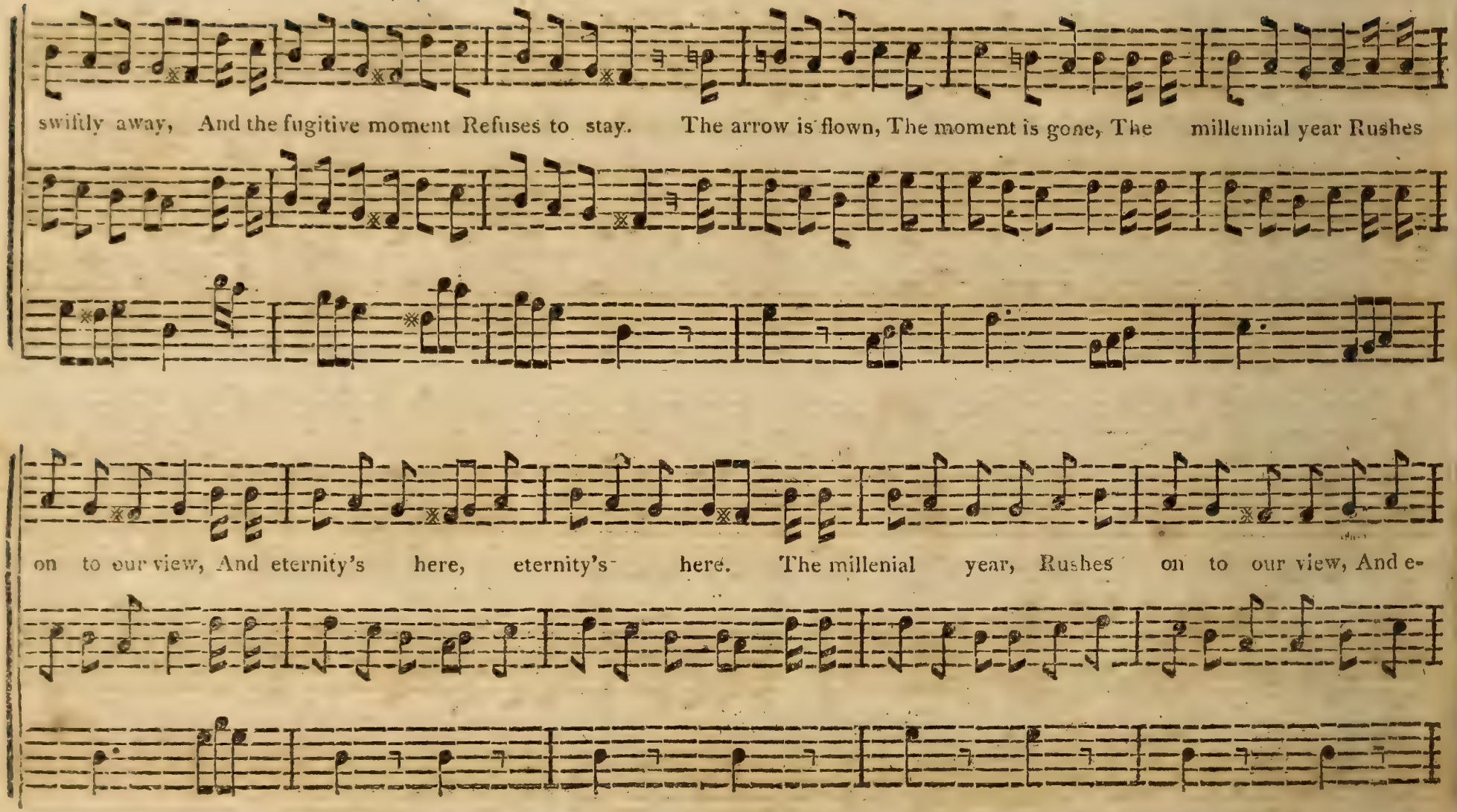


Symphony.



never stand still Till our Master appear. His adorable will, Let us gladly fulfil, And our talents improve, Our


talents improve, By the patience of hope And the labour of love. By the patience of hope And the labour of love The patience of hope And the
Sym.
Slow.
Quicker.
labour of love,
Our life is a dream, Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly away, Glides


swiftly away, And the fugitive moment Refuses to stay. The arrow is flown, The moment is gone, The millennial year Rushes
on to our view, And eternity's here, eternity's here. The millenial year, Rushes on to our view, And e-

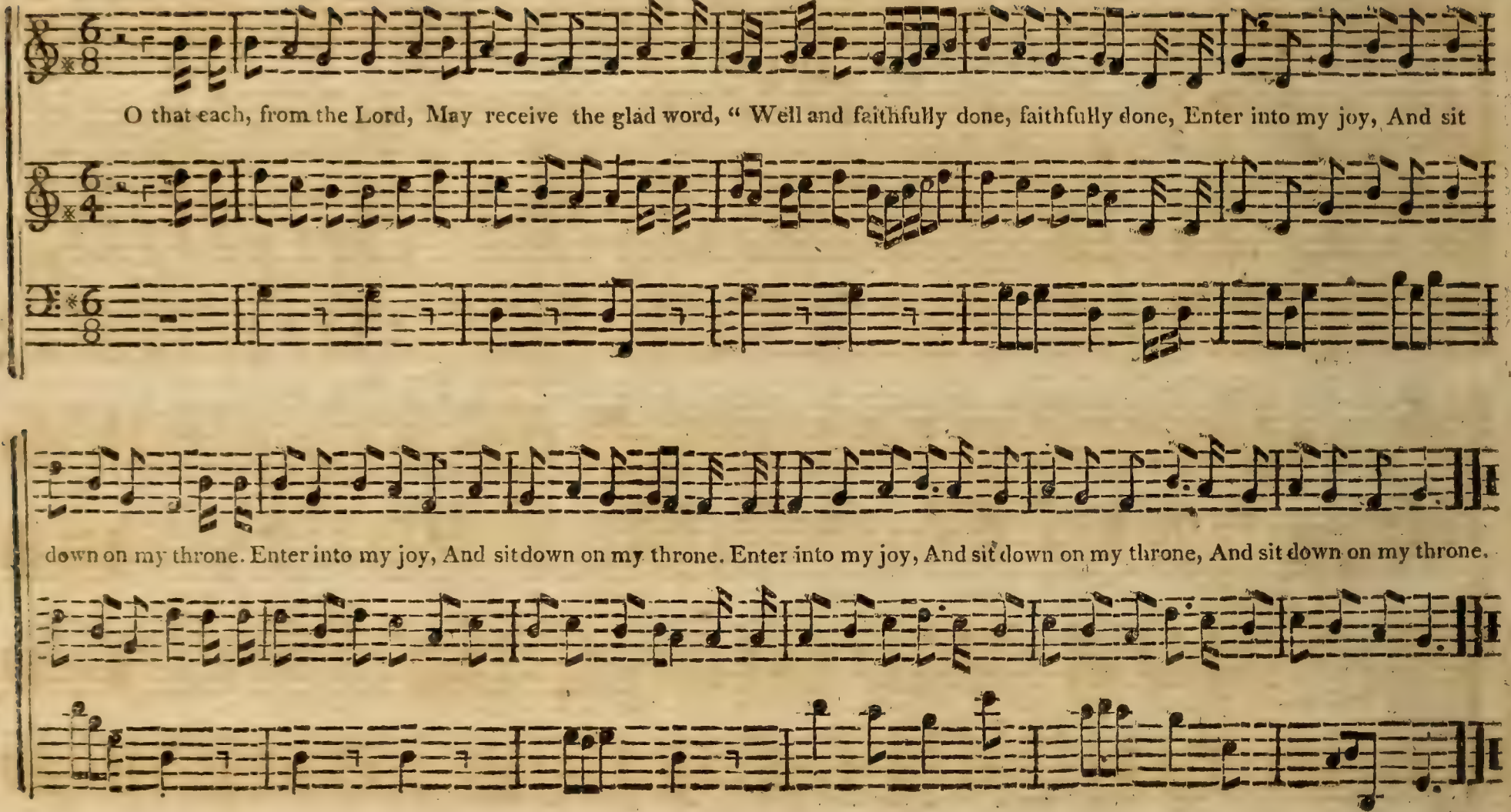
SYM.

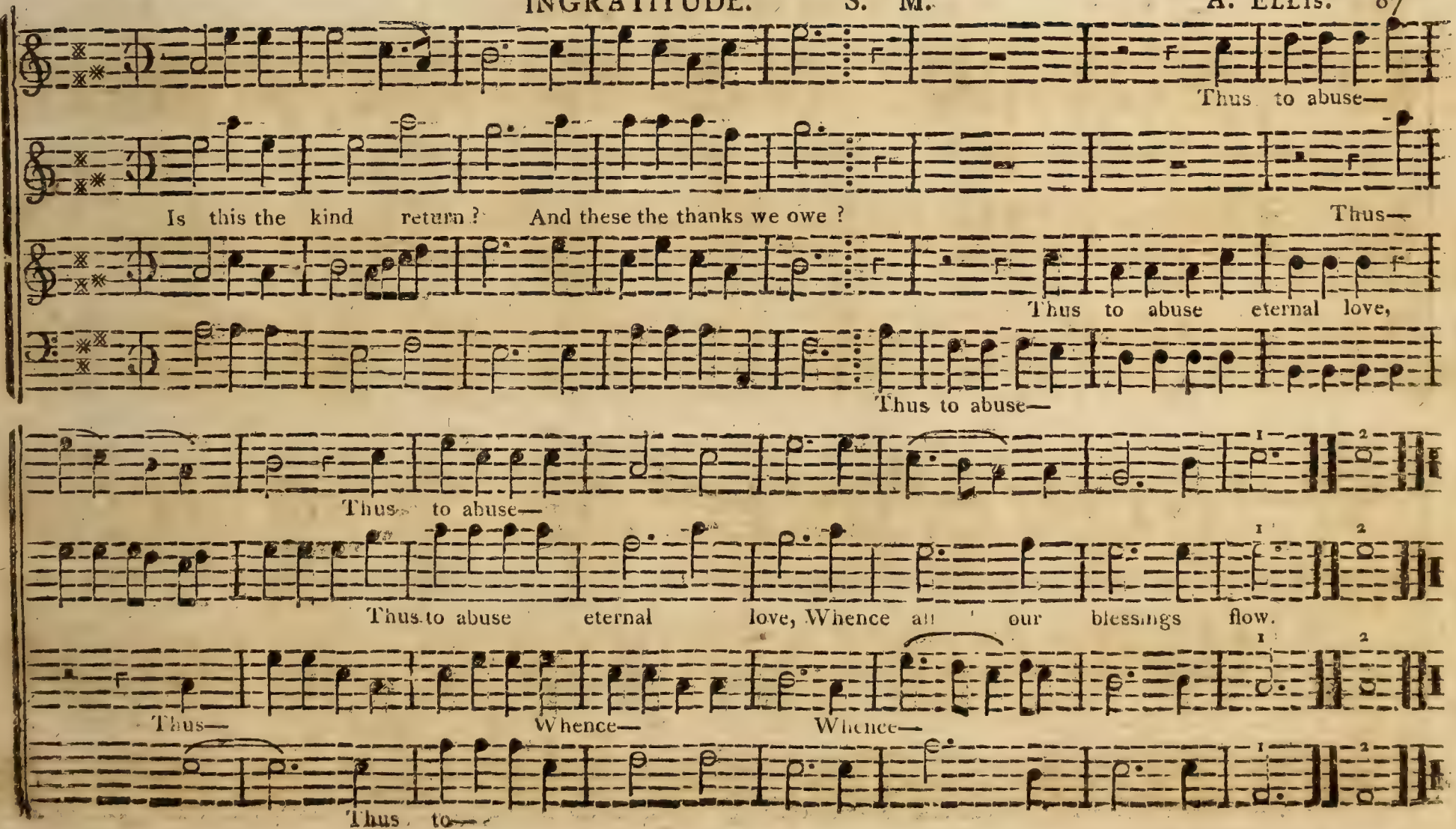
ternity's here, eternity's here, eternity's here, eternity's here.

SOLO. DISTINCT.

O that each in the day Of his coming, may say—I have fought my way through, Have fought my way through, I have

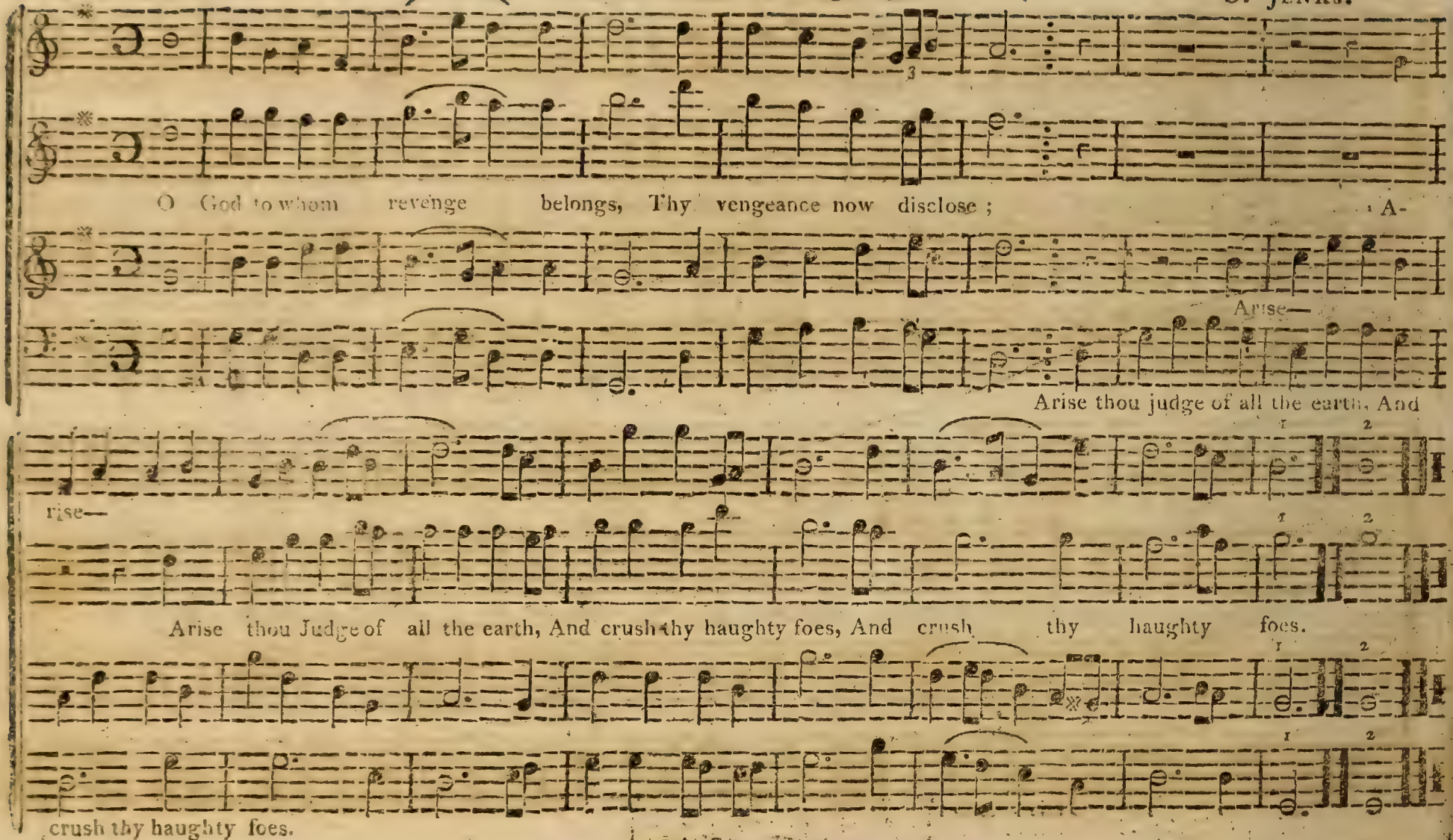
finish'd the work Thou didst give me to do, Have finish'd the work Thou didst give me to do.

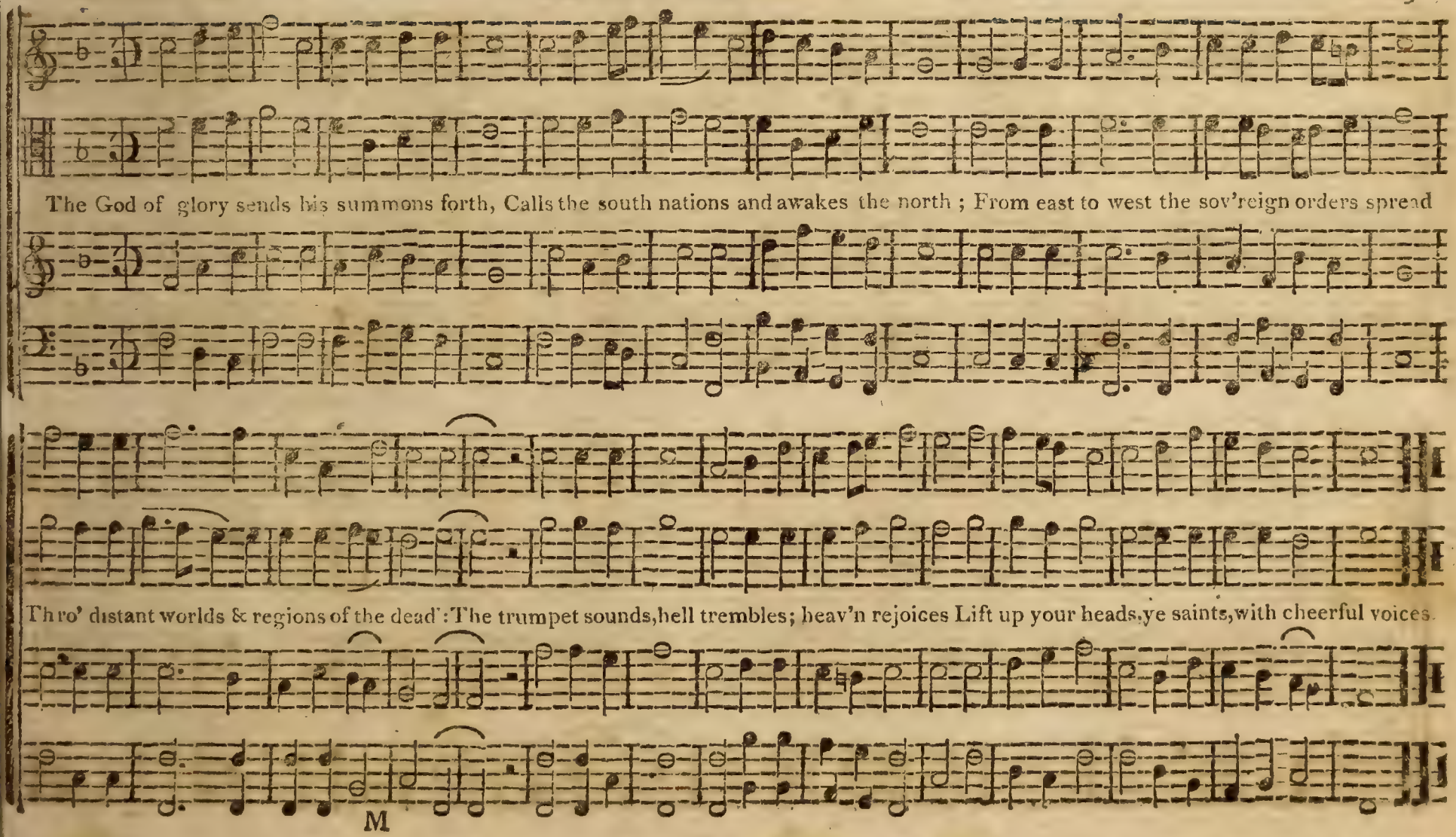

O that each, from the Lord, May receive the glad word, " Well and faithfully done, faithfully done, Enter into my joy, And sit
down on my throne. Enter into my joy, And sit down on my throne. Enter into my joy, And sit down on my throne, And sit down on my throne.

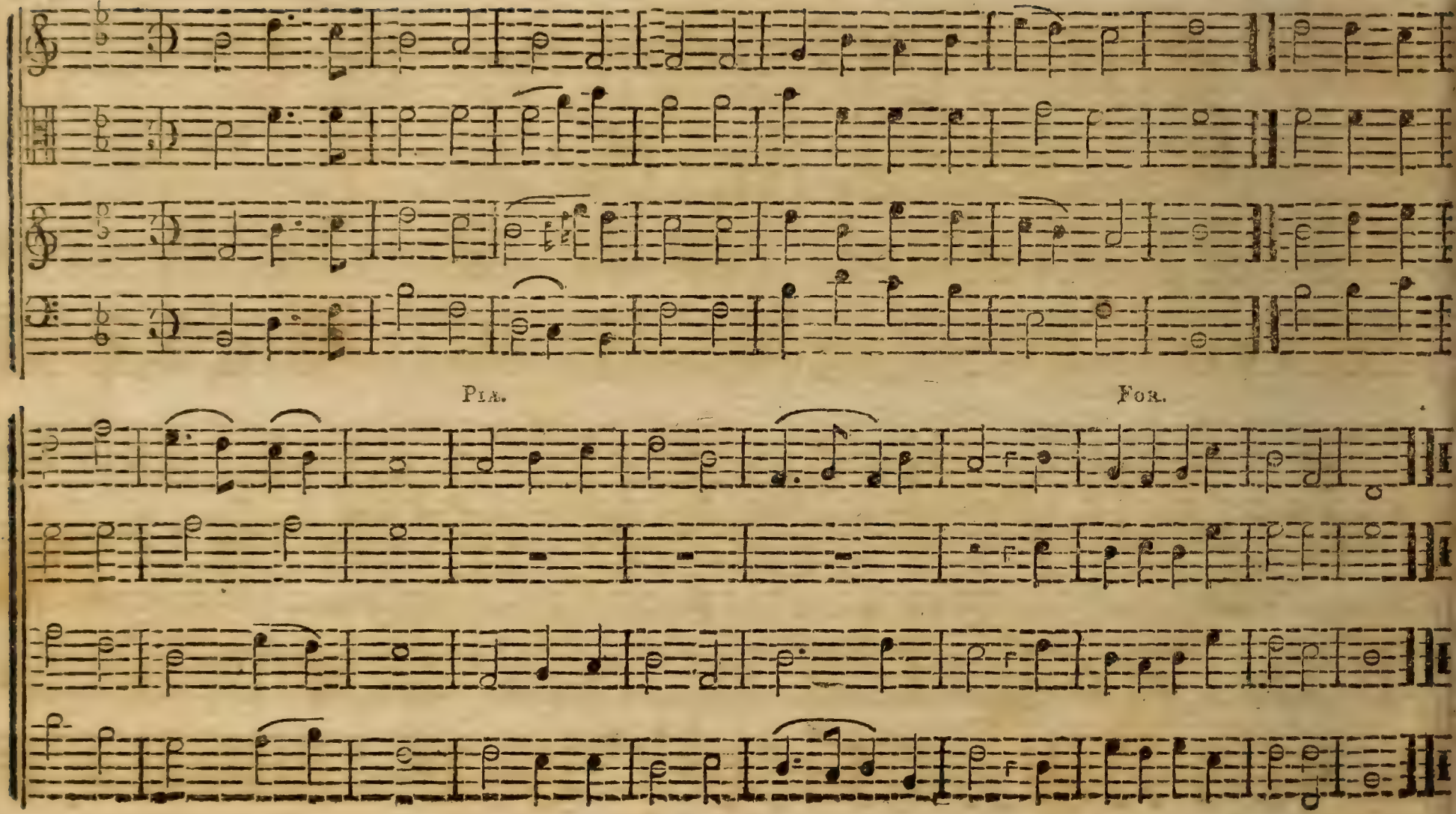

Thus to abuse—
Is this the kind return? And these the thanks we owe?
Thus—
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Thus to abuse—
Thus to abuse—
Thus to abuse eternal love, Whence all our blessings flow.
Thus—
Whence—
Whence—
Thus to—

NORWALK. C. M.

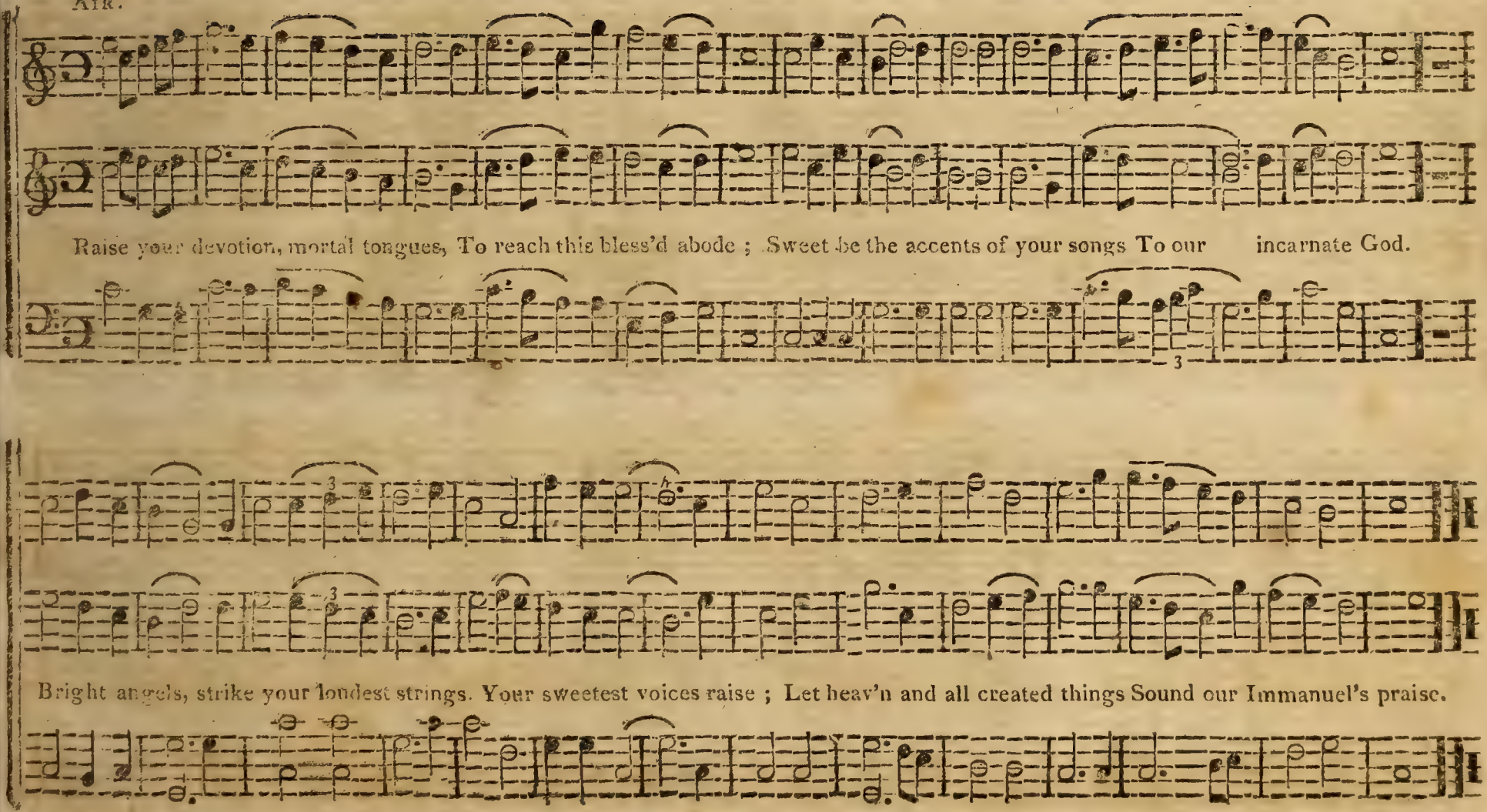
S. Jenks.


O God to whom revenge belongs, Thy vengeance now disclose ; A-
Arise—
Arise thou judge of all the earth, And
rise—
Arise thou Judge of all the earth, And crush thy haughty foes, And crush thy haughty foes.
crush thy haughty foes.

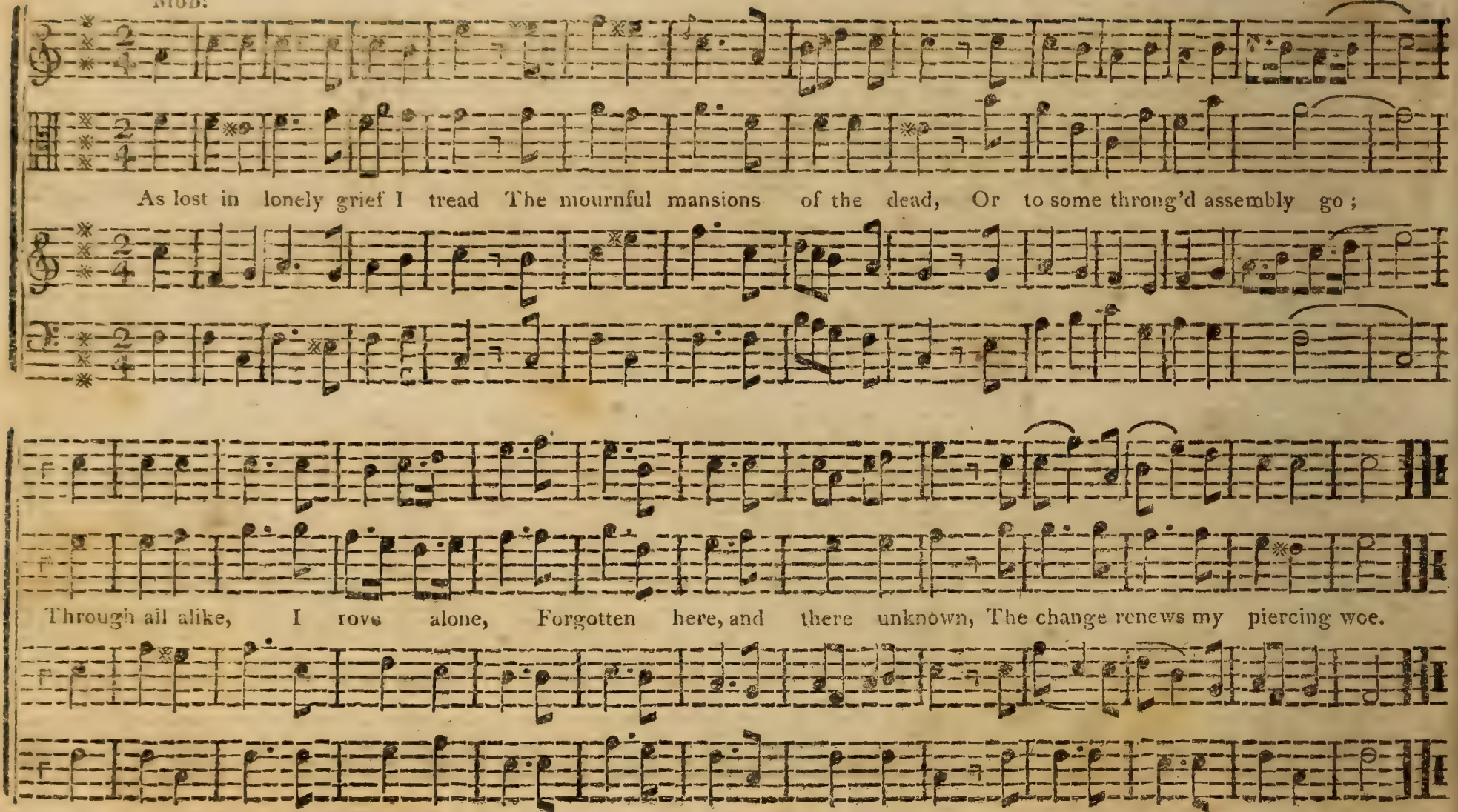

The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north ; From east to west the sov'reign orders spread
Thro' distant worlds & regions of the dead': The trumpet sounds, hell trembles; heav'n rejoices Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.
M


PIA.
FOR.

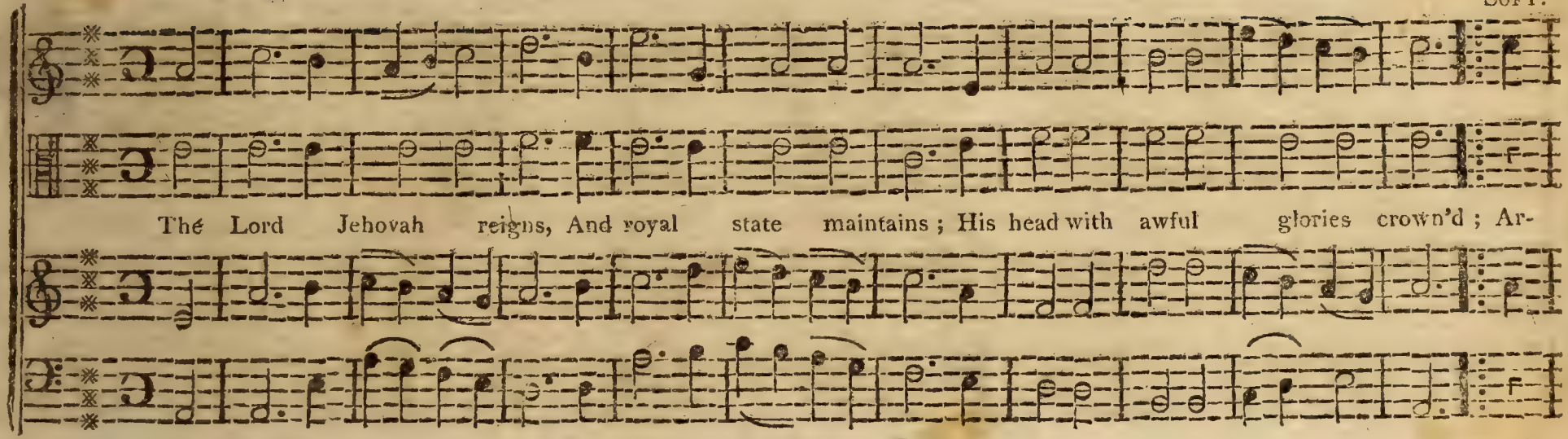
AIR.


Raise your devotion, mortal tongues, To reach this bless'd abode ; Sweet be the accents of your songs To our incarnate God.
Bright angels, strike your loudest strings. Your sweetest voices raise ; Let heav'n and all created things Sound our Immanuel's praise.

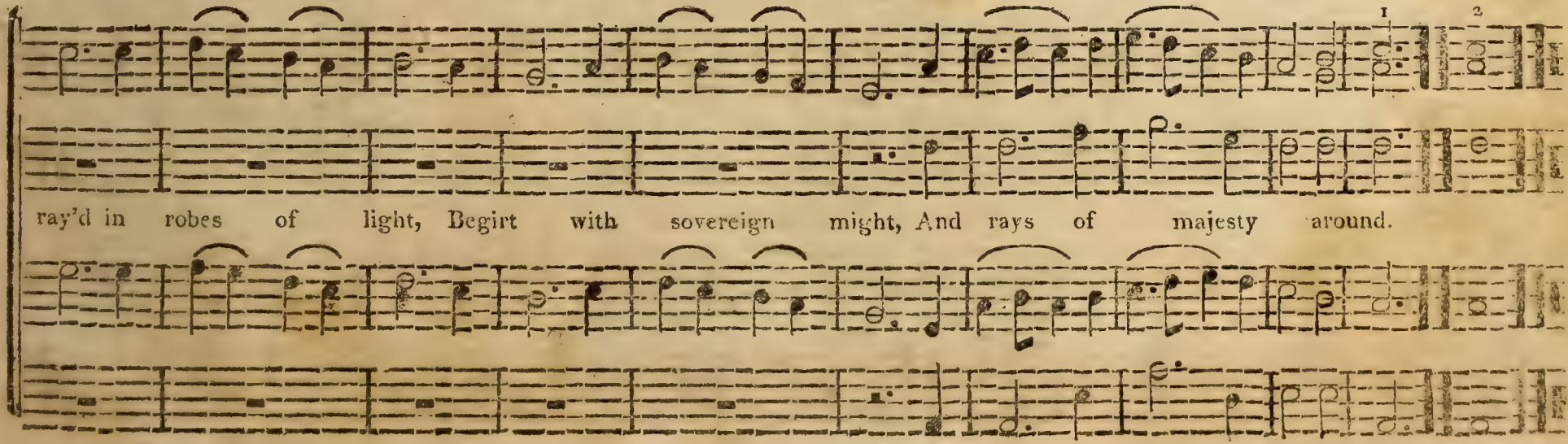
Mod.


As lost in lonely grief I tread The mournful mansions of the dead, Or to some throng'd assembly go;
Through all alike, I rove alone, Forgotten here, and there unknown, The change renews my piercing woe.

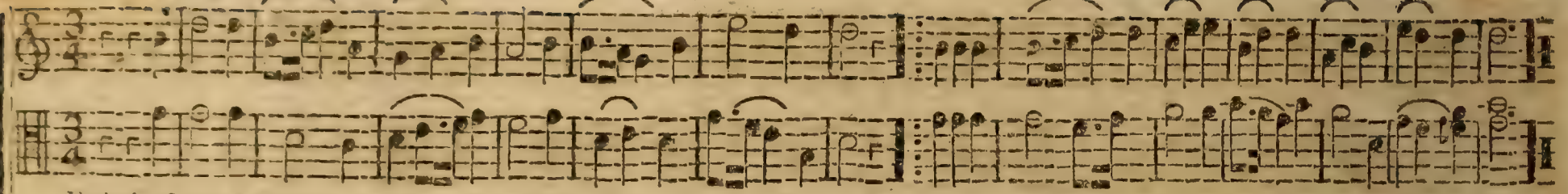
SOFT.


The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains; His head with awful glories crown'd; Ar-

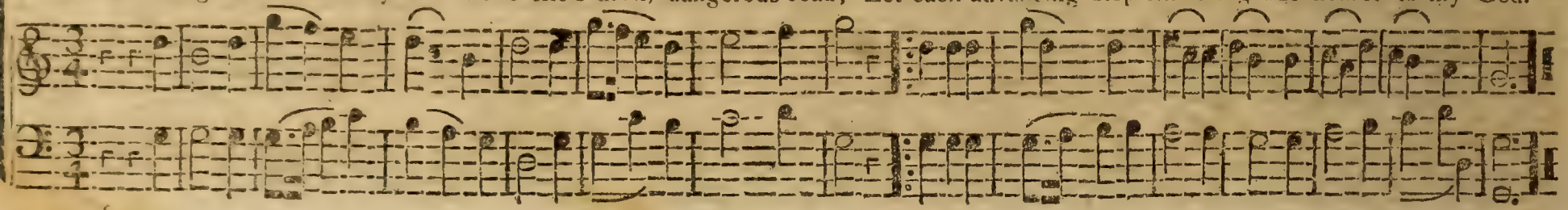
LOUD.


1
2
ray'd in robes of light, Begirt with sovereign might, And rays of majesty around.

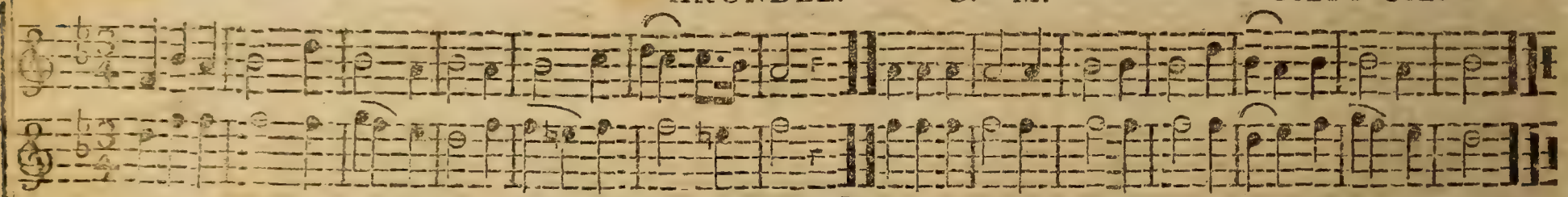
WINTHROP. C. M.



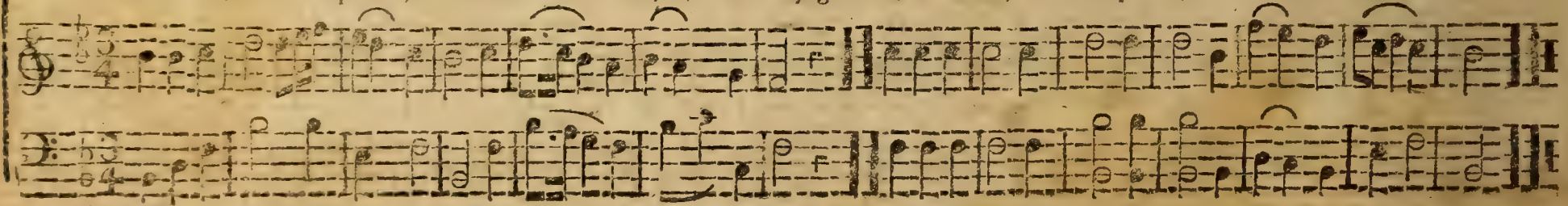
Father of light! conduct my feet Thro' life's dark, dangerous road; Let each advancing step still bring Me nearer to my God.

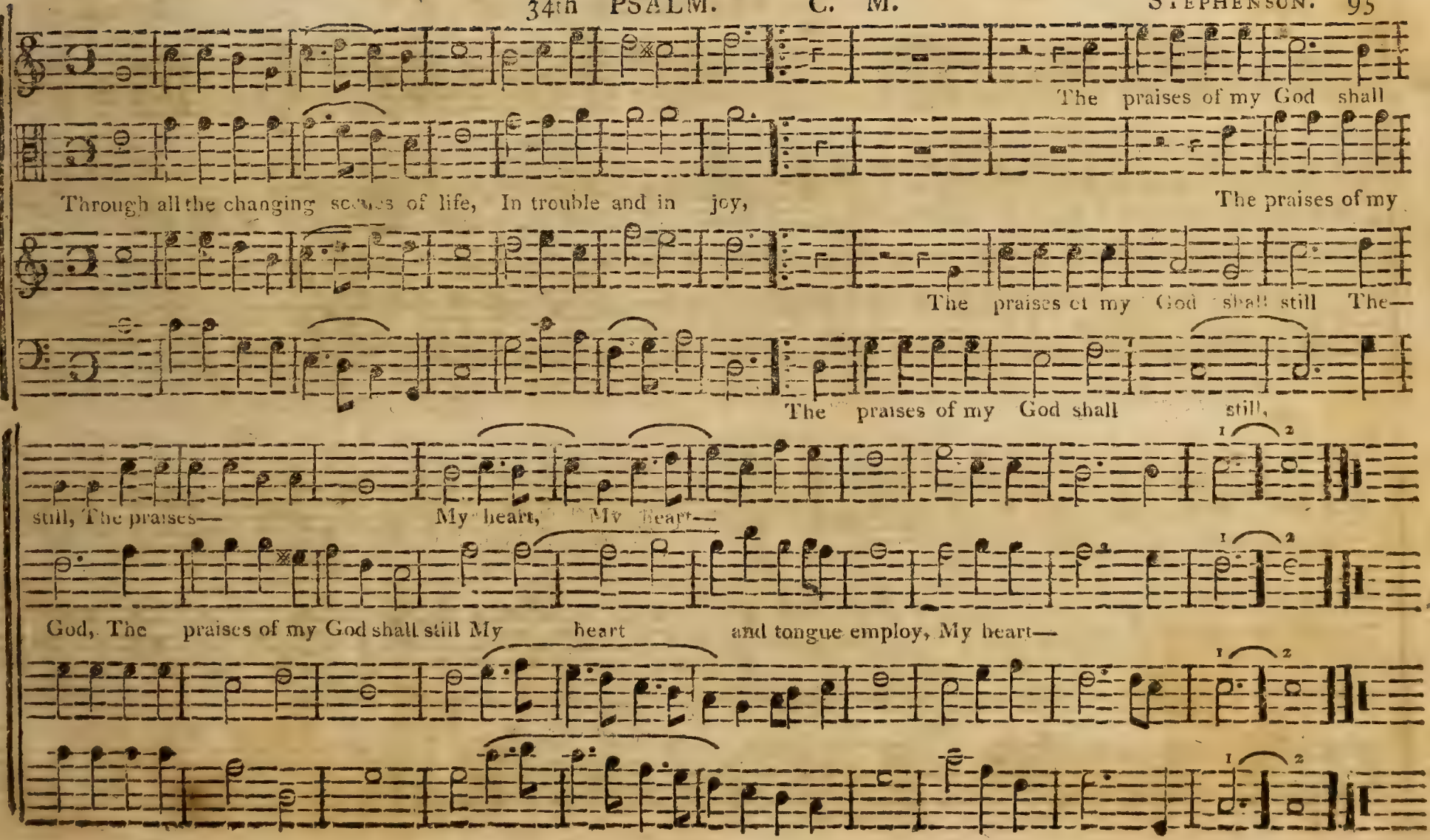


ARUNDEL. C. M. Cole's Col.

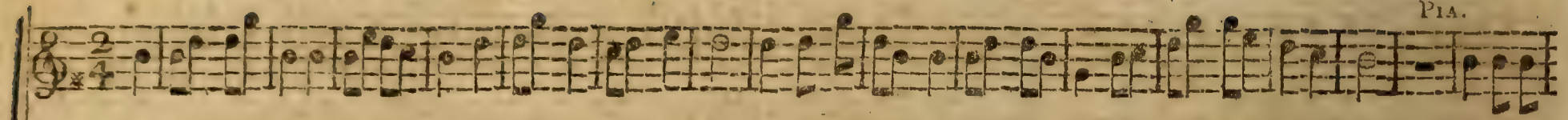


Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise, Thee the creation sings; With thy great name rocks, hills and plains, And heaven's high palace rings.

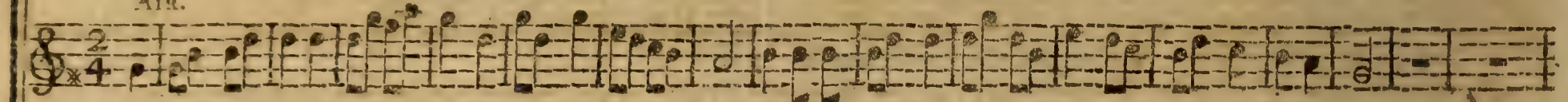



The praises of my God shall
Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my
The praises of my God shall still The—
The praises of my God shall still,
still, The praises—
My heart,
My heart—
God, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ, My heart—

PIA.

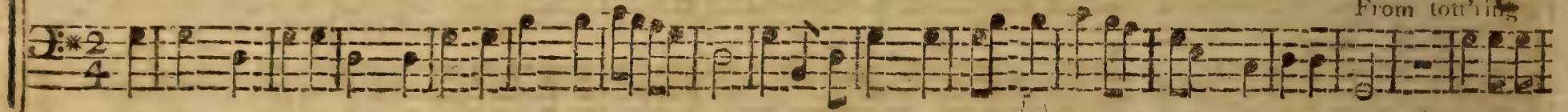


AIR.

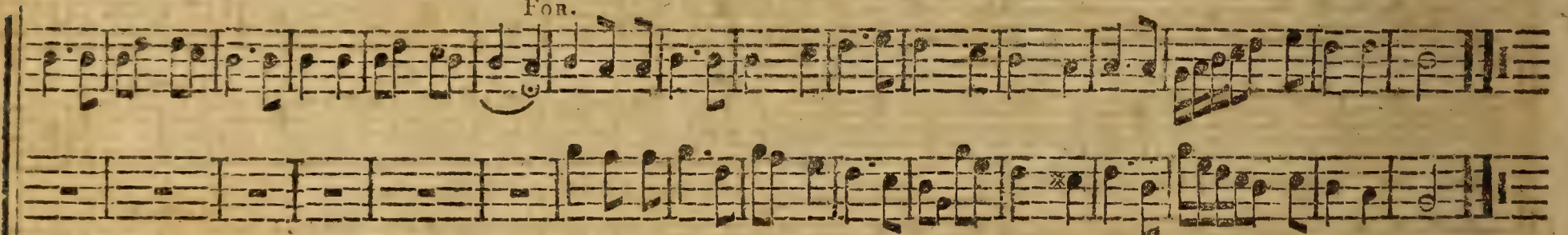


These glorious minds, how bright they shine, Whence all their white array? How came they to the happy seats Of everlasting day?

From tott'ring

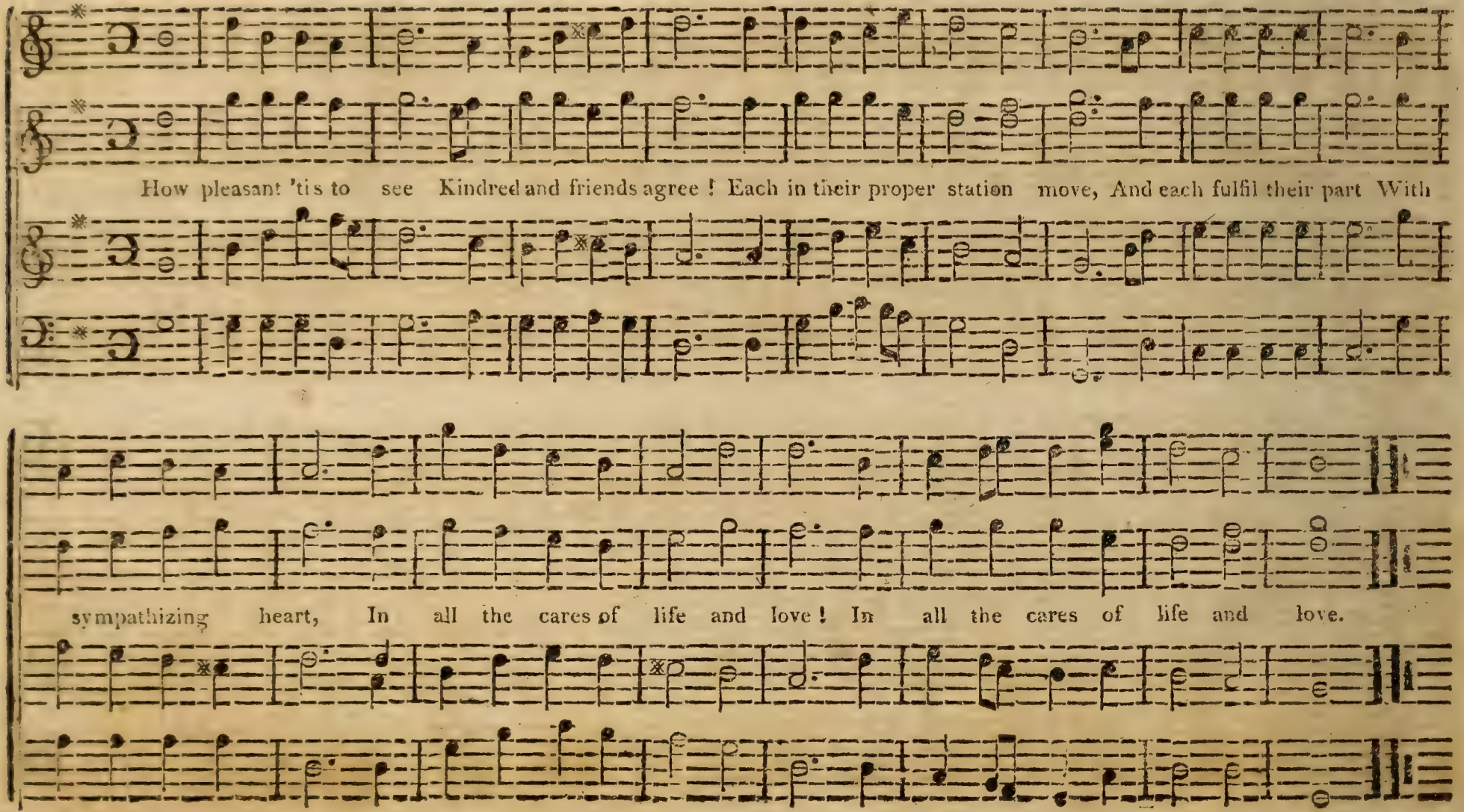


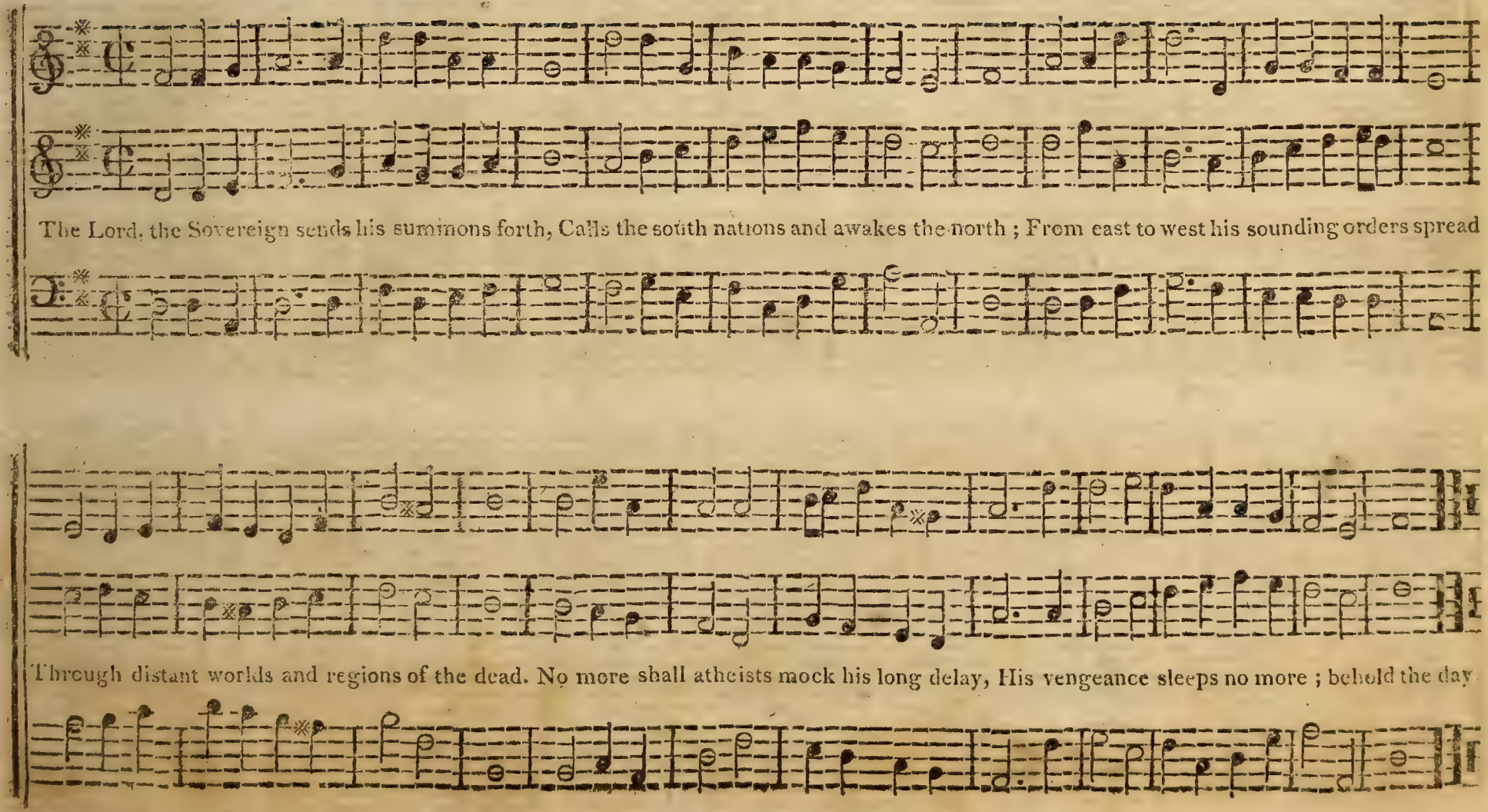
FOR.



pains to endles joys On fiery wheels they rode, And strangely wash'd their raiment white In Jesus' dying blood, In—

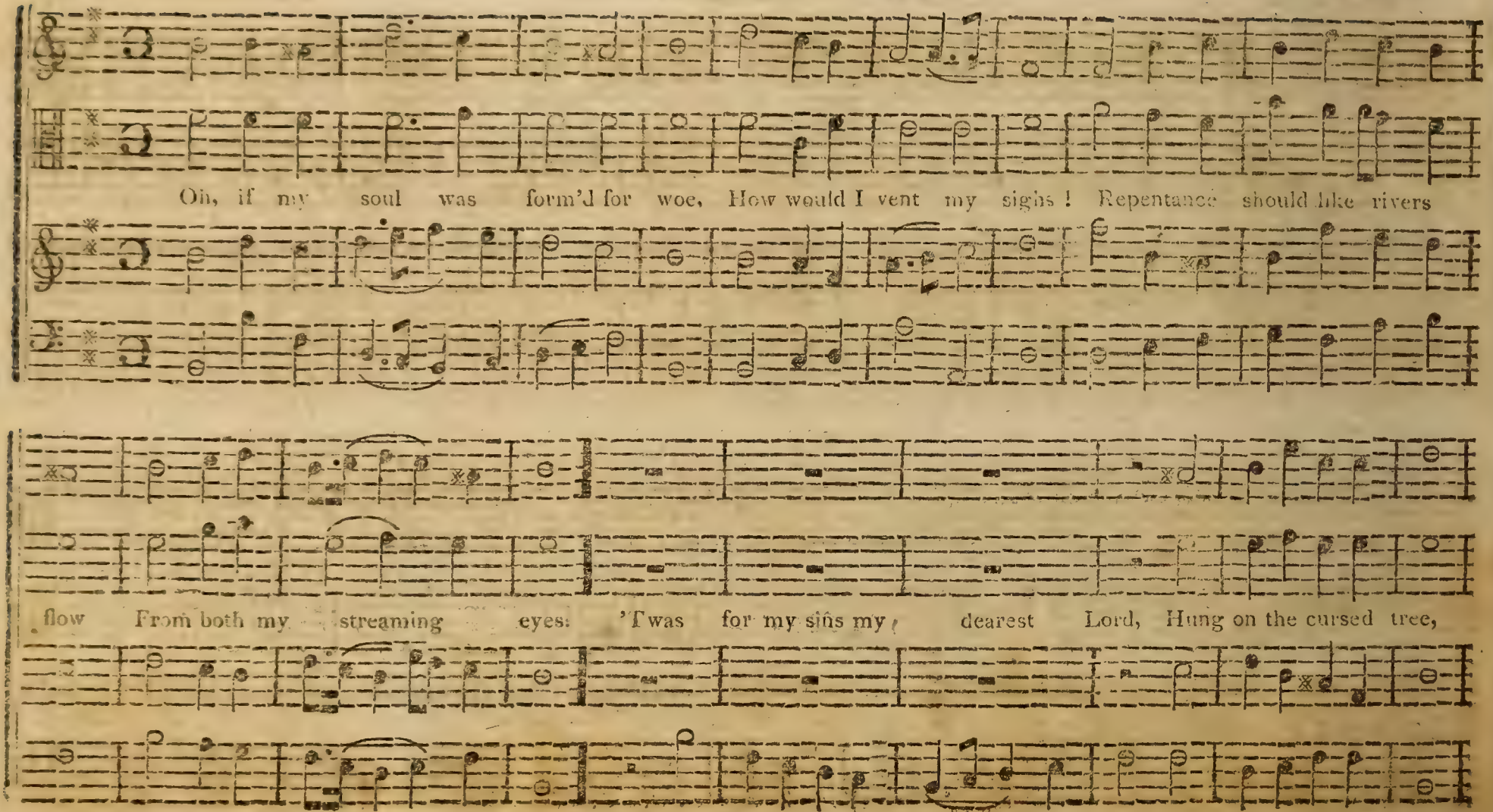
Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy, Ye nations bow with sacred joy!
Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create and he destroy, He can create and he destroy.

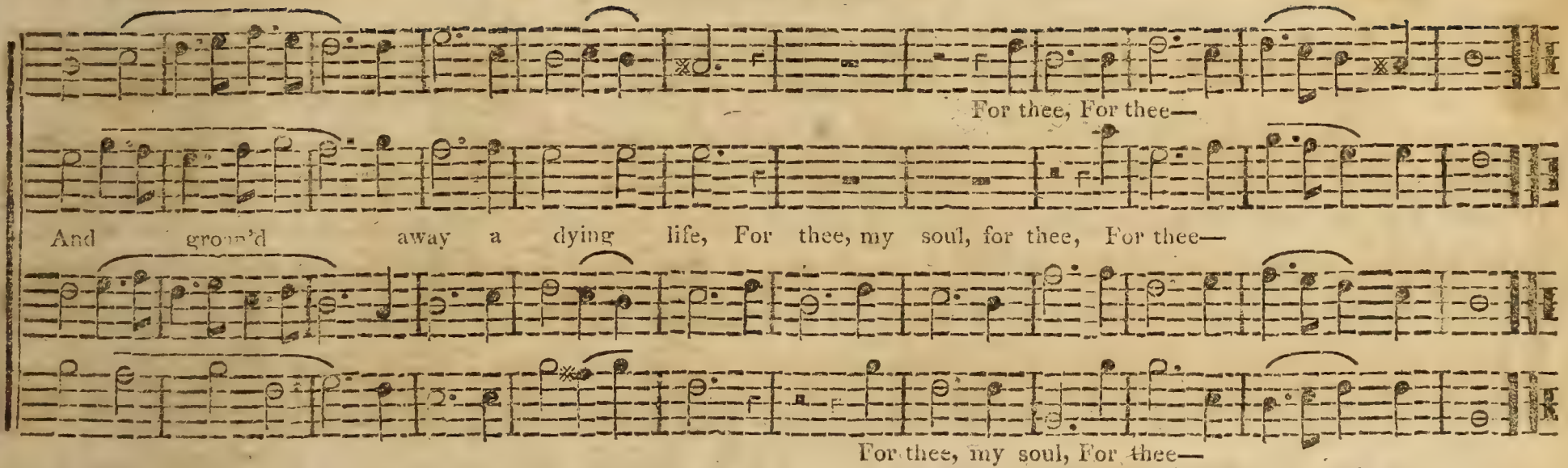

How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree ! Each in their proper station move, And each fulfil their part With
sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life and love ! In all the cares of life and love.


The Lord, the Sovereign sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north ; From east to west his sounding orders spread
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead. No more shall atheists mock his long delay, His vengeance sleeps no more ; behold the day

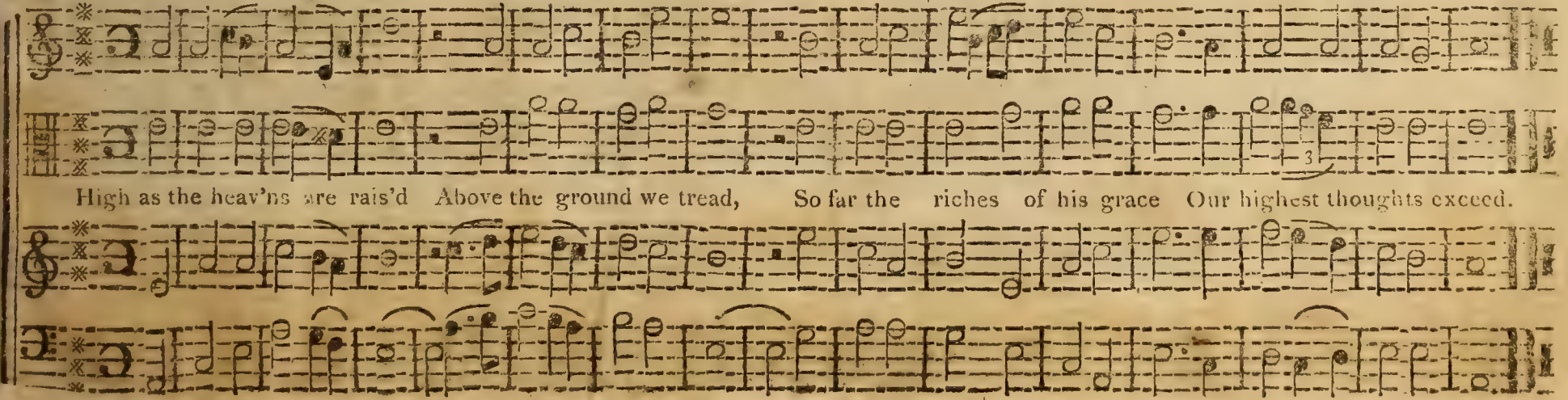
WALPOLE. C. M.

WOOD.

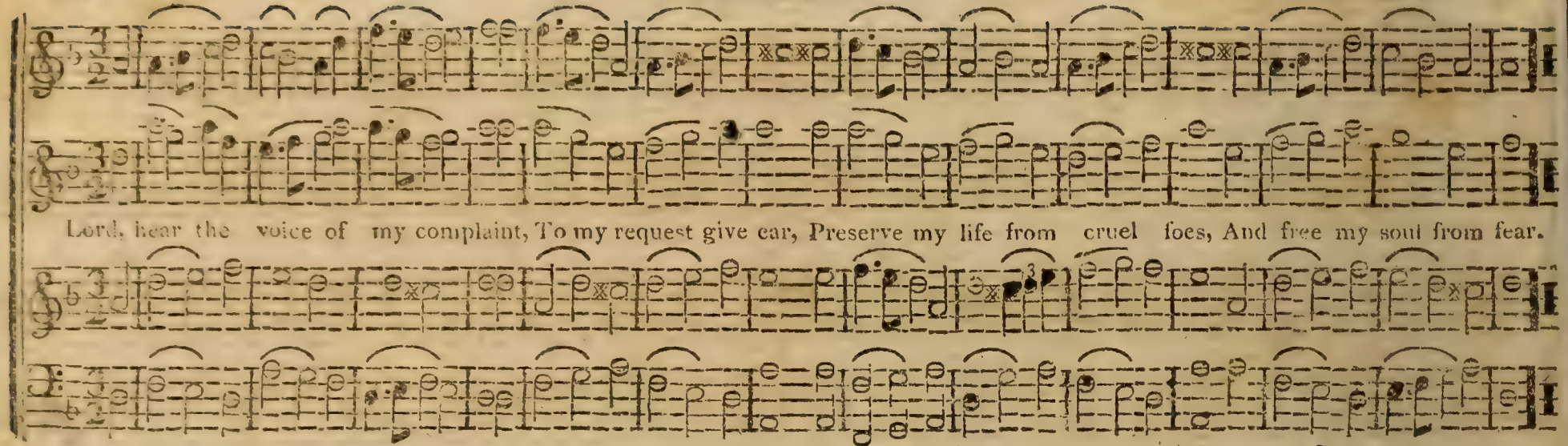

Oh, if my soul was form'd for woe, How would I vent my sighs! Repentance should like rivers
flow From both my streaming eyes: 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord, Hung on the cursed tree,



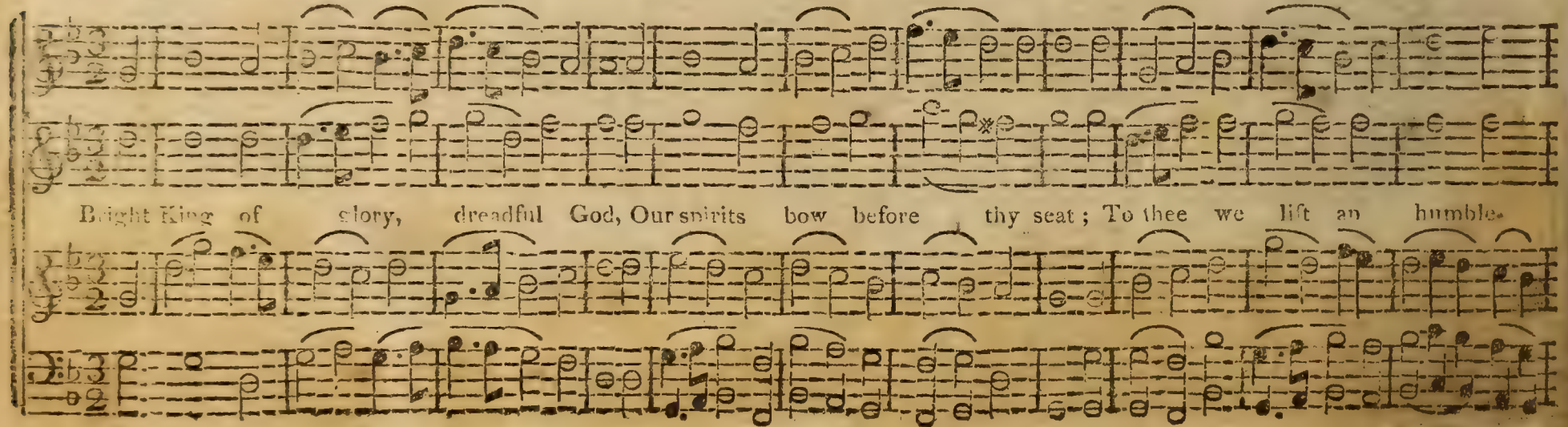
ST. THOMAS. S. M. *Williams' Coll.*



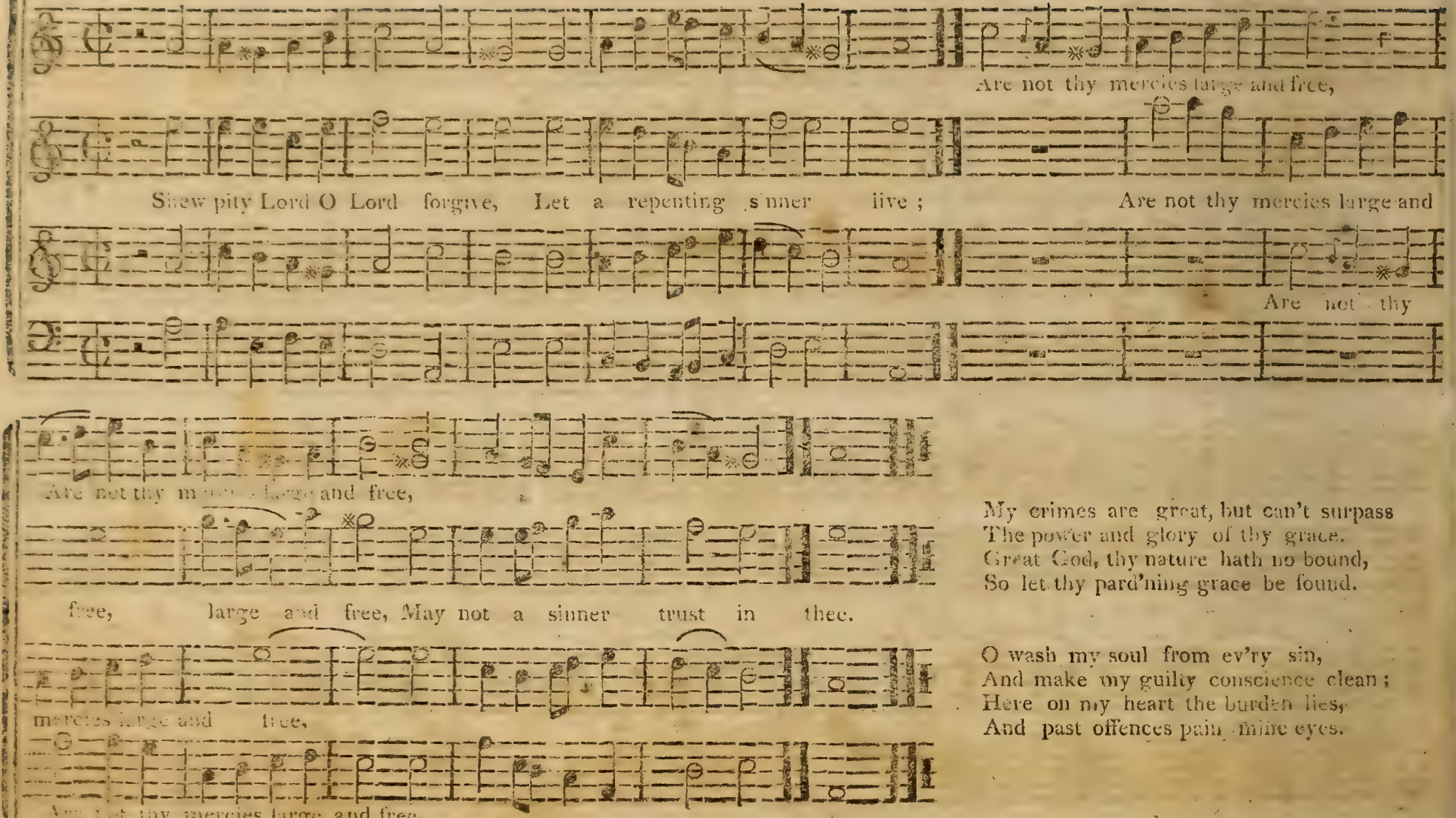
PRINCETON. C. M. BILLINGS.



SUFFOLK. L. M. BILLINGS.

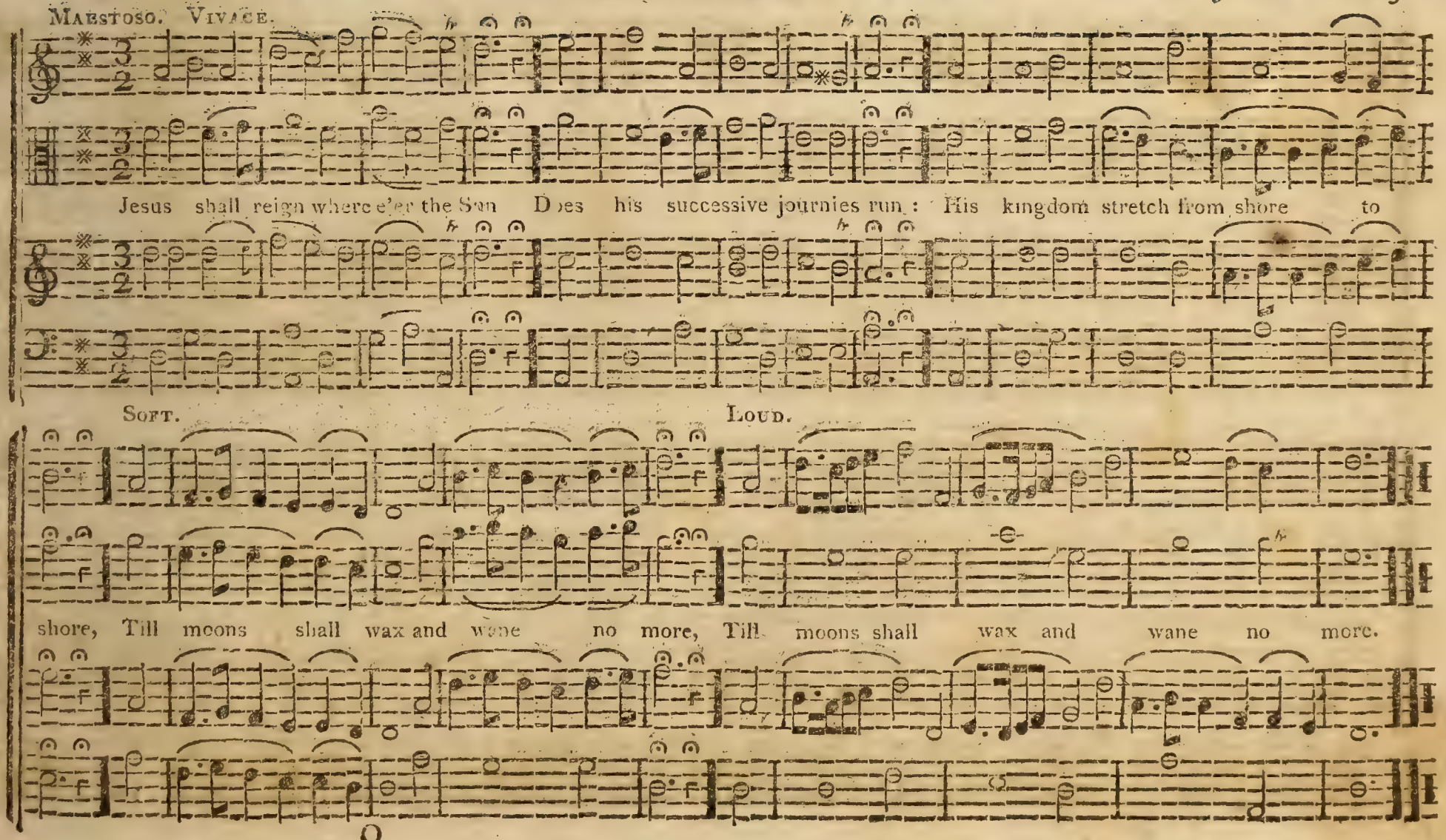


thought, And worship at thine awful feet.
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, I
am forever thine; I fear before thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

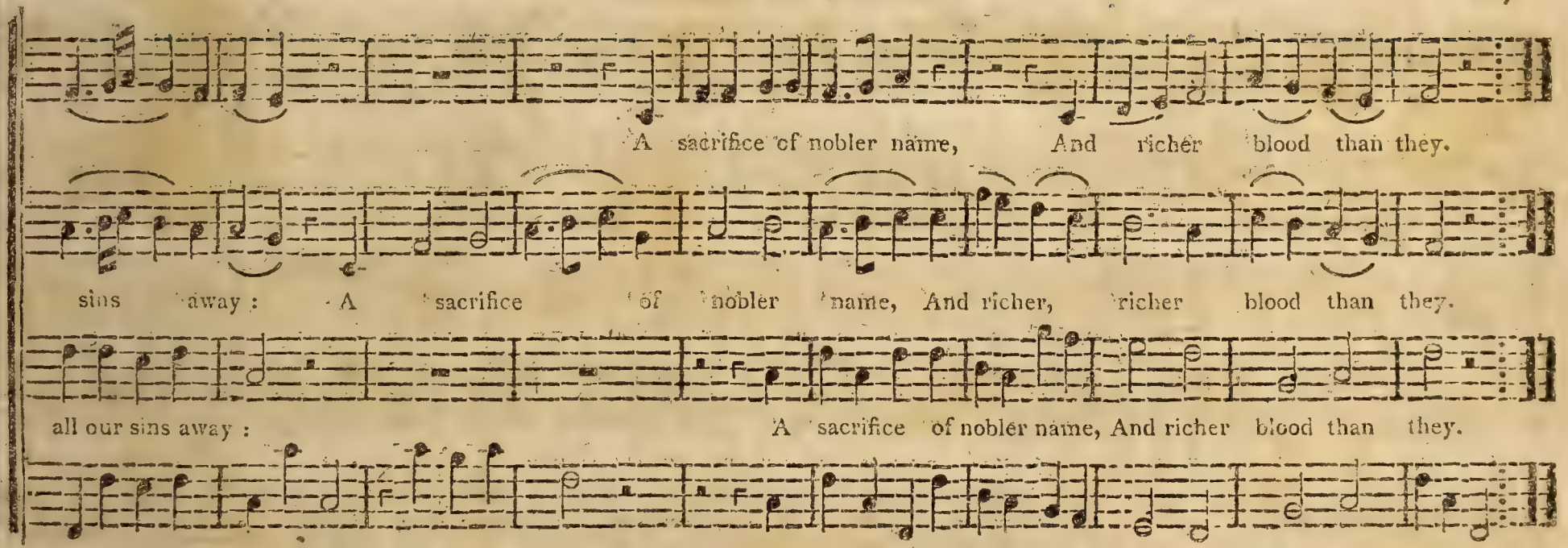

Are not thy mercies large and free,
Shew pity Lord O Lord forgive, Let a repenting sinner live ;
Are not thy mercies large and
Are not thy
Are not thy mercies large and free,
free, large and free, May not a sinner trust in thee.
mercies large and free,
Are not thy mercies large and free,

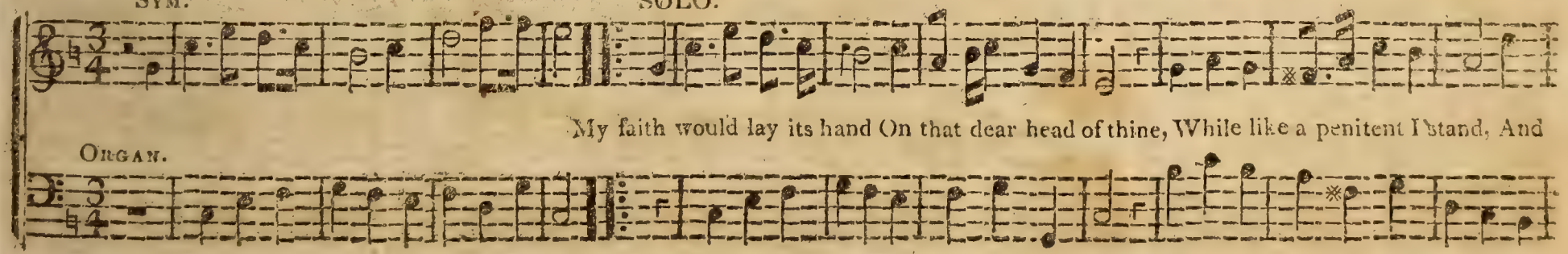
My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace.
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning grace be found.

O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

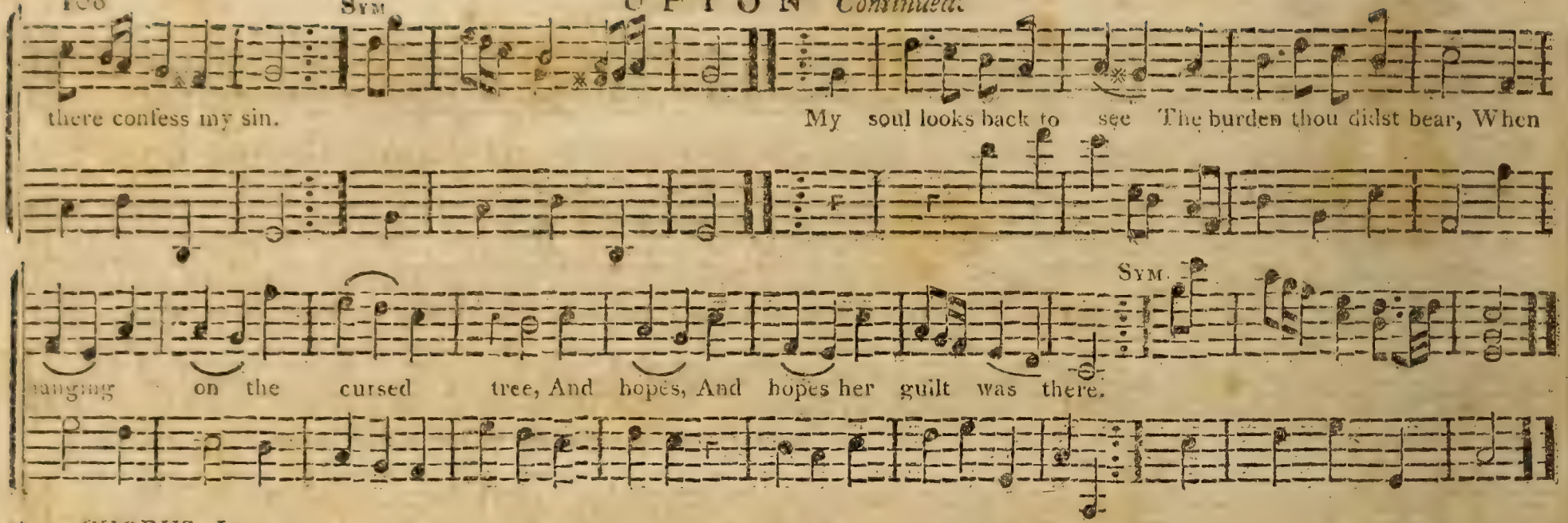

MAESTOSO. VIVACE.
Jesus shall reign where e'er the Sun Does his successive journies run: His kingdom stretch from shore to
SOFT.
LOUD.
shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Not all the blood, Not all the blood of beasts, On Jewish alters, On Jewish alters slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or
Vocal Bass.
Organ.
wash, Or wash away the stain, away the stain. But Christ, But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb, Takes all our sins, our
Takes

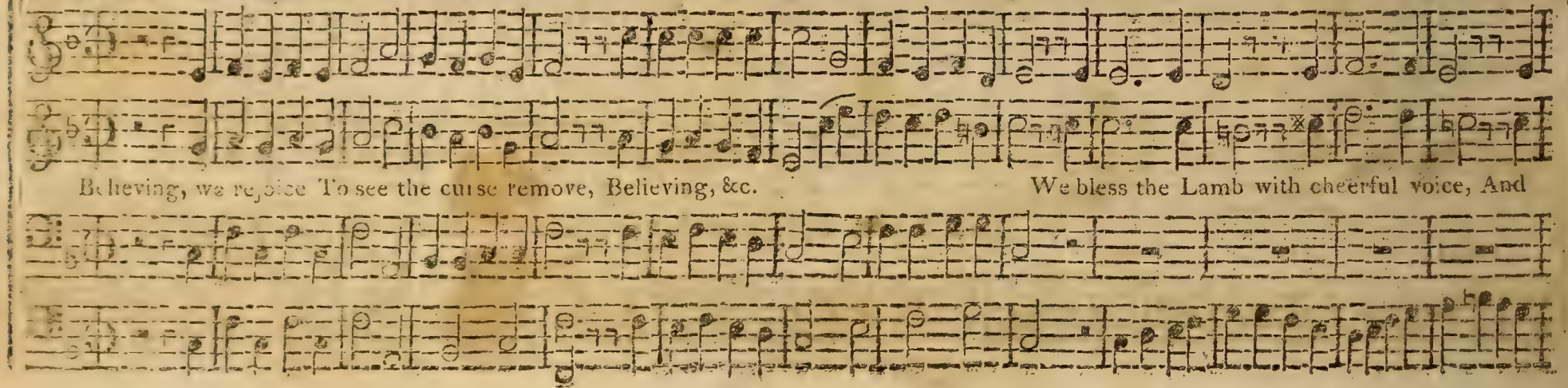

A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.
sins away: A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer, richer blood than they.
all our sins away: A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.

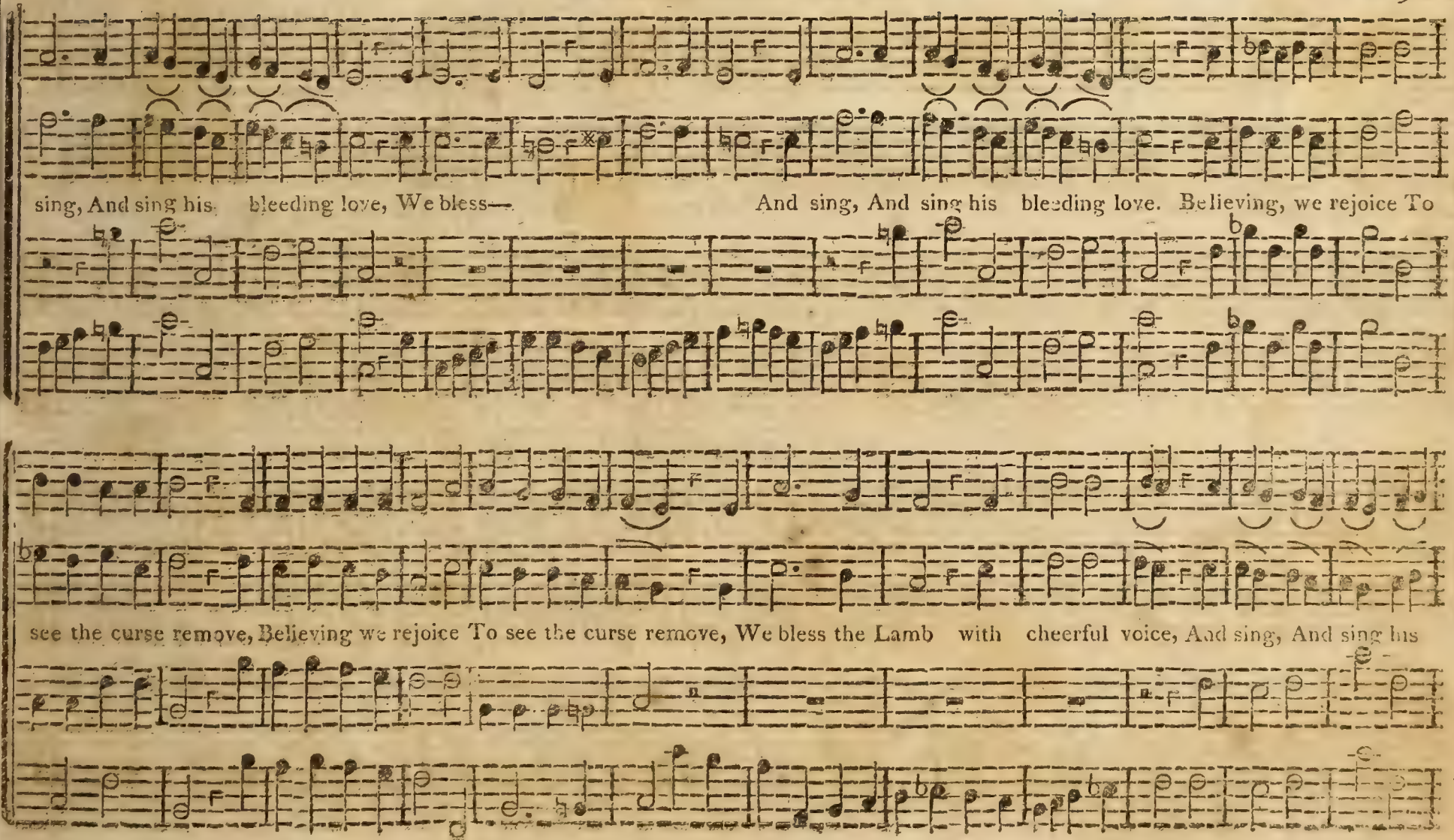

Sym.
SOLO.
My faith would lay its hand On that dear head of thine, While like a penitent I stand, And
Organ.

UPTON *Continued.*

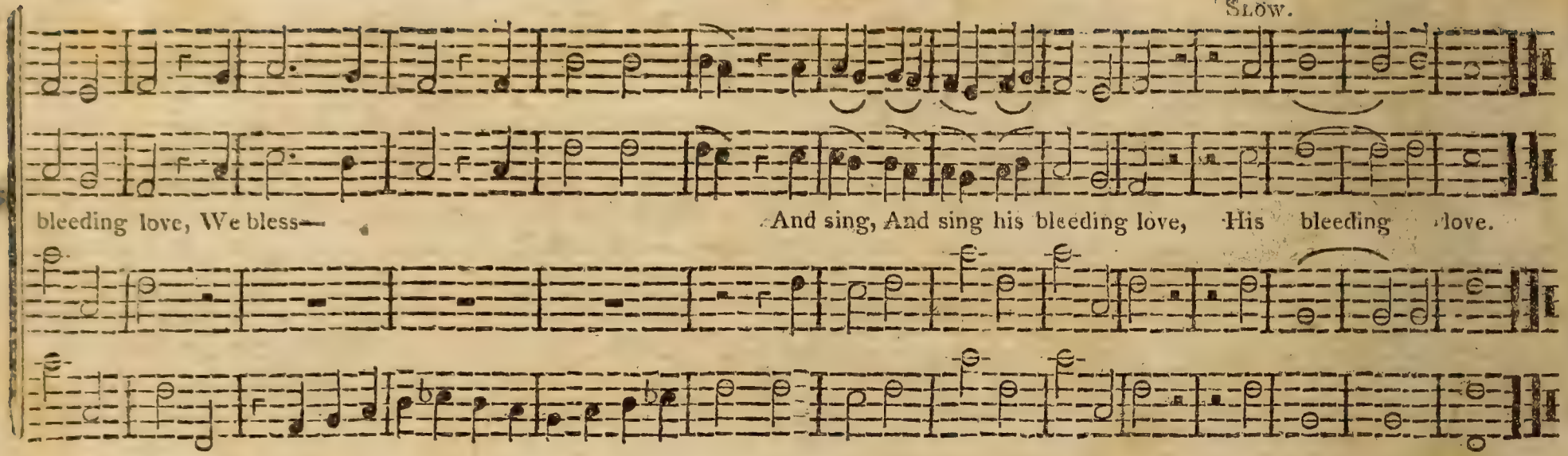

Sym.
there confess my sin.
My soul looks back to see The burden thou didst bear, When
Sym.
hanging on the cursed tree, And hopes, And hopes her guilt was there.

CHORUS. Lively.

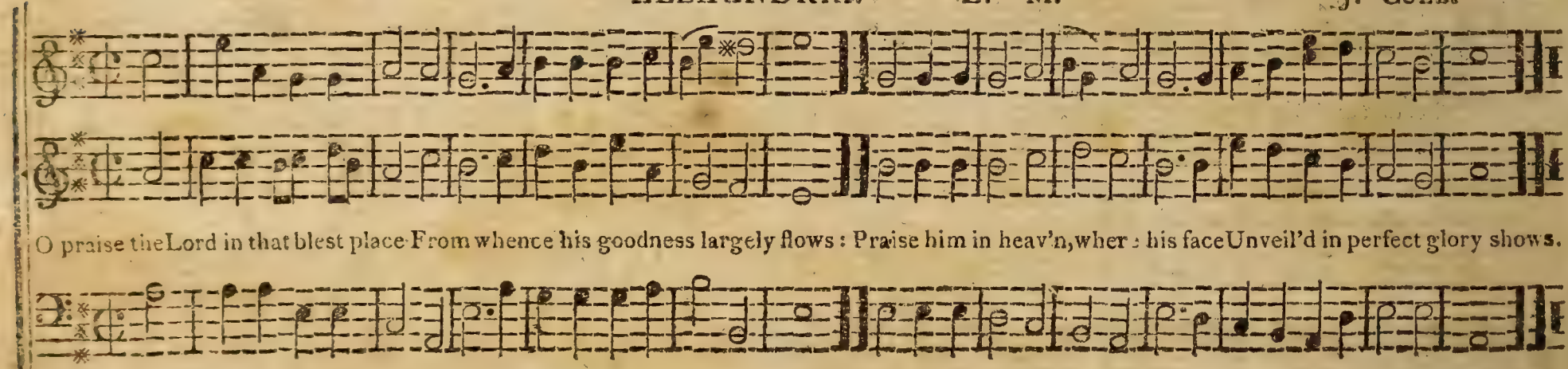


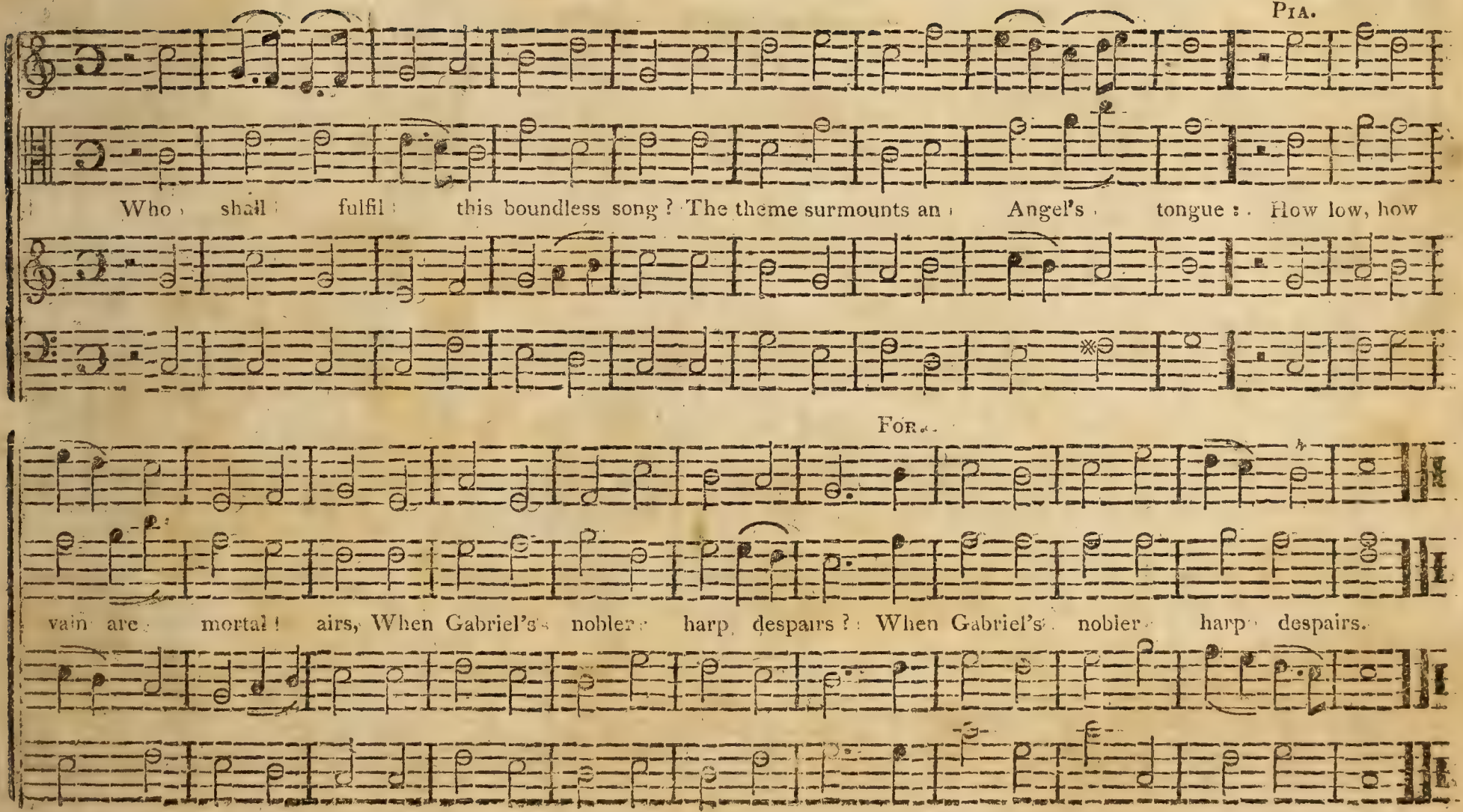

sing, And sing his bleeding love, We bless—
And sing, And sing his bleeding love. Believing, we rejoice To
see the curse remove, Believing we rejoice To see the curse remove, We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, And sing, And sing his

SLOW.



ALEXANDRIA. L. M. J. COLE.


O praise the Lord in that blest place From whence his goodness largely flows: Praise him in heav'n, where his face Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.


PIA.
Who shall fulfil this boundless song? The theme surmounts an Angel's tongue: How low, how
FOR.
vain are mortal! airs, When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs? When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs.

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